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THE GREAT COUNTRY;

OR,

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

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56963

BY

GEORGE ROSE, M.A.

"ARTHUR SKETCHLEY."

"Sir, this is a Great Country."

CHORUS OF AMERICANS.

LONDON:

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TO

HIS GRACE

HENRY FITZALAN, DUKE OF NORFOLK,

EARL MARSHAL,

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE oft-repeated assertion of Americans, that America is a wonderful country, no one can contradict who has visited it. For this country, wonderful in extent of territory, and still more wonderful as evidencing what human industry and perseverance can achieve, Nature has done much both by her own direct operation, and also by the co-operation of man. One hears with amazement of millions of square miles of arable land, of coal, iron, lead, copper, and gold in abundance, of food, both animal and vegetable, in superabundant quantity. All this, ready as it were to man's hand, he has merely to come to, to utilize and consume. Some political economists in our own country point to America as a sort of Utopian state of society, to which we should strive our utmost to attain. This sounds very well, and has been so often repeated, that it has forced itself on the attention of many thinking people. Let us from these theories turn to the fact, and contem-

plate America as it is. The North, with its hands reeking with its brothers' blood, exulting, insolent, and victorious; the South, crushed, but still defiant, panting to imbrue its hands afresh in the blood of the North—breathing out nothing but vengeance and hatred against its victors—ready to hail foreign annexation, or even despotism, in preference to submission to Congress. Turn to the governing powers, and what do we see but an unseemly and undignified struggle between parties, not in vindication of any great principle, but a series of mere political dodges by which influence may be gained for the ensuing Presidential election; the most shameless system of plunder carried on in every department of the Government; corrupt judges receiving bribes from those in authority, who are brought to the tribunal of justice for wholesale embezzlement; office regarded merely as a means of self-aggrandizement by all who hold it; every species of wrong and robbery pervading the whole system, and only tolerated by those out of office because they are waiting their turn to come in for a share of the public spoliation. These charges, sweeping as they may seem, are brought by the Americans themselves. Each section of the public press denounces the conduct of opponents, whilst it observes

a discreet silence as to the doings of its own party. Everything is a gross job. New York is perhaps one of the worst lighted, worst paved, worst kept cities in the world, considering its size and importance. The condition of its streets would disgrace Timbuctoo, and when you express astonishment at such a state of things, the reply is that the municipality is the most corrupt in the world, and that there is no thought of attempting to reform it. Americans are very fond of expatiating on the faults and defects of other nations; they do not hesitate to offer advice to their neighbours generally, and adopt a tone of superiority which, to say the least, is in questionable taste, even if it were not utterly untenable. Were they content to take their true place in the social scale, it would be all very well; but they have an opinion that, as a nation, they are as great morally as they are physically extensive. Let us examine the claim, and see on what it is based. No one but a mean-minded, ungenerous person would intentionally twit either a man or a nation with inferiority of origin, unless either should forget its antecedents and assume an undue position. This is the American fault. An overweening self-esteem, a conceit without bounds, and a total absence of both taste and refinement, are

the blots on the national character. Pray do not cry out against me that I am attacking Americans wholesale, and denying that there are admirable members of society to be found in that country. What I mean to assert is, that the better class is in such a minority, or else so overborne by the noisy, clamorous crowd of politicians, that it shrinks from any sort of publicity. It is very certain that, as a rule, men of respectability abstain from politics. When a man goes into politics, or takes to drinking, he is regarded by his friends as equally lost. Politics are a trade, and a most disreputable one, entered into by adventurers and knaves of the worst kind. Nothing is too vile for a politician to stoop to. And these I am sure are the views of the vast majority of respectable Americans. What I write will not be palatable to the general public in that country, but I am emboldened in making my statements by the knowledge that I am expressing the sentiments of all those whose good opinion is of any value. In writing, I am not requiting with ingratitude hospitality and kindness received. I am not violating the sanctity of private life. I am only writing of America as it appears on the surface to a traveller. I am acquainted intimately with but few Americans, the valued friends I possess in that

land being chiefly my fellow-countrymen. I judge America from its journals, its hotels, and such intercourse with the people as travelling has enabled me to have. I feel less hesitation in speaking plainly on this subject, as I am assured by the press that Americans have lost all their sensitiveness, and are quite indifferent to the opinion of foreigners. I wish it to be understood that it is not my design to institute comparisons between America and Great Britain. I am sensible of the defects of both countries; nor would I shrink from stating my honest convictions with regard to my native land, should the occasion present itself, as I have now recorded my candid opinion of a country which I regard as entirely foreign. The tone in which I write may be attributed by some to disappointment; but I beg to assure those who feel a kindly interest in my affairs, that my visit to the United States has not been a failure. I had a great desire to see the country and people, in order that I might write and speak about both, and I have secured abundant material for my purpose. I had very strong inducements to pay the visit for family reasons. I certainly regret having seen so little of Americans in private, though had I been better acquainted with the inner life of the country I could

have made but little use of any experience I had acquired. Private life must ever be held sacred by a writer who desires to be considered a gentleman. With regard to my career as a public man in America it is hardly worth referring to, beyond stating how much obliged I feel for all the kind encouragement I received in a country where I was almost unknown, and from a people on whom I had no sort of claim beyond that which courtesy and good feeling demand for a foreigner. As far as my entertainment is concerned I will say nothing, but give a paragraph extracted from the *New York Tribune* of the 9th May, written after my departure from New York:—

"DEPARTURE OF ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

"The *Java*, which sailed on Wednesday, for Liverpool, carried out among her passengers Mr. Arthur Sketchley the humourist—author of the *Mrs. Brown Papers*—who, as our readers are aware, has been in the United States since last autumn. In the course of his stay Mr. Sketchley has made but few public appearances. His *Mrs. Brown* entertainment, at Irving and at Dodworth Halls, was altogether mismanaged by the business agents who laid hold upon it, and therefore it did

not, in the large sense of the word, attract the attention of the public. Many saw it, however, and all who saw it enjoyed it. Our own testimony in its favour was promptly borne at the time; and we have the pleasantest recollections of *Mrs. Brown's* comical garrulity, apt use of satirical imagery, shrewd common sense, kindly domestic sentiment, and homely goodness of heart. Mr. Sketchley lived in retirement during most part of the time that he was here, and thus made but few friends. To them, howbeit, he commended himself by his amiability and gentleness, his cheerful good-nature, his ready sympathy, and his most various and amusing conversation. We cordially wish him a safe and speedy voyage home, and steady and ever-increasing prosperity in the good work of amusing and cheering his generation. No man in our time has a wider or more important field of labour than the laughing philosopher."

In conclusion I may remark that, should the opportunity present itself, I would willingly revisit America, and should rejoice could I say with sincerity that a second visit had effaced from my memory all the unpleasant impressions which had been made by the first. I am not writing bitterly

or with the wish to undervalue the Americans, but to do my best to dispel an illusion under which some well-meaning Englishmen seem to be labouring, that it should be our aim to try and bring all the institutions of our beloved country into closer proximity with those of the United States. I write the more confidently because I feel sure that all Americans who are true-hearted, honest, and sincere, agree with me, though it would be too much to expect that they should avow it, for, like good children, they do their best to conceal even that which they deplore in the parental conduct.

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THE GREAT COUNTRY.

THE EMPIRE CITY.

It is universally acknowledged, both by natives and foreigners, that New York is not a fair specimen of an American City, made up as it is from all nations; and the man who has visited it alone of all the Cities of the Union, can know little or nothing of America.

Such however are its wealth and importance that it demands the especial attention of the visitor, and must occupy a foremost place in any remarks he may make on the country. Situated on two fine rivers, and being practically the nearest point to Europe, its commercial importance cannot be overrated for native enterprise; whilst its port, crowded with vessels bearing the flags of all civilised nations, affords ample testimony to the appreciation foreigners have of the advantages of trading with it. The majority of its inhabitants is composed of foreigners, or their immediate descendants, who

have been lured from the Old World by the hope of participating in the wealth of the New.

Though no one could speak of New York as a beautifully situated city, yet the first impression one gets of it from the deck of the steamer is decidedly favourable. Staten Island is pretty; with its abundant foliage and elegant residences, reminding one of the Isle of Wight. It is the chosen abode of many of the English who carry on business in New York, but has drawbacks in the shape of fever and ague; at least so say those who live elsewhere, whilst its inhabitants speak highly as to its sanitary condition. I have observed this with regard to every other place that I know on the face of the earth. Every man abuses his neighbour's house, and praises his own: it is a natural law instituted no doubt to scatter the human race. The water front of New York is fine, and admirably adapted for commercial purposes; and were it adorned by handsome quays and noble buildings, would be very striking; but its aspect is that of an inferior sea-port, and with the exception of Brooklyn Heights there is nothing worthy of attention. Of the sight of these, those who arrive by the Cunard Steamers are deprived, since they are landed at a filthy dock on the Jersey City side. Consequently first impressions of the Great Country are not the most favourable.

Through low and crowded streets the traveller is conveyed to the ferry-boat which is to transport him to New York,—known also by the high-sounding name of the Empire City. The first unpleasant shock he receives on reaching his place of destination is the amount demanded for the carriage, but as he is at the mercy of the driver in the matter, it is as well to resign himself to his fate.

BROADWAY.

WERE an European Aëronaut to fall from his balloon into the middle of Broadway, he would be sadly puzzled to determine his exact whereabouts. Men and things of all nations surround him. Stores bearing the differing aspects of Paris, Berlin, Manchester and Liverpool are on every side; and though most of the names of men and places are written in English, yet would he be very certain, that at any rate he was not in London.

New York is in fact a thing of shreds and patches. Crowds throng the streets, speaking English, but not English people in appearance. The luxuries of Europe are displayed in shop windows, the proprietors being from all nations. Our stranger would be equally certain that he was not in Paris, as the ill-regulated, badly-paved, filthy condition of the streets would amply testify; to say nothing of the pathway being constantly blocked up by large packing-cases, and other heavy articles, which are allowed to remain before the doors, for the convenience of the proprietors, to the great hindrance of the traffic, as passers-by can only overcome these

obstacles by climbing, or evade them by going out into the carriage-way, a proceeding involving plenty of both dirt and danger.

The streets are crowded with vehicles of every sort, driven by ruffians totally ignorant of the art of driving, who dash on regardless of every impediment to their progress, seeming to delight in running into other vehicles. The police has some slight control over their movements, but exercises it with moderation. The mud in wet weather, and the dust in dry, render walking along Broadway especially disagreeable, whilst riding is both dear and dangerous.

Let me, however, be systematic, and begin with a description of the street, which is said to be seven miles long, from the Battery to some remote and uninhabited part of the island, on which the city is situated.

The Battery, as its name indicates, was formerly one of the defences, and is situated at the extreme south point of the city. Its hostile character has been long since laid aside; at one time it was used as an opera-house, in which the celebrated Jenny Lind first appeared in America. It is now in the occupation of the Board of Emigration, or more properly speaking Immigration; and here is a large establishment where the poor immigrants are landed and receive much kindness from philanthropic individuals, who supply them with such information

and assistance as their circumstances demand, and guard them from the thieves who infest the landing places of the city, and lie in wait for the stranger, to plunder him under the pretence of forwarding his interests in the New World. There is a hospital for those who are in need of such an institution, and well-meaning individuals are at hand with tracts and exhortations for both Germans and Irish, which the latter reject or receive with supreme contempt. The Germans accept both: it is something gained to get a tract for nothing. There is nothing to commend the Battery as a sight, for it is in a miserable locality; nor can much be said for a shabby-looking square called the Bowling Green, from which Broadway may be said to commence. It would be a fine street were it not wanting in breadth, and almost destitute of handsome buildings. The City Hall is of course the most important, but it is a common-place affair, well situated, having an open space in front of it called the Park, on which it is in contemplation to erect the new Post Office. It will be a pity to sacrifice this breathing ground, as it would be easy to convert St. Paul's (a hideous edifice), into the Post Office. The church, like many of those in London, is no longer wanted, the congregation having ceased to reside in that part of the city. It would only be transferring the Post Office from one ecclesiastical

building to another, as it at present occupies an old church, in a by-street, remarkable as having been used as a prison by the English when they crushed the outbreak of rebellion in New York, just prior to the abandonment of the American colonies by the British Crown. The City Hall is "built of white marble," which sounds well: had black or any darker colour been selected for the steps and passages, it would have been better, as then the stains of tobacco juice, which always defile them, would not have been so conspicuous. The ordinary municipal business is conducted here in a style corresponding to that of a county court in one of our provincial towns.

Before proceeding up Broadway, we must turn out of the great thoroughfare a few yards, and visit Wall Street, the great gold-market of the United States. Here the most intense excitement prevails for several hours during the day, as the price of the precious metal fluctuates, not only within the Stock Exchange itself and the gold-room, but among a large crowd in the street, also deeply agitated by the rise or fall of the market, which is influenced it may be by political events, foreign or domestic, or by some playful manœuvre of dealers or speculators. It has been whispered that Members of Congress, have used their position in bringing forward motions calculated to affect the gold-market, in

which they had a personal interest. So keen are many of the Wall Street speculators, that they carry on business at hotels up town after the hour at which the Stock Exchange is closed. At a short distance from Wall Street, the Treasury and Custom House are situated, neither building being worthy of more than cursory mention.

Close to St. Paul's stands Trinity Church, said to be richly endowed. Its revenues are derived from grants made by Queen Anne, and its affairs are conducted by a corporation, which will no doubt some day become a subject for state legislation. It is a modern building, with no claim to architectural merit; the steeple renders it conspicuous among the buildings which surround it. Several buildings which were formerly used as churches have been pulled down, or converted into stores. One, now a theatre, on Broadway, still maintains its ecclesiastical exterior. In most cases a church is merely a matter of private enterprise; should it or the preacher cease to be fashionable, the one is dismissed, and the other devoted to some more profitable line of business. The Catholic Churches in the immediate neighbourhood of Broadway are handsome, and the cathedral in the course of erection on Fifth Avenue, is of white marble, and promises to be one of the ornaments of the city. It was the design of the late Archbishop Hughes to have an illuminated cross

on the summit of the steeple, which would serve as a lighthouse.

The church which is used at present as a cathedral by the Catholics, has been lately restored and redecorated with much taste. There are also several other fine Catholic churches in Barclay Street, the Jesuits' Church in Sixteenth Street, and St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-second or third Street, are celebrated for their fine music.

The Universalist Churches are well kept, and they have more than one popular preacher attached to them. St. Paul's Church, to which reference has been already made, was once the principal church in the city. Here it was that Washington used to attend service on Sundays, in great state, being drawn in a coach and four, with Lady Washington, as she was called, no one knows why, by his side. The pew they occupied is still shown, and will in time no doubt, should my suggestion as to turning the church into the Post Office be adopted, find its way to a museum or public library as a national memorial. One of the original Dutch Churches stands in Fulton Street, a little way off Broadway, but it has now passed into the hands of American descendants of the true Knickerbockers. Another old church a few streets off is about to be demolished, a sacrifice to the inroads of Mammon. I will leave the churches for the present, as I shall have more

to say about them when considering the subject of the observance of Sunday, but may remark that none of the ecclesiastical edifices of New York are, as buildings, deserving of particular notice.

To return to Broadway: nothing is more striking than the crowds which infest the lower part of it during the day; so great are they, that it has been found necessary to erect a bridge over the street near St. Paul's Church, to enable foot-passengers to cross with safety; but as the bridge is high, and reached by many steps, the majority prefer risking the dangerous transit by the street. The police are always at hand on this spot, and gallantly assist ladies to thread their way through the crush of vehicles. The bridge affords the stranger a good view of the great thoroughfare, and also enables the boys to amuse themselves by practising the national art of spitting, which is not agreeable, however, for those who are passing beneath.

Near this bridge a very fine white marble building has lately been erected, intended, I think, for an assurance company, or something of the kind. The necessary occupation of space required for the work added not a little to the obstruction at this point, to say nothing of the terror inspired by the sight of large blocks of marble dangling overhead across the path, worked by those whose carelessness is as proverbial as their disregard of the value of life.

About a mile above the City Hall there is a church of the pasteboard gothic order of architecture, known as Gracechurch. This brings us close to Union Square, where an equestrian statue of Washington has been set up.

Broadway then stretches on, crossing Fifth and Sixth Avenues up to Central Park, which is still in a very unfinished state, and has, from want of trees, a bare and chilling aspect; it commands a view of the surrounding country, which is by no means beautiful.

Broadway, being so large and important a section of New York, has led me to combine under this head very much of that which will apply to the whole City. There are, however, several other fine streets. Canal Street, so named from occupying the site of a canal that formerly connected the two rivers, is essentially devoted to business purposes. Bowery, which is a very fine thoroughfare, formerly the high-road to Boston, takes its name from the Boweries, or farms of the original Dutch settlers, who formerly occupied this neighbourhood. The existence of some of these farms is still remembered by those valuable members of society, "the oldest inhabitants." The unsparing hand of Time has swept away these and many other ancient landmarks, the sites of which are now occupied by shops and warehouses.

A theatre called "The Bowery" still occupies an important position in this street; though it is no longer the resort of fashion. The German theatre is also on Bowery, and there are several German beer-gardens, as they are called, where the Teutonic race consumes its favourite Läger.

East Broadway was once the dwelling-place of the wealthy, as the style of its houses plainly indicates. Not so West Broadway, which is one of the nastiest localities in the City. Washington Square is a fine open space, but no longer enjoys the reputation of being fashionable; in fact, New Yorkers have all moved up town, and inhabit Fifth, Lexington, and Madison Avenues, and many of the streets which run at right angles to these great thoroughfares. The houses are decidedly handsome in this quarter, and appear to be well furnished; but these are the residences of the opulent.

THEATRES.

THEATRES abound along Broadway. The finest of them, known as Niblo's, is of late years famous for the representation of spectacles, which delight the playgoers of New York; though to Europeans they afford the somewhat dreary sight of second-hand ballet and scenery from Paris and London, the former decidedly inferior, and the latter the reversion of pantomime-display, both having been imported expressly to give due effect to the gross indecency now the rage in America.

The Olympic is a small but pretty theatre, also devoted to spectacle. A pantomine, which was very popular, held possession of the boards during part of the early spring.

Barnum's Museum, now happily destroyed by fire, also held a prominent position in Broadway, and, as a collection of rubbish, was unrivalled in the world. The building was ill adapted in every respect for a place of public amusement, and to keep live animals there, was simply brutal and disgusting. It is gone, and with it an exhibition worthy of a country fair in England half a century ago. Among the other

attractions of the place was a theatrical representation which would have disgraced a booth. It was popular with the audience as illustrating the conduct of the English nobility; and certainly the way in which a noble lord behaved to his American wife and child, would in some measure justify a strong prejudice against aristocracy. In extenuation of his conduct, it must be allowed that the said lord had been grossly imposed upon, for the injured wife was always spoken of as being young and lovely, which was at direct variance with the fact, the lady in question being decidedly plain and advanced in life; in fact she was apparently, considerably older than her mother, and as her aristocratic destroyer had only known her something less than a year, he was either a dupe, or his conduct must have been violent in the extreme to have so thoroughly effaced every trace of youth and beauty from his victim. It was interesting to see the devotion with which her humble suitor of former years stuck to her: he was an American sailor, with a strong brogue, and must have weighed seventeen stone. When at the end of the piece, amid red fire, he made mincemeat of the aforesaid lord, it excited the audience to enthusiasm. In addition to this drama, a giantess, a fat baby, a dwarf, and a creature with a mop of tangled hair, all more or less dirty, were exhibited; but perhaps the most

immoral part of the show was an attempt to palm off a poor old inoffensive baboon as a fierce untameable gorilla. A notice in front of his cage, announced that in consequence of the fierceness of his disposition he could not with safety be requested to stand forward and show himself. On peeping cautiously into his den one was positively shocked to think that so gross a calumny should have been circulated respecting a miserable moribund-looking beast, who had not strength enough to act on the offensive whatever might have been his disposition. An exhibition of wax-work completed, as far as I was concerned, this intellectual treat. The idea conveyed by it was, that the proprietor's design must be to keep up the national prejudice against crowned heads, and bring monarchical institutions into greater contempt with Americans. Her Majesty Queen Victoria was represented as though she had not changed her royal apparel or in any way attended to herself for many years; an affection of the spine rendered it impossible for her to stand upright, and her diadem was being forced off her head by the excessive stubbornness of her hair. The lovely Eugénie was even more faded than the Queen of England; whilst her imperial spouse had the appearance of having got up in a hurry and put on the lower portion of his uniform hind part before. This same peculiarity of either form or

tailoring was also remarkable in every one of a group of Confederate generals who had evidently undergone all the hardships of a long campaign. I trust such gems of art have been rescued from the flames, as they were calculated to give a just impression of both American heroes and the national taste.

It is generally asserted that the theatres in America are at once handsomer and more commodious than our own. I think the first assertion may be allowed, but I did not find any superiority of accommodation. There is no charge for booking; but when there is any great attraction, ticket speculators absorb all the best seats. Programmes are supplied gratuitously, being profusely scattered about the floor of the entrance, so that each visitor may help himself; and this gives to the place an air of elegance with which the scramble for them is in strict keeping. The sale of bouquets in the stalls is no doubt a great convenience, and forms a pleasing addition to the entertainment at the opera, where boys and girls intermix their cry of "flowers" with the sweet strains of the overture.

The Academy of Music is a hideous building, externally, but the interior is handsome. The singers are generally Italian, though an English company occasionally appears. It is of course for the better classes that operas are given; but in this,

as well as in all other matters, the audience is more influenced by fashion than by either taste or knowledge. One season Ristori was the rage, though not a word she said was intelligible to her audience. Another year "La Grande Duchesse" took with the New York public, equally or nearly as unintelligible to the masses, though indecency of gesture conveyed the ideas which the words could not.

Wallack's Theatre is also fashionable, I am told; but when I visited it I saw a very disgusting version of "Oliver Twist," badly acted, in which the murder of Nancy was given with revolting truthfulness of detail. I have seen other dramatic representations at this theatre, but all have utterly failed to convince me of the superiority of the acting in America; in fact, with the exception of Jefferson and Owens, I saw no actor in that country worthy of being called a first-rate artist. I am told that the range of these gentlemen's art is limited; but as far as I have seen them, both are excellent. The popular taste is decidedly low; there is a love of over-acting, over-dress, and what is technically termed stageyness, which must be fatal to the growth of good acting.

The public delights in infant prodigies, who, at the mature age of thirty, are still considered juvenile, and assume fancy names suggestive of

extreme youth and playfulness. The management is very gallant, and ladies are always announced as "the lovely," "juvenile," "brilliant," and "beautiful," though, in the course of nature, they might be grandmothers. The language of the play-bills is flowery, and speaks of such an one as about to give "his marvellous rendition" of his beautiful creation; whilst a lady is spoken of as being "the lovely and accomplished beneficiary," "the delight of all," "the sunshine," &c.

There are tragedians of the blood and thunder school, whose very tones of voice are calculated to strike terror into the stoutest hearts. Acting may be fairly classed among matters of taste; but there is a standard of excellence, both in plays and players, to which nothing I have seen in America, with the two exceptions already mentioned, can be said to have attained. I have seen one or two original pieces, but though one was extremely popular, I could not discover the slightest merit in it; nor could I in the acting, which was rather worse than the piece. I believe the educated class in America does not patronise the theatre; and I am told that the reason why some of the theatres were called "gardens," was to meet the scruples which some conscientious people felt about going to a theatre. Of these Niblo's Garden alone is in existence, the Winter Garden having been destroyed by fire.

The Broadway and New York theatres occupy good positions on Broadway, and are devoted to melo-dramatic prodigies,—"Irish boys" and "Yankee girls," all very clever, if we may trust the statements of the play-bills. Numerous Negro Minstrel Establishments are on each side of the street, and are very popular. A real tragedy was lately enacted at one of them; an unlucky member of the company having, in a drunken brawl, killed a brother artist.

I have been told that some years ago the theatrical representations in America were far better than they are at present; and this I must believe, or, otherwise, the praises of the American stage, which have been wafted across the Atlantic, must have been mere good-nature on the part of the critics.

A handsome theatre called Pike's Opera House has been lately opened, and several new theatres are said to be in contemplation; so that plenty of places of amusement are provided in New York; though, from my experience, I should say they were such merely in name; yet, of course, if they amuse the natives, foreigners have no right to complain.

As a rule, the pieces acted in America are pirated versions of English and French plays; native dramatic writers not existing. Of one manager alone have I heard, as paying foreign authors, which

is more, perhaps, than many of them have a right to expect, since, as far as I know, English authors do not feel themselves bound to give any equivalent to their French brethren, whose works they so freely appropriate.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

HAVING heard so much of the size, and splendour, and excellence of American hotels, I must say I was greatly disappointed with those of New York; not as to size, for many of them are like factories; nor as to splendour, for the parlours (as the sitting-rooms, both private and public, are called) are showily furnished, and the dining-rooms are capacious; but that is all I can say in their favour. The lower parts of the house are crowded by idlers who lounge, smoke, and spit everywhere. The doorway is thronged with such gentry, through whom a stranger has to make his way to the office in order to secure a room, which is allotted to him very much as a favour; in fact, inattention to new comers seems a matter of principle with American innkeepers, whose indifference reaches the sublime. They evidently consider it would be a compromise of dignity to bestow attention on their guests, as they designate their customers, who are treated as though they were received on sufferance, and ought to be thankful for what they get.

Along the corridors, warnings against hotel

thieves are posted at every turn. The very exalted position of your apartment, and the confusing multiplicity of the passages and staircases preclude all hope of escape in the event of a fire; and you gaze from your window probably on to a vast skylight many feet below, and indulge in a speculation as to whether it would be preferable to die by fire or glass. You have plenty of time to think the matter over whilst you are waiting for your luggage to be brought to you; which may occupy a long time in making its way up such a height, even with the co-operation of a lift.

I am not guilty of mis-statement when I say that, as a rule, in hotels the attendance is by no means good: the only set-off to this is that, in some instances, water is laid on to your room; and, if you are prudent, you travel with soap and towels.

The greatest mockery connected with an American hotel is the feeding. The dining-room is large, as a rule, the tables well appointed; and there is a bill of fare, the sight of which would induce an alderman to start for the United States at once; but, when he got there, he would find the cupboard not bare, but filled with such food as he would indeed disdain to sacrifice his appetite on. You may eat from seven in the morning till midnight, with only an hour or two of intermission; and the numbers of dishes provided would bewilder you. You may

breakfast off tripe and every other delicacy of the season, oysters included. You may dine off every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl; you may have cold meat with your tea, and finish off with a supper; but you'll find nothing fit to eat: all the dishes taste alike, and are invariably tepid; and, for this reason, you order your dinner from the bill of fare; and, after you have disposed of your soup, the waiter will bring you all at once a collection of small pie-dishes, in which your meal is served—a fragment of fish, a morsel of fowl, two or three inches of meat, and four or five sorts of vegetables, and a variety of sweets. No doubt there is wisdom in giving every one his distinct portion. A general vegetable dish, for instance, would be impossible, as it is a national custom to eat with the knife, and also to help yourself with it to anything you may fancy. This would not suit everyone, as it is not pleasant to see a man plunge his knife down his throat, and, on withdrawing it, thrust it into the mashed potatos.

There is one very obvious reason why Americans should be badly fed;—that as a rule they can taste nothing. A man who has a lump of tobacco in his cheek all day, and is in the habit of drinking a quantity of ardent spirit can have no delicacy of palate; add to this the consideration that he bolts his food and washes it down with floods of iced

water, and it must be allowed that the flavour of his repast can be of little consequence to him. The meat is not good, as a rule—except, in some instances, the beef. Game and poultry of good quality are to be had, but not at hotels. The vegetables and fruit are generally tasteless, as are most of the fish. The tomato is excellent and abundant. At many of the restaurants the dinners are better than at the hotels; but of this more anon. Some of the hotels are conducted on the European plan, and one in New York —the Brevoort House—comes very near to our English ideas; but I have been told that the charges are enormous—as much as four dollars per night being demanded for a bed-room alone.

The restaurants of New York are plentiful, but decidedly inferior, with the exception of Delmonico's, where both food and wine are excellent, but at prices which approach extortion. I have paid there ninety cents, or half-a-crown for two small dishes of vegetable—one being fried potato, the other a scrap of cold cauliflower. Everything is at the same exorbitant rate, and on the wine-list there is sherry at the modest price of eighteen dollars, or two pounds fourteen, per bottle. This scale of charges suits the taste of the New Yorkers, who are proud of possessing the most extravagant restaurant in the world. It is a gratification of their vanity to know that they exceed in any shape or way.

The restaurants, with the exception of Delmonico's on Fifth Avenue, generally speaking, are dingy and warm, and have a sickly smell about them. Many of them are little more than luncheon bars, which are thronged during the middle of the day. As a rule, Americans drink nothing but water with their meals, or very weak tea; but as they are taking drinks of ardent spirit at almost every other time, it is to be supposed they prefer making distinct processes of eating and drinking.

I have never met with a decent cup of tea at any hotel or restaurant in America; and the coffee is not much better. I conclude that the tea has never forgiven the outrage committed on it at Boston at the outbreak of the rebellion (when it was thrown into the sea by the insurgents) and has refused to draw in American waters ever since. Be that as it may, tea is a compound which is to be avoided throughout the United States.

There is one article of food at restaurants which, from its great popularity, demands an especial notice, and that is the oyster. One is bound to speak of these molluscs in the singular number, for one of them would be a meal to some, whilst the sight of it would suffice for one in the case of others. They are called by many names; "saddle rocks," "blue points," and "Shrewsburys," being the most popular. Some of them are, in the shell, about the length of

an adult's shoe; they are dirty and unsightly outside, and when opened look pale and sickly and are very flavourless. Americans devour them in every way, raw and cooked. I am bound to say that they are improved by cooking, but still insipid—an assertion which I think is supported by the condiments with which the Americans eat them, such as tomato, ketchup, horse-radish, pepper-sauce, sugar, and also with a salad of raw cabbage, called "Cold Slaw," which is decidedly good. At Fulton Market, one of the dirtiest in the world, there is a restaurant, a favourite resort of the oyster gourmands, who crowd there to enjoy this favourite article of food, which is very well served in every form, though, after all, I do not like it.

The aspect of the markets or food shops in New York is by no means inviting, and in some cases disgusting. It is most offensive to pass Fulton Market, which is in a condition that would disgrace the lowest provincial town; and no better can be said of Washington, Catherine, or the other Markets.

CONVEYANCES.

THE ordinary means of locomotion in New York are abundant; but they are cheap, nasty, and by no means safe. In the first place, one ought to be an adept at getting in and out of them, as severe contusions or sprains are the least of the risks incurred by those who enter them, as neither driver, horses, nor passengers will wait whilst you do so.

Broadway is infested by a perpetual train of small omnibuses, called stages, which run from all the ferries to the more distant parts of the city. There is no conductor to these carriages, and the driver has to collect the fares, which are handed to him by passengers through a small hole in the roof. Consequently his attention is being constantly taken off his horses by his other duties, one of which is to prevent the egress of passengers without paying. This is accomplished by means of a leathern strap extending from the door to his hand, which controls the movements of both door and passengers. The rate at which these stages travel is about three miles an hour, and the way in which they bump alternately against other

carriages and the kerb stone is more exciting than agreeable. The passengers are frequently aristocratic in their dress and bearing, and though you are always more or less annoyed by constant expectoration, and not unfrequently at night by some gentleman smoking, yet you will not be contaminated by the presence of a negro, for should even a smartly dressed darkie girl venture to get in, some manly son of freedom will insist on the driver ejecting her. She may ride in the street cars, but must not pollute with her presence a vehicle frequently occupied by some of the fairest specimens of the pure white blood; though I can't say much for the manners or deportment of these fair travellers, for on one occasion two of them, whose dress bespoke "style," made faces at an elderly lady sitting opposite them who, by her looks, seemed to express censure on their behaviour. It is true that she said something subsequently to the effect that "she considered 'em 'ussies"—from which expression I judged her to be English.

Men are not unfrequently to be met with in these stages, who try to fascinate the fair sex with leers and other playful practices, such as treading on the feet of their enslavers. This not uncommonly leads to the gentle creatures avenging the outrage by administering what is called a slap on the "snout" so violently as to send hat, wig, teeth and spectacles

flying all over the stage. One old gentleman had his glass eye knocked into the street by the handle of an umbrella with which he had been unduly familiar; but these were mere pleasantries, by the way.

There are hack-carriages for hire in the street, but the fares are extortionately high, five to eight dollars being a common charge for conveying you to the railway, or to a place of amusement. The pace at which they travel is necessarily slow. Added to this, is the fact that every other vehicle dashes madly against yours, as though actuated by spite and malice, and that you run constant and considerable risk of being upset in crossing the tramways laid across many parts of Broadway, and along nearly all the other principal streets; so it must be admitted that the advantage of these vehicles is doubtful.

Besides the stages already mentioned, through most of the great thoroughfares, except Broadway, street cars run on tramways, and are no doubt great conveniences, but like most conveniences, very disagreeable. They are very large and have an entrance at either end, and are constructed so that the horses are detached from one end and attached to the other, which obviates the necessity of turning them on arriving at their places of destination, a process that in some cases would be impossible. They are lighted at night with lamps in which

camphine is burnt. The fare is very low, being only six cents for a long journey. Many of my readers will remember them as having been in use for a short time in London, when a reckless speculator from America tried to introduce them into this country. They are drawn by three wretched-looking horses, and have a driver and conductor in strict keeping with the cattle. During the journey the conductor collects his fare, no easy task at times, when the car which is intended to hold four-and-twenty persons is occupied by forty or fifty passengers; for such is the national determination that every one shall be first, that men, women, and children crowd into them, regardless of space or the demands for it which the human form may put forth: in fact it is more like transporting cattle than conveying human beings. Men and women are huddled up in a manner that is disgusting, to say nothing of the chance thereby afforded to pick-pockets. These cars, like crocodiles, have a difficulty in turning, and the bumps and thumps one gets in them are really formidable. The natives cling on to them behind and before like swarms of bees, and jump on and off whilst they are in motion, being frequently killed in the process. Gangs of thieves enter them at night, and if disappointed of finding a lonely passenger worthy their attention, have been known to murder the conductor, either from dis-

appointment, or because he demands his fare. Cars have the monopoly of the streets through which they pass, and render them both disagreeable and dangerous to all other vehicles.

Walking in Broadway is perilous, for, as I have said, passengers are frequently in jeopardy by things placed across their path, in the shape of planks and ropes, used for transporting iron safes and similar trifles from the stores to carts or vice versâ, the said carts being backed on the foot-path up to the very door of the store. One popular manufacturer of iron safes on Broadway considerately turned everyone into the mud and filth, with which that street abounds, whilst he obstructed the way, transporting from his premises twelve of these strongholds of extraordinary size and weight. The process occupying a long time at the busiest hour of the day, when the street was densely crowded; and this sort of thing is being done in all the other great thoroughfares.

THE LADIES.

THE beauty of American women has always been a theme for the admiration of writers on this country, and certainly there are many instances of extreme beauty, especially in feature, to be met with among them. Their figures are bad, though their feet and hands are frequently small. Beauty is, however, of short duration; the teeth and hair soon fail, though these are of little consequence, as they can be easily replaced; and, for that matter, so can the complexion, though this is by no means successfully done. A clockwork arrangement to give the effect of a heaving bosom is a charming device, and so are various paddings and stuffings to supply natural defect. It is in her toilette that an American belle is the most decided failure; overdress is her weakness, with a sad want of taste in the selection of both colour and material.

The fact is, that Americans who visit Europe, and go to Paris for their ideas of dress, fall into a very natural mistake. Being in the French capital when the best style of people have left it, they take for their models the most conspicuously attired females

they see in the streets and other public places, and dress after their style. It is really startling to walk in the most wealthy quarters of New York, and see the over-done dress of both young girls and married women. At church you witness such a display of vulgar finery as must lead you to the conclusion that the wearers have few other opportunities of showing their clothes.

As a rule American women have very disagreeable voices, and exert them in speaking far beyond what is required of them in an ordinary apartment. There is an unpleasant intonation very prevalent among them, though many of them sing remarkably well as far as voice is concerned. They are generally vivacious, and seem to enjoy anything approaching what in fast phraseology is called a spree. Dancing is their great delight, if one may judge by the readiness with which a dance is got up at an hotel. I have no doubt, from the very limited opportunity I have had of judging, that at home the American woman adorns the social sphere, but arguing from the specimens one meets with at the so-called fashionable watering-places all the best wives, mothers, and daughters, stay at home. There are still to be met with specimens of the strong-minded, intellectual, self-asserting women; but I am inclined to think they are happily dying out, disappointed to find that men prefer a

young, pretty woman, though she may be thought frivolous, to ugliness and conceit in a middle-aged spinster, who seems to think she was born to set the world right. No doubt such women would have made admirable heads of families, had there been men found with sufficient courage to have afforded them the opportunity. The Americans may hold against all comers that most of the girls are nice looking, some of them beautiful; which can seldom be said of them in any country, beautiful women and sensible men being the exception throughout the world.

If the women be beautiful, as in many cases they are, up to five-and-twenty, Nature, true to her principle of compensation, has made the men frightful. They have a shoppy style of dress, which savours of Houndsditch and the Palais Royal.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER.

No doubt New York is a delightful residence for those who have homes and families; but for a foreigner it is dull indeed. The habits of the people do not render them agreeable in such places as restaurants, and after what has been said of the theatres, it will be needless to observe that they are to be avoided. Nigger minstrels are not to everybody's taste, and American fun is of a character more calculated to provoke sorrow than mirth, to say nothing of anger. In fact, the impression one gets as a looker-on in New York, is, that there is plenty of excitement, and but little enjoyment. The natives are lively, but not gay. That there is native humour cannot be doubted, with such examples of it as the productions of Artemus Ward afford; but generally speaking, American fun is extravagant and pointless.

The climate of New York, like its inhabitants, is cosmopolitan. One would think that the immigrants from all parts of the world had brought each his own climate with him. The cold is intense, the heat unendurable. The rain falls like a water-

spout, with the pleasing alternation of dust worthy of Sahara. Winter lasts for many months, and is tedious enough, though a bright sun and clear sky render it a less gloomy season than our own. There are amusements suited to the climate, among which sleighing holds a conspicuous and prominent place. The sleighs are elegantly appointed, and a very agreeable mode of conveyance they are over the frozen snow, through the keen exhilarating air, though it must be remarked that too frequently the violence with which they are driven is fatal to the horses. It is a great opportunity for young America to indulge his darling passion, display; and when he is dashing along with the most showy horse and girl he can command, he is supremely happy.

Skating is also another opportunity of the same kind, and is a favourite pastime with both sexes. With a winter of such duration, it is fortunate that they have these resources. Not to be unjust to the seasons, there is no other word than detestable that can be applied to the climate of this part of the Continent all the year round.

Nothing is more striking to a stranger than the apparent extravagance in which all classes of Americans indulge. It is a national fault, and the term may be applied to all they do and say. It is positively painful to see how wasteful they are at their meals, although, in extenuation of this

fault, it must be allowed that to eat all they ask for would endanger health, if not life itself. I am, of course, speaking from hotel experience, where really the quantity of food left uneaten at the end of a meal, but by no means untouched, is quite astounding. It may be no doubt alleged that the extravagance displayed in dress and every other respect is to be accounted for by the fact, that large fortunes have been rapidly made of late by men who were beggars when they landed in this country a few years ago. These people are designated by the term "Shoddy;" and to walk about New York you would say you were in their head-quarters.

Republican simplicity is rapidly giving way, and livery servants, armorial bearings, and other aristocratic insignia, are being adopted. I have even seen a coachman with a cockade in his hat; but could find no explanation of the phenomenon. Amid all these signs of advanced civilization much that is primitive is retained by these people. A young lady goes out with her beau to the theatre, or into society, just as in London, Jane, the housemaid, out for a holiday, would accompany her admirer. Young people have their friends, distinct from their parents, and receive company without the presence or apparent sanction of mamma. Papa is frequently not presentable, and though he may own a fine house only enters it at the kitchen door. It has

always been characteristic of Americans to love titles; Honourable, Colonel, Captain, General, Judge, and Bishop, are freely adopted and used among them, and since the war the naval and military have had a vast preponderance; and if one may judge from appearances, America has not been unjust in giving promotion, for all her distinguished warriors bear strong evidence of having risen from the ranks. The pacific tailor has sprung from his shop-board, and beating his shears into a broad-sword has rushed into the field, and it is only justice to add that many have displayed the better part of valour. They do say that men, who had repudiated their allegiance to Queen Victoria, claimed their right as British subjects to be exempt from the draught for the army, when called on to take part in the strife!

That the Americans are fond of military display is certain, from the brilliant figure made on every possible occasion by their volunteers; there is, however, another service which deservedly holds a high place in their affections, and that is the Fire Brigade; which, in most parts of the country, is a volunteer service. New York has a paid body of firemen, but in Brooklyn it is composed of volunteers. When the bell of the City Hall tolls out the alarm of fire all these intrepid men are on the alert, and, abandoning both business and pleasure, put on their

uniforms and rush off to succour the sufferers. Their efficiency is highly spoken of, and their self-sacrifice is admirable, since they take it by turns to be on guard every night, ready for active service.

Being totally unacquainted with business I am unable to speak of the commercial men of this city, but may be allowed to express a hope that more integrity exists than would appear from a mere superficial view of the subject, or the statements of the public prints, denouncing the wholesale swindles that abound in every branch of trade. Smuggling and other frauds on the revenue are said to be carried on to a very great extent. Arson is not by any means an unknown step for a man to adopt in order to get out of difficulties. The Jews are said to be so given to this practice, that many of the fire insurance companies decline to grant policies to the children of Israel.

New York is well supplied with water. The Americans being decidedly given to washing, bath-rooms are the rule in all good houses. The Germans look dirty—and no doubt are so. There are quarters of the City which remind one of Seven Dials, and the worst parts of Liverpool and Bristol; and, for the same reason, they are inhabited by the very low Irish, who retain their usual characteristics. No doubt, had the Irish been true to themselves, they would have been masters in this part of the

United States; as it is, they have great influence in New York, and hold many important offices in that City, but it is to be regretted that those who do so are not the best specimens of the sons of Erin.

With the Americans the Irish are not favourites, though their services as soldiers and sailors, and as having been mainly instrumental in the formation of railways and other great public works, are recognised. They are, unfortunately, too apt to rush into politics and whiskey—the two great curses of America. Every adventurer who comes along is able to dupe them—as did the leaders of the Fenian Organization, who lived in luxury by defrauding the poor hard-working men and women with their fictitious bonds.

In spite of all their experience the simple-minded Celts are still an easy prey to the designs of impostors who pretend to be the friends of Ireland.

EDUCATIONAL AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

THE spread and influence of the Catholic religion is a source of great annoyance to many Americans, though there are large numbers who, professing no religion at all, will send their children to be educated at the Catholic schools, as being the only institutions where duty to parents is inculcated.

It is a boast of Americans that education among them is very far in advance of that which is found in England. Schools are abundant, it is true, but, if one may judge by the language of the people, education on one point cannot be conducted on what we consider a sound basis. Grammar must be a neglected study, as regards both orthography and syntax. Of bad spelling Americans are guilty with malice aforethought, but in the improper use of moods and tenses, so prevalent among them, they have not yet ventured to glory. The audacity of altering the spelling of English authors is astounding, and will prepare us for the introduction of such forms of speech as the following: "He done me a good turn," "he's went back on his friends," "why

didn't you went on ?"—expressions indulged in by those, about whose education one has heard so much. Americans will often assert that every Englishman drops his 'h's. I have no doubt that many of our countrymen who visit them are guilty of this omission—I should think, perhaps, the majority—but we must remind Americans that they do not see superior Englishmen, and, as to defects in speaking, they had better look at home; for, from what one hears spoken by a large majority in the United States, one has reason to think that the language of the country will soon become a mere *patois*.

American drinks have attained a great celebrity; but the chief charm of them, for the most part, is that they are cool. The liquor, as a rule, is very bad; and all the non-stimulating drinks are sickly sweet. Warm soda-water does not suggest an exhilarating draught, but insipid food and drink are essentially national. Americans of all ages devour candy and sweetstuff, and are given to messes. They delight in very white fine bread with flabby crusts. They eat Indian corn, boiled with butter; and many of their dishes are of the pappy order. Their want of teeth, or their desire to preserve them, may account for this.

I do not imagine that Americans care for sitting over their dinner; they strike one as always in a

hurry to get through even their enjoyments, though their food hardly comes under that head.

The detestable habit of chewing tobacco, with its filthy accompaniment of spitting, is a positive national disgrace. That disgusting utensil, a spittoon, adorns the most elegant saloons; and it would be well if it were the sole receptacle of saliva, but the floors of the rooms bear ample testimony that such is not the fact; to say nothing of the feet and legs that may come within range of the spitters. I cannot help thinking that the fair sex might exercise a useful influence at any rate on the young men with respect to this revolting practice, which is really degrading, and must, one would think, be baneful.

As to the rising generation of this city, if one may judge from casual observation, too much licence is allowed to the youth of both sexes. They are permitted to associate with each other without any of the wholesome restrictions which have been imposed on the intercourse of youth in other nations. There is, consequently, a flippancy of manner and self-confidence about the young women which seems antagonistic to the formation of high character. I am far from meaning to insinuate anything really culpable in the conduct of these young people in general; but it is hardly prudent, one would think, to allow youth so much liberty. As I have said, a

New York belle will go to the opera alone with an admirer, and afterwards sup with him *tête-à-tête* at Delmonico's. The result of this style of thing is the formation of hasty, ill-assorted marriages, for which the divorce court gives a remedy; this is the best that can be expected. Dark tales of worse results come to one's ears. Crimes, such as one dare not do more than allude to, are said to be by no means of rare occurrence.

There can be no doubt on one point, and that is the very general want of respect for age which is evinced by young people; it is a topic commented on very freely by the press. By some, it is attributed to the public school system; by others, to the precocity of American youth. The real fault must be with the parents. Discipline is a word they do not understand. Children have too much of their own way, and are educated to think too highly of themselves. A city like New York is a bad school for youth, especially without that home influence which cannot be exercised upon young people in an hotel or boarding-house.

This is viewing young America from our side; for American parents do not seem to expect the deference from their children which English people enforce. There is a sort of admiration expressed when a boy is saucy, as though it were an evidence of what they call smartness. It does not augur well

for the future of a country that there is no discipline exercised in the education of youth. At Yale College the young men are under no sort of restraint or surveillance, and I am told it is much the same in all other educational establishments purely national.

If a plentiful supply of public libraries, literary and scientific institutions, may be taken as indications of national education, then might one expect to find the youth of New York erudite, polished, and well-conducted, the middle-aged thoughtful, well-informed, models of what men should be, and the aged monuments of collective wisdom ;—in fact, all classes of men exact reproductions of all that is excellent in ancient and modern history. The bravery of Miltiades, the wisdom of Socrates, the justice of Aristides, the piety of Æneas, even the stern justice of Brutus, ought all to flourish in a city where the means of instruction are so ample, and easily to be attained. One wearies of hearing of the volumes that are lying on the shelves, of the lecture-rooms and schools of design, which have been instituted for the intellectual culture of the expanding mind of young America. The Cooper Institute alone would suffice to instruct a nation ; and though this is one of the largest educational establishments in the country, it is by no means a solitary one in New York. I will not express my

own opinion as to the usefulness of such institutions, but must say I was much struck by the remark of an individual connected with a very large but almost deserted reading-room at one of these establishments, who in answer to a remark made as to the apparent paucity of readers, merely replied: "Read they read nothing but the papers. If you want to find our young men, you must go to the billiard-rooms, and drinking-bars, and other houses of public resort; you won't find them in the libraries." As this speech was made in reference to the attendance of an evening, when most young men are at leisure, I am inclined to think young America is educated beyond the reach of the literary and scientific.

In Washington Square is situated the University of New York, which I was told by Americans is architecturally like King's College, Cambridge. I merely replied "Indeed!"—the safest reply one could make to so preposterous a statement. I do not know what its status may be from an educational point of view, but cannot think it ranks very high, judging from its appearance and the fact that some of the rooms are occupied by artists as studios, not the usual purpose to which the sacred precincts of a seat of learning are devoted. Apropo of studios, there is a building devoted to them in Tenth Street, where the votaries of art pursue "their labour of

love." I was not struck by the specimens I saw of those labours, with the exception of some sculpture, which was decidedly very good and gave me a very different impression of American art, from that which "The Greek Slave" produced. Their National Academy of Design is the place at which all works of art are exhibited. The building suggests the idea of a Turkish bath; though the guide calls it Gothic. It is built of marble, and will, like its contents, improve with age. I am induced to think that the Chromo-lithograph school of art at present holds the first place in public taste, these and inferior copies of the old masters being very generally met with. Landscapes painted in the hardest style are also popular. Photography is here, as elsewhere, the "maid of all work" of art.

As it is not my design to go *in extenso* through the institutions of America, I shall merely allude to the hospitals and charities as being generally well spoken of. Prisons are not interesting topics, and seem to be much the same here as elsewhere. That discipline is rigorously enforced in them will be shown by the following anecdote:—A distinguished foreigner having been convicted of some offence, and sentenced to imprisonment, on arriving at his place of incarceration, was astonished at being told that his hair was to be cut according to prison regulations.

"What!" he exclaimed, "cut my hair! I have

served in many foreign armies, in which I held high rank, have been engaged in a life-long struggle against tyranny, am of noble family, and speak six languages."

"Look it here," said the official to whom he thus appealed, "we only speak one language here, and d—d little of that. Cut his hair," he added. And so the polyglot hero's locks were sacrificed.

The statistics of crime are somewhat startling. Murder would not seem to be thought a heinous offence, for one sees an account of a murder committed coolly, or in a drunken brawl, and the result is much the same as would ensue from a common assault in England; the prisoner is admitted to bail, and even if he be tried and sentenced to imprisonment, he will have a very good chance of being pardoned through the political influence of his friends, or on the accession of a new governor of the state. In Jersey they seem to have some closer ideas of justice than elsewhere, and generally hang murderers. There is a large and efficient body of police in New York; the first check on their liberties that the citizens have ever had imposed on them. The policemen now and then club their prisoners to death, but that is excess of zeal.

That the population of New York is made up of highly industrious inhabitants there can be no doubt: yet few cities can boast a larger number of

useless, idle people, men who live by their wits, hang about the hotels, restaurants, and liquor-shops, and are known as Loafers, Suckers, Beats, and Bummers, who prey on society; many of them are Americans, but the number, to a great extent, is made up of foreigners (from our own islands) of whom we are heartily glad to be rid. Many of these gentlemen are in some way connected with the theatrical profession, or literature. Uncertificated bankrupts, convicts, swindlers, thieves unconvicted, and every other scum of society have found their way to this city, so that in fairness it must be allowed that much that is objectionable in this country has been imported, but has unfortunately found a soil in which it can take root and flourish.

Literature does not occupy a high or proud position in America, since native writers of high culture and attainment are rarely met with. Scribblers abound, as the trash with which the town is flooded abundantly proves. Stories of a vapid, sickly style are popular, and form a contrast to the licentious filth which is publicly sold about the streets with illustrations to attract the prurient and pollute the youth of the country. I do not think there is any dramatic author of note in America. Journalism is the most popular form of literature, but is of a kind little calculated to elevate the tone of the people.

There are one or two respectable papers in New York. The best are the "Tribune" and "Times," and there are some equally respectable evening papers, especially the "Post" and "Gazette," but all the others are mere vehicles for advertisements, scurrility and abuse of opponents. The gross ignorance displayed by some American papers with regard to England is remarkable. It is evident they know nothing of her history, institutions, or customs. It is very likely that the proprietors are misled by the dishonesty of illiterate men who come from England to America professing to be conversant with the topics on which they undertake to write. The musical criticism in some of the journals is simply laughable, whilst the dramatic, with one exception, is very weak. The "Tribune's" criticisms are allowed by all to be the best in New York, and are written with a conscientious regard to the responsibility of the critic's office, which is highly creditable, whilst their style is easy and careful, and the writer only requires a higher standard of experience to make them first-rate. There is an eminently respectable and well-managed paper called the "Round Table," which is entitled to a high place among the periodicals of this country. It is well-written and conducted in a manner that fits it for a place on the table of the refined and intelligent members of society. There are no

original humorous publications in America; many have been started, but all have failed.

The Irish in this country seem to lose their rich sense of humour as well as their good temper and agreeable manners. I am speaking of the lowest class. In Ireland the car-boys, and such people, are full of wit and humour, and ready to start or join in a bit of fun, but in America "the boys" are changed and speak in a surly, morose tone, and have a heavy and saturnine appearance.

Religions of all sorts and kinds abound. As a rule, Americans seem to agree to differ on this point; some of the old Puritanical bitterness still lingers among the Yankees, though indifference appears to have taken its place in most instances. They don't like the Catholics and profess to be afraid of them, and certainly it must be trying to them to see how the religion they dislike is spreading through the land. The Presbyterians are bitter against other sects; but their day, like that of the Puritans, is past.

The Methodists and Baptists command large congregations, the most wealthy denominations being the Episcopalian, Unitarian and Universalist bodies. In many places it is not considered respectable to belong to no church, and to meet the case of those who wish for a nominal religion, Universalism must have been invented. It is a

sort of liberal Unitarianism and, amongst other eccentricities of opinion, holds very indulgent views of sin, regarding it as rather a misfortune than a fault. No delusion is too violent or extravagant for the American mind, as some of the disclosures made at the Police Courts respecting spiritualism would go to prove. The streets of New York are said to be unsafe at night; but most of the cases of violence seem to have been the result of drink. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the vice of intemperance as it exists in this country; it is the national curse and bane, and must in time undermine and destroy the whole fabric of society. Men drink on every occasion and under all circumstances. The liquor they consume is deleterious to the last degree, and the worst feature in the drunkard's case is that he is not ashamed of himself. Drink, as a cause of death, is spoken of by surviving friends as a malady. It entails no disgrace on a man to be known as a drunkard, and so long as he has a dollar to treat a friend with, he will be encouraged to drink till the Asylum for Inebriates or the grave places him beyond the reach of temptation. Since the war, liquor has been both dear and bad; one of the favourite spirituous beverages with the Americans is Bourbon whiskey. There is no disputing about taste, but in my opinion it is filthy, and must be destructive. The American

is not a beer-drinker, his favourite tipple being spirit or water.

There is nothing to recommend New York as a residence to any but a man of business. It is expensive beyond London or Paris. It has, doubtless, charms for those who are surrounded by family and friends; but to a stranger it is uninteresting and dreary to the last degree. I have little hesitation in saying that an Englishman of education would feel infinitely more at home in St. Petersburg than in New York. There is no community of feeling between an Englishman and American; they are foreigners indeed to one another—having nothing in common but the language and colour of skin, and even in these not by any means closely resembling one another.

Before dismissing New York, there are some classes of its society, four of which, already referred to, especially deserve notice, viz., the Bummer, the Loafer, the Sucker, and the Beat. The Bummer is ever to be met with at liquor shops and restaurants, where he lingers, hour after hour, day and night, in the hope of being treated to liquor. To the proprietors of these establishments he is a terror, and the scourge of the customers, from whom he extorts drinks, whilst he devours all the fragments of biscuit and cheese which are placed on the counter for the gratuitous consumption of

those who may fancy a mouthful with their liquor. So heavily has the Bummer drawn on these complimentary refreshments, that the custom of providing them has in some places been abandoned. The Bummer is in his glory when a new drinking bar is opened, and nothing charged for liquor on the first day. On this and every other occasion where drink can be had for nothing, the Bummer is "on hand." New Year's Day is his annual festival, weddings and funerals are his great opportunities for slaking his thirst for alcohol. The Bummer has no occupation; he pretends to none, but sots away his life in poverty and filth, lying in wait for drinks, till the poorhouse receives his crazed, paralytic body, or he rots in some obscure hole whither he has crawled to die.

The Sucker is a sponge of a different style, not so utterly lost as the Bummer. He is a man of talk and schemes; he pretends to having means, his chief study being to hook on to a party where drink is being stood. By some mysterious means he supports life, and is more likely to die in prison than in the almshouse.

The Loafer is a good-natured, easy-going man, who might have prospered in life had he not been an idle vagabond. He spends his money freely while it lasts, and is not at all particular where and how he gets more. He will beggar his aged mother,

or deprive his wife and children of the necessaries of life; but he will stand a bottle of champagne to a friend. The Loafer is affectionate and kind, full of good resolutions and promises of amendment when sober, but a curse to all dear to him when drunk. The Asylum for Inebriates is frequently the closing scene of his career, or he will lie at home, dying in paroxysms of drunken madness, to the terror of his unhappy wife and children, whom his violence drives from his bed-side. Not unfrequently a sudden death, the result of accident or a quarrel, hurries him from this world.

The Beat is a combination of all the former, and a deep-dyed villain withal. He is too restless to be a Bummer, too sharp to be a Sucker, and too wicked to be a Loafer. He will drink with you that he may rob you the more easily. He is full of schemes, and boasts of large sums of money at his disposal. Whilst the Sucker and Loafer pretend to be either literary or artistic, the Beat is always a professed capitalist, and a would-be manager. He can tell you of the enormous fortunes he has made for artists and others whose affairs he has managed. No lie is too enormous or barefaced for him to tell, no swindle too infamous for him to undertake.

Let it not be supposed that these worthies are exclusively of American growth; they are frequently importations from the British Isles, men who have

renounced their allegiance to Queen Victoria, unless, as I have stated before, it may suit their convenience, to claim her powerful protection.

It is almost unnecessary to say a word as to the class from which these men sprang in the Old Country; but as they generally give out that they have held high positions on the London press, or been in some way connected with artists, it is well to warn those who visit America not to trust implicitly to these claims set forth by agents and managers, who will surround them on their arrival, and impose on their credulity.

It must be remembered that the Germans, or, as as they call them here, the Dutch, form a large item in the list of Beats. They are usually of the Hebrew persuasion, though they will deny it, and call themselves Lutherans. One common end awaits characters of this description, and that is a pompous funeral. However bad or lost a man may have been in life, funeral honours await him in death. Every one who has drunk with him will crowd to see him in his coffin, and as drink has been the cause of death, and all the survivors are victims to the same malady, the mourners feel an especial interest in the departed, and a sympathy for each other, as men who are sharing a common danger, and awaiting the same terrible doom.

The liquor laws are in full force in New York

and Brooklyn, and, to some extent, check intoxication on Sunday;. though, if a man be a confirmed drunkard, he has only to cross the river to Jersey, and there he can get as much liquor as he pleases every day in the week. Legislation is but a feeble barrier to the gratification of such a propensity as drinking, and only inflicts a hardship on those who use God's gifts without abusing them.

In America, as elsewhere, such laws only press upon the poor : the rich drunkard has always access to his own cellar, and not much difficulty in obtaining entrance to his neighbour's. It is part of the cold pharisaical Puritan temper ever to oppress the poor man, and treat him like a child. If a man will drink to excess he must do it at his own risk; God gave him the liberty, and his fellow man cannot dictate to him on the subject, except in such terms as will bind him morally.

To all but a narrow, sour mind the sight of a poor man enjoying his beer is a gratification; and, till laws are passed that shall equally sweep away the well-selected wines from the tables of the wealthy, and the half-and-half, and drop of spirit from the labourer's humble board, all legislation on the subject should be resisted as a tyrannical attempt to interfere with that liberty which is every man's birth-right, and for the misuse of which he is accountable to his Creator alone.

That Americans should drink so much spirit is extraordinary, as the climate is sufficiently exhilarating not to demand the consumption of stimulating liquors. I am inclined to think it is the strong love they have for excitement, that drives them to the drinking bar so frequently even during the hours of business.

The Germans consume large quantities of Läger beer, which is harmless unless taken in large quantities; but, as one man under examination respecting it, admitted having taken seventy glasses of it during the morning, no wonder the sale of it was prohibited on Sunday, together with that of intoxicating drinks. The non-intoxicating beverages are manifold, especially of an effervescing kind: their fault being excessive sweetness. I am inclined to think that the constant use of them must be injurious to the digestive powers; nor do I think that "cocktails," "slings," "smashes," and all the other "pick-ups" in which Americans indulge, can be beneficial to the stomach.

BOARDING-HOUSES.

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THAT Americans do not attach the same value to home that we do is very certain, from the fact that so many of them prefer living at Hotels or Boarding-Houses, to having private residences. The reason given for this is, that the ladies do not like the trouble of housekeeping, that servants are such a torment, and everything so expensive. The truth is, the Boarding-House system enables many to make a better show on a small income than maintaining a house would admit, and there are those who keep up a good appearance by means of taking boarders, who must otherwise live with a humble establishment. It is not uncommon for people who keep up a sort of would-be style to pretend that they have friends staying with them, the said friends being boarders. Life in a Boarding-House is fatal to home influences, and frequently brings about so many of those unhappy disruptions of family ties unfortunately so common in America.

That American wives and mothers who are worthy of those revered names prefer living at Boarding-Houses, I do not believe; as the bringing up a family

properly under such circumstances must be next to impossible. It is a suitable way of living for the frivolous wife who, neglected by her husband, finds solace in the society she meets under such a roof:—a wife whose whole time and thoughts are devoted to dress and amusement, to obtain which she will sacrifice everything, even honour itself, whilst her shameless partner cares not how the clothes and jewellery with which she decks herself have been obtained, though he well knows that she has no means other than his, and is also aware of his own inability to supply her with such luxuries;—a wife who expresses openly her detestation of the duties and trouble of being a mother, who, should she have a child will probably neglect it entirely herself, or consign it to the care of wretches, who, under the pretence of taking the unhappy innocent to nurse, will actually allow it to starve to death. This was proved to be a general practice by a case which but lately came before the Courts, where a woman was indicted for causing the death of an infant by neglect, and it was elicited in evidence that a large number of infants were taken in by this monster, and deliberately starved to death, with the knowledge of their unnatural parents. There are doubtless many Boarding-Houses which afford respectable homes for young men in business, and suit the convenience of people without families, and it is

not against such establishments that my remarks are directed; but what I would denounce is the practice of keeping up false appearances, so very common in New York, by means of the Boarding-House system.

One reason alleged by many as an excuse for living in this way, is the great trouble a lady finds in getting trustworthy servants. Another is, that the extreme dearness of everything renders housekeeping a formidable burden to those who have small incomes, house rent being enormously high. Three or four thousand dollars, or from four to five hundred pounds per annum, will secure only a moderate house in New York—and even in Brooklyn, the unfashionable side of the river, the rents are proportionately high. Servants' wages are from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. I am speaking of quiet family establishments. Food and clothing are very expensive; so that many have to practise rigid economy; yet this, it is allowed by the most experienced, can be more easily done in a private home than in a Boarding-House. But then Show, the darling of the American heart, must be sacrificed. That home ties, unfortunately, do not bind Americans very strongly is notorious. There is too much self-assertion and self-dependence in the national character to make any bond very strong, and the facility with which the marriage tie can

be unloosed is a fundamental blow to the family system. A wife being made so entirely independent of her husband, though it may be highly necessary, is a serious impediment to that perfect confidence that should exist between the two, and says little for the integrity of American husbands. That marriage settlements exist in all countries is of course the fact, but in no country is a woman so entirely independent of her husband as in America; a state of things which may enable a dishonest man to rob his creditors, under the protection of his wife's rights; and a recent alteration of the Bankruptcy Laws is a proof that such things were very generally done.

MORALS, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE.

ALTHOUGH divorces are not so easily obtainable in New York as in some other of the States, yet here, as elsewhere, there is a very light impression as to the obligation of the marriage tie. In some of the Western States a marriage may be annulled on grounds which are positively absurd. It is to be borne in mind that a people is not likely to be deeply impressed with the grave nature of a contract frequently entered into without any sort of solemnity or importance being attached to it. A gentleman walks into a magistrate's presence with a lady on his arm, and simply states it is their wish to be married, and, with little or no preliminary, their names are entered on the matrimonial roll and they are man and wife. It would be superfluous to give all the grounds on which divorce may be obtained, but there is one especially unjustifiable, which is, that incarceration in the States' prison of either husband or wife releases them from their marriage contract; and instances have been known in which a conspiracy has been formed by a wife's paramour to throw her husband into prison,

so that she may be at liberty to contract a new alliance.

Whilst on this subject I feel bound to refer to some fearful blots on American social life. There is a crime of the foulest order that is regarded without any horror by a large number of the community, and this by no means the poorer class. That a miserable servant-girl should have recourse to some abominable means to rid her of the consequences of her infringement of the laws of chastity, is not to be wondered at; but that this is not the class that practises such abomination as I am referring to is very clear, from the fact of the existence of a mansion in the Fifth Avenue, said to be tenanted by an infamous French woman, who trades and grows rich on the practice of that which should expose her to the severest penalties of the law. We are told that attempts have been made to convict and punish her, but she has hitherto escaped, not so much through the want of evidence, or the powerless state of the law, as because she could make such disclosures as would implicate in her guilt those who hold their heads very high in society. It is no wonder that such a state of things should exist, if one hundredth part of the statements one hears as to the morals of the community be true. One thing is certain—the license allowed to young people is likely to end badly, when a young woman

is permitted to leave her father's roof with no other companion than a young man, her professed admirer, who is as frivolous and as unprincipled as herself. When she accompanies him to the theatre or to a dance, and will adjourn to a restaurant to sup with him *tête-à-tête;* how can we be surprised that the services of some infamous quack of either sex become requisite in order to save the young woman's reputation ?

This evil originates in the defective education of the young people, and also from the unrefined notions of their parents, who, sprung from the humbler grades in the Old Country, have succeeded in making money rapidly in the new, but have failed to acquire superior notions.

They may have fine houses and clothes, but these will not of themselves secure very strict ideas as to propriety of conduct.

No doubt when Giles and Sukey kept company in England, it was not in the eyes of their relations and friends any great harm if maternity should precede matrimony ; but now, being what they call "style," though they may not be scrupulous as to character, yet they do not wish any unpleasant results to accrue from the loss of it.

Besides all these considerations, the wives of many Americans will not be burdened with the cares of a nursery, and consequently take any means available

to rid themselves of duties so ungraceful and distasteful.

In saying this, let me not be misunderstood. There are doubtless in this most corrupt city many hundreds of excellent wives and mothers; many couples living together according to the rules of Christianity; but these are they who fear God and obey His law. Yet, as it is the boast of thousands that they do not even acknowledge the existence of a God, and laugh at the notion of a future state, why should they not practise and glory in every abomination? The low view taken of the morality of this people is derived from perusal of police reports, statements of the Press, the shameless advertisements which disgrace the columns of many newspapers, together with the disgusting illustrations which several journals display weekly. So *bad are these last named as to have provoked a protest from more than one paper*, by which the doings of New York have been compared to those of the Cities of the Plain. The people who forget God have always turned to filthy lusts. Impurity and falsehood have ever stalked hand in hand over the earth, and having borne one another company through the Old World, have also found a congenial home in the New. If one line that I have written on this subject should induce good members of society in America to set themselves vigorously

to work to crush out any of these abominations from among them, I shall know that I have not taken up my pen in vain, and shall feel that I am more than repaid for the pain which writing on so revolting a subject has caused me.

SERVANTS AND LABOURERS.

By far the majority of the domestic servants are Irish, and in spite of their peculiarities of temperament, they are generally highly spoken of for fidelity, honesty, and decency of life. The native Americans disdain the idea of service, though not scrupulous as to getting their livelihood by less reputable means. An Irishwoman works hard and well, though she may not be what is called in England a thorough servant. She is a bad nurse, from her terrible habit of foolishly over-indulging the children, and her want of system and tidyness in the management of them. She will have her Sunday afternoon out, and also her Thursday evening, when, to do her justice, it must be stated, she generally goes to church. In fact, she is a main support of her religion, for the greater number of the Catholic churches in America are built out of the hard earnings of women servants and labouring men, though in many cases American Protestants build them for the sake of the Irish in their employ, as they find that it is impossible to manage them without the priest. Unfortunately in all cases the influence of the clergy does not

suffice to control the fierce nature of the Celt, as the riots of July, 1863, abundantly prove; when New York was for three days in the hands of a mob of Irish labourers. The late Archbishop rose from his dying bed to address them from his balcony; but in vain did he attempt to check the atrocities of which they were guilty, such as the hanging of defenceless negroes to the lamp-posts, the burning of the negro infant orphan asylum, and similar lawless acts; these outrages being perpetrated partly because negroes were employed to do work which the Irish had refused. A terrible retribution awaited these miserable men, hundreds of whom were shot down by the military called out to quell the riot.

The negroes share with the Irish the hard labour of the country, and are most undeservedly disliked by them. It has required the most authoritative action on the part of the clergy to prevent their being denied admission to the Catholic churches, the boast of which has justly been that there alone, of all places of worship in America, a black man may pray beside his white brother.

Germans and Swiss are good servants, but are more generally employed at hotels and restaurants than in private houses. Negroes are especially useful in the management of horses, with which, as with all other animals, and with children, they

are on the best of terms. As a general rule, Negroes are far better mannered and more attentive than the white servants; though it is said of them that they will pilfer, whilst the Irish are accused of utter disregard for truth.

It is the universal testimony of Americans, that when the Irish are influenced by religion they are good members of society; and although there are doubtless numerous instances of their having abandoned, not only the creed of the Old Country, but religion of any kind, yet the vast and almost daily increasing number of churches and religious institutions belonging to the Catholics proves how steadfast the majority must be to the faith of their fathers.

FUNERALS AND CEMETERIES.

As soon as a death occurs, all the intimate friends of the family of the deceased assemble at the house, and watch by turn, night and day, till the funeral, which takes place within a day or two of death, is over. On that occasion, all who have been in any way acquainted with the departed either come to the house or follow to the cemetery; the religious service in most cases being performed at the house, and the corpse exposed to view, often packed in ice, in order to preserve it. The beautiful custom of decking the body with flowers is universally adopted, and tends in a great measure to dispel the terrible gloom which pervades the chamber of death.

Most funerals are conducted in a strange and somewhat indecent manner. Among the numbers who follow the deceased to the cemetery, few adopt any badge of mourning, which gives an air of heartless indifference to the affair; and candour compels me to state that the use of stimulants as a means of checking undue sorrow has often the effect of making a funeral very like a merry-making.

In using the term indecent when speaking of the

manner in which funerals are conducted, I must not be misunderstood.

I do not charge the Americans with any intentional disrespect to the dead; but the style of their interments is not decorous.

The coffin, or as it is sometimes styled the "funeral case," does not look as though it had been originally designed for so solemn a purpose.

The hearse has frequently plate glass sides to it, which give it the appearance of a show case.

The carriages that follow, and the equipment of the drivers, would be equally well suited to any other occasion.

On a Sunday, long funeral trains make their way through the city in a very jog-trot style.

I must here protest against being thought one of those who approve of all the mock pageantry of woe so often displayed in my own country; but there is in this, as in all things, a happy medium to be observed, and funerals should be so conducted as to be free from an appearance of levity on the one hand, and from histrionic solemnity on the other.

The cemeteries of New York are thirteen in number, and are generally well kept in order.

This does not apply to some of those belonging to the Catholics, the disordered state of which has caused many Catholics to secure for their families graves among the Protestants. Such an unsatisfac-

tory state of things has excited the attention of the bishops and clergy; and a better plan having of late been adopted for maintaining the Catholic cemeteries, it is to be hoped that this cause of complaint is only to be regarded as a thing of the past.

The great cemetery of Greenwood, on Long Island, is beautifully "located," as the natives say. It is both extensive and intricate, so much so, that strangers have been known to suffer much inconvenience through losing their way therein. To guard against which contingency, "guide boards" are set up at various points. The graves are well kept, planted with shrubs and flowers, and if all the monuments and inscriptions be not always in the best taste, yet criticism is disarmed on such a subject.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, &c.

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New York is well supplied with institutions founded for the relief of suffering, both moral and physical. A fine space on Broadway is occupied by the New York hospital, founded by Lord Dunmore, Governor of the colony, shortly before it was given up by the English.

It speaks well for the philanthropy of New York that so large a space of valuable ground should still be devoted to a charitable purpose.

Randell, Ward, and Blackwell Islands, on the East River, are occupied by various charitable institutions, of the efficacy and usefulness of which I hear much said; but as a mere visit to such establishments can only give a very faint, and often false, idea of their working, it is useless to employ my own or the reader's time with an attempted account of them.

I observe that guide-books speak of the buildings on these islands, devoted to such works, as "elegant"; this is one of the happy flights of transatlantic fancy which excite the wonder of the traveller, the buildings in question being, doubtless, useful, but by no means ornamental.

Of one charitable institution the title struck me as odd, it is called "The Half Orphan Asylum." I was puzzled for the moment as to whether this bisectional condition of the children were moral or physical; my idea of an orphan being a child deprived of its father's fostering care, or one entirely destitute of parents. I have since been informed that this institution is for the reception of children who have lost either parent.

In America, however, it may be the case that many a free-born citizen is orphanised, apart from the ordinary contingencies of existence. I read an account of a father appearing before a magistrate, leading a pretty little child by the hand, for which he demanded admission to the workhouse, on the ground that he had lately married a second wife, who would not be troubled with the care of her predecessor's offspring. The worthy magistrate, added the account, reproved the unnatural conduct of the father, and stated that he would adopt the unfortunate infant himself.

There are admirable institutions for the relief of the afflicted in every way. Penitentiaries, reformatories, and the like, abound in New York.

The Catholics have several fine establishments for reclaiming the fallen, as well as for succouring helpless innocence.

There has been in time past some little difficulty

on the religious question in connection with the education of orphans; but that having been adjusted, I believe on a firm and permanent basis, all will doubtless go well in future.

It is a subject worthy of the highest praise, that, as a rule, Americans are just on the religious question, and out of the funds devoted by the municipality to charitable purposes, relieve all alike.

The Catholic society of St. Vincent of Paul gets its share in proportion with the Protestant benevolent institutions.

Much private charity is dispensed through the winter, and the relief of the poor by the authorities is conducted on a liberal scale.

The Rev. Mr. Beecher called on his congregation to contribute with more than usual liberality on one Sunday morning during the winter. He demanded a more than liberal donation from every one, as he intended to hand over the amount collected to the Catholic charities, of whose good works he spoke in terms that did honour to his truthful appreciation of the merit of those from whom in doctrinal views he so entirely differed.

Like all people of quick temperament, the American has fine impulse for good, on which, to do him justice, he is wont to act, as the numerous charitable institutions of New York and other large cities amply testify.

I have alluded slightly to mendicancy elsewhere; but there is a form of it which deserves especial notice, and that is the begging-letter system, which is adopted by "widows" and "orphans."

These interesting claimants on the bounty of the benevolent are generally young and well-looking. They intrude themselves into the "stores" and "counting-rooms" of men of business, and instances are known of their having extorted money in cases where they had failed to obtain alms.

Sometimes a pale, interesting youth makes an application for employment, fortified by letters of recommendation from ministers and Sunday-school teachers, according to which he is a model of piety and worth. A character, to which further investigation of his case does not entitle him.

There are such abundant means for the relief of distress in New York, both from public and private sources, that beggars of this and every other description are to be viewed with distrust, if not consigned to the fostering care of the law.

GENERAL REMARKS.

No one who has not seen New York can form any idea of it from the account given by Americans, or rather "New Yorkers,"—I must be forgiven the word. "Elegant" is a term they so universally misapply, that they unintentionally mislead in their descriptions, whether written or oral.

They also use pretentious terms in speaking of persons, places, and things. A shabby-looking piece of badly kept ground, they call a park, for under this description must come the open space in front of the City Hall. They do not understand correctly the use of architectural terms which they apply to their buildings. They pronounce eulogies on statues and public works of art which are simply detestable. They talk of their "lovely" city, in which no trace of loveliness can be discovered. They declare New York to be a "superior kind of Paris," and state Broadway to be the finest thoroughfare in the world.

Their national greatness is an inexhaustible theme on which they love to dilate.

I was much struck by a conversation which took

place in my presence between an American and a young Englishman. The former was what is termed "blowing" about the future of America.

"Yes," he said, "that glorious bird, that eternal Eagle, is destined to spread her wings over the world."

"Ah!" said the Englishman.

"Already," continued the American, "she has extended them from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"Yes," said the Englishman.

"And she will," added the American, "in due time cover with them the plains of Mexico, and the wilderness of Canada."

"You think so," said the Englishman.

"That's so," said the American; "and she will go on, and spread and spread them till—"

He paused for a moment, and the Englishman finished the sentence for him by saying, "Yes, till she splits herself."

The misuse of terms often renders conversation a difficulty. I was told that an individual with whom I had been conversing was "a real clever man;" as I had found him remarkably the reverse, I was beginning to think that perhaps he might be one of those who verify the statement that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, but was relieved from this apprehension by discovering that "clever" in American, means kind.

Another expression "lovely," was also a difficulty

to me. A person with whom I was conversing spoke of his niece, whom he pointed out to me as she was entering a ball-room, "as the loveliest girl in the room." The young lady in question having a hare lip, and a squint, and I think, the most terrible head of hair I ever saw in a ball, or any other room, I trembled to think of the set of gorgons I was about to encounter, but to my infinite relief discovered that the term referred to moral not physical excellence, in fact that "lovely" means amiable in the Manhattan tongue.

As I have already said, prisons are not a subject on which I intend to dwell; but I must say, in reply to the assertions made with regard to the superior manner in which they are conducted, that there was something very terrible in an account I saw of a wretched woman, who was taken up for drunkenness, being locked up all night in a cell with her dying infant, which expired before morning.

The name of the city prison of New York is in itself terrible; it is called the Tombs, and is built in what the guide books state to be the Egyptian style of architecture.

An Asylum for Inebriates is an institution of, I believe, recent growth; its usefulness is very great, for not only has it restored to a sound mind those who had become victims to drink, but has so much improved their general health as to enable them to

resist the baneful excessive use of stimulants so frequently the destruction of many whose talents are calculated to make them both useful and ornamental members of society.

The wharves of New York are very extensive, but the condition in which they, as well as the streets adjoining, are allowed to remain, is perfectly disgusting, as well as highly dangerous.

The good merchants and traders are too busy to think of having them kept free from obstruction, cleaned, paved properly, or drained. A casual observer would think this a case of more haste than speed, for business must be actually impeded by the existing state of things, and valuable space recklessly sacrificed; to say nothing of the risk to life and limb, which is hourly incurred by all who are called upon to traverse those dangerous water-side thoroughfares, thronged as they are by cars and other vehicles, together with multitudes of foot-passengers.

Having been told there were no beggars in America, I was not a little surprised to find them in the streets, both numerous and persistent. There are plenty of institutions for the relief of distress, but the beggar is alike all over the world, and shuns any offer of assistance that would lead to an investigation respecting him. Children infest the streets, sent out to beg for infamous parents, who will not

work for their own support, much less for that of their miserable offspring.

That there is a great deal of real distress in New York and Brooklyn is too true, and distress which far exceeds the means of relief, which is dealt out with no sparing hands.

There are National Benevolent Societies under the auspices of the patron saints of the United Kingdom.

I had only a specimen of the St. Andrew's Society, which, I regret to say, was anything but calculated to impress me favourably as regards the good taste or breeding of its members.

There are very good clubs in New York; I was introduced at three of them, where I experienced every courtesy a visitor could expect from a body of gentlemen on whom he had no other claim than that of a stranger or foreigner.

I regret to be unable to record my impressions of the superior classes of New York society, although I am bound to state I have met with remarkably agreeable people in my limited intercourse with the polite world there.

One of the most terrible examples of our fallen nature I have encountered is the fast swell of New York.

He is simply terrible, for he displays all the folly of the European original without a trace of the

refinement which the latter in some cases may possess.

He is often the spoilt child of some successful costermonger, and inherits much of the feeling and habits of his respected progenitor.

You can detect him at once, before he opens his mouth, by his dress and demeanour.

He is, of course, ashamed of his parents, and passes his time amid the most worthless companions with which a large and profligate city can furnish him.

He has, of course, been in Europe, and knows Paris better than a Parisian, though he has failed to get hold of the language.

He has plenty of money, which renders him as dangerous as a pestilence to many of his fellow creatures, on whom he will lavish wealth if they will but consent to become sources of gratification to his depraved appetites.

Thoroughly debased by selfishness and luxury, his brutalized nature revels in all that can degrade one man or disgust another.

BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN, or as it has been called the City of Churches, situated on Long Island, is of Dutch origin, and occupies the same relative position to New York that Southwark does to London.

In order to reach it, the East River must be crossed. Ferry-boats of great size and strength, worked, of course, by steam, are constantly running, night and day.

So great is the traffic between New York and Brooklyn, that at no less than seventeen ferries these steamers are constantly passing and repassing, which, at morning and evening especially, are crowded; Brooklyn being the place of residence of the vast majority of the less wealthy men carrying on business in New York.

As far as the transit is concerned, these boats are very well managed, few accidents or delays occurring even in winter, when the ice renders navigation difficult; the only risk incurred is through the impatience of passengers, who will rush on board at the moment of the boat starting, and frequently get a ducking for their pains.

Nor is this the only danger. The dock by which the boat is approached is divided so as to have a way for carriages and carts, distinct from two passages for foot passengers; but such is the violent hurry with which men will rush down these passages that they have been known to be knocked over the barrier and crushed by the carriages.

On either side of the boat there are two cabins, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen; from the former men are not excluded, though smoking is prohibited, and there is printed on the walls a notice, not by any means attended to, requesting gentlemen, out of respect to the ladies, not to stain the floor with their tobacco juice. These cabins are furnished with seats, and heated by means of steam, which renders them at times very oppressive.

There is a project for connecting New York and Brooklyn by a suspension bridge; but, as usual, there is so much jobbery and robbery anticipated in its erection that the public is shy of taking stock in it; and, of course, the ferry-boat company is doing all in its power to oppose a plan so fatal to its revenues.

Neither opposition nor any other cause is likely, however, to prevent the work being carried out, as the rapidly increasing population renders it an imperative necessity.

The heights of Brooklyn, to which I have already

referred, are occupied by very fine houses; these, and the streets adjoining, are inhabited by some of the wealthiest New York merchants; though I am obliged to state that it is not considered at all "style" to live in Brooklyn.

The view of the river from this point is good, though there is no beautiful country to look upon, the principal features being, the City of New York, Governor's Island, and the shipping.

A very few years back Brooklyn was a quiet village, and not very old men can point out spots in the heart of the city which were in their memories favourite rustic places of recreation, where, after a hot dusty walk in the country, you might have regaled yourself with "a cracker and a bowl of milk."

Brooklyn is now a humble imitation of New York, with avenues, cars, markets, and shops, like its sister city. It abounds in churches of every denomination, the Presbyterian and Methodist being the wealthiest.

The Episcopalians here, as elsewhere, are highly respectable.

The Catholics, as usual, take in all the very poorest class, as the appearance of their churches amply testifies.

Brooklyn is cheap as compared with New York, but the rent of a good house, as I have before

stated, is about two thousand dollars a year, and there are numbers, the cost of which far exceeds that amount, and which rival in appearance the residences of the wealthy in New York.

Clinton Avenue can boast some of the most agreeable looking villas I've seen in America, and by their style remind one of English homes, though some of them are decidedly cockneyfied.

The aspect of many of the streets in Brooklyn is very dull. There are one or two large hotels which may be regarded rather as boarding houses than inns. Schools abound here; especially celebrated among which is the Packer Institute, a day school for young ladies founded by a wealthy person of that name.

There are several educational institutions conducted by the Catholics, as the strict adherents to that religion do not send their children to the public schools.

There are parts of Brooklyn so quiet and retired as to remind one of some out-of-the-way foreign town, since many of the streets still retain the impress of their Dutch origin, the houses being built of wood, painted white, and fitted with green Venetian shutters.

They are, in general, kept scrupulously clean, and for the most part are approached by flights of steps, which are generally called by their Dutch

name of "stoop" or "stoup";—I do not know which way it is spelt, nor, I think, do the people themselves. Trees are planted on either side of the streets, and give a pleasing appearance to them, to say nothing of the shade they afford in summer.

Brooklyn is as badly kept, with respect to lighting, paving, &c., as New York, and the reason ascribed for this state of things is also the same: viz., the utter corruptness of the municipality.

None of the churches are fine; the one belonging to the Episcopalians called Trinity is the best looking, externally, but is remarkable for some of the most atrocious stained glass that ever disfigured any edifice, sacred or profane.

The Catholics have some tolerable churches, and the foundations for their cathedral in Clinton Avenue give promise of a magnificent edifice, to be built of grey granite.

As to the title City of Churches, I can only say that places of worship of all denominations abound in Brooklyn; and, whilst on this subject, I may as well remark on the external religious aspect of both this city and New York.

My experience of popular religion is necessarily superficial, and all the information on the subject is such as I have been able to derive from casual observation, and my remarks must be taken as emanating from one who has had no means of

judging as to the truth of either the efficacy of the various sects, or the various scandals circulated respecting them. As usual, for the most part, one sect abuses the other, though all agree to differ.

In no places in the world can Sunday be observed more perfectly as a holiday than it is in both New York and Brooklyn; the shops are closed as far as business is concerned, though the shutters are not up, and in many cases the goods are exposed to view, which serves as a Sunday advertisement.

All the liquor shops are sealed up, except to a few of the initiated, who know how to get a drink on the sly.

The Germans take to the steps of their doors; the Irish lounge about, and the Negroes assemble in the streets to enjoy the day of rest. It is true the last-named keep to their own party, for though some of the intense hatred entertained for them by their white brethren may have subsided, yet the races rarely mix, except in a car, or at a drinking bar.

The darkies have their own chapels and schools, and he would indeed be considered a dirty blackguard who was seen talking to a coloured girl, and none but the lowest of the low would thus degrade himself; so at least I was told by the conductor of a street car, for being of an inquiring turn, I talked much to the natives who, though civil, were rarely communicative. Frequently the only reply I got

to a cut-and-dried speech was, "How?" or "How's that?" two favourite forms of interrogative with this people.

I tried them with the language of Shakspere, in which I was told they were proficients, but it was a failure, for no one seemed either to speak or understand it, and when I said, "How now, what cheer, my masters?" "By my troth," or even "Perdition catch my soul!" the only reply I could get, was, "How?"

To return to Sunday; every one spends it as may suit individual tastes or views. The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist bodies devote the whole day to church and Sunday school, where the young people assemble in large gatherings, especially at the latter, the girls dressed out in their very finest, and the lads in their Sunday best.

It seems a pleasant pastime for them; but the poor children, who are sadly over-dressed, must be wearied to death with long services and a hot school room, which they have to endure for the greater part of Sunday. Such are the means by which these worthy people train up their children in ways of righteousness, hoping, by such a system, to make them take delight in Sunday—and thus a deeply-rooted affection for religion is likely to be implanted in youthful minds!

It is said that men frequently make up for the

religious restraint imposed in their youth, by never entering a church in after-life.

Brooklyn is named the City of Churches from having been one of the very early settlements of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and in the wall of one of the churches is seen built-in a fragment of the Plymouth Rock, on which those fugitives from religious persecution originally landed, and soon set to work to persecute in their turn all in the New World who presumed to differ from them in matters of Faith. Sabbatarianism was supreme here, and even now the Puritanical leaven still works, though very feebly.

The great, so-called religious lion of the place is Mr. Beecher, who attracts crowds every Sunday.

When I heard him he was in full force, having just returned from his annual holiday, which he prudently takes during the great heat, returning to delight his many hearers when the evenings grow cooler.

In this respect he resembles some of his brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, for I have often observed at the West End of London a notice on the doors of certain fashionable churches and chapels stating that they were closed for repairs and cleaning, a process they appear to require annually, just at the time when the sea air is more agreeable than the heat and dust of London.

The temple dedicated to the service of Beecher is a very plain—it might be called ugly—building; but the arrangements for the comfort of the pew-holders are excellent, the seats being ample in width and luxuriously cushioned.

The principal object in the building is the organ, which occupies the position that the high altar would in a Catholic church; in front of this is the gallery for the choir, and just below this is a small platform for the preacher.

By half-past seven o'clock the building was filled with a vast assemblage, the majority of which had been there since the opening of the doors.

The time of waiting was beguiled by pleasant chatting, or the perusal of a newspaper, and at half-past seven the organ struck up, and shortly after the choir, chiefly composed of ladies, commenced an anthem.

The preacher had meanwhile taken his seat on the platform, attired in a frock coat, black trousers and waistcoat, wearing a gold chain, and a black silk tie, his appearance being that of a good-natured man of some fifty odd years of age.

The anthem finished, he rose, approached a desk, and read a portion of a chapter from the New Testament, or, as he termed it, "from Luke's Gospel"; this selection over, a hymn was sung by the congregation in a very ineffective style, considering the

numbers who seemed to take part in it, reminding one of the chorus at Exeter Hall, in which at one time there were a great many dummies.

The hymn concluded, a remarkably commonplace prayer was delivered, which resembled in style the addresses made by municipal corporations and other bodies to Queen Elizabeth and her successors when they made royal progresses.

This prayer over, next came the feature of the evening, the sermon. The text was from the Gospel, the subject, our Lord receiving publicans and sinners. Never was a sacred theme more strangely handled, and to the majority of English people it would have been most shocking.

The idea of the parable of the Prodigal Son, which the preacher introduced, and styled a religious novel, being made comic, was something new, at any rate to me, and all credit is due to Mr. Beecher for the masterly way in which he gave two characters—the elder brother disgusted at the reception which the prodigal received at his father's hands, and the servant who told him of it, whom Mr. Beecher made the comic man of the story.

It is very evident that pathos is not Mr. Beecher's forte, for when he tried to be pathetic over the erring prodigal and his forgiving father, his grief was such as Mr. Buckstone is wont to display.

Of satire, Mr. Beecher is a master, and his sly

hits at the peculiarities of his countrymen were given in first-rate style, as were his portraits of the self-righteous and covetous man.

His audience keenly appreciated his fun, as bursts of laughter, and sometimes applause, indicated.

It is a matter of deep regret that Mr. Beecher should not have adopted the stage as a profession, for assuredly then would America have produced one good actor of eccentric parts.

The sermon ended, a short, very short prayer was made, a hymn was sung, less effectively than the preceding one, and with a blessing the congregation was dismissed, the whole affair having occupied about two hours, out of which an hour and a quarter was taken up by the sermon.

At the conclusion of the affair, the preacher entered into lively conversation with those around him.

Had Mr. Beecher's discourse been addressed to a religious community, or a body of clergy, it would have been highly salutary, no doubt, that the preacher should have denounced self-righteousness, and have told them that the publican and the harlot would enter Heaven before the professor of religion who was wanting in charity and mercy; but since his audience was composed of probably as worldly a set of people as New York could furnish, it did seem superfluous, to say the least, to warn

them against too scrupulous an attention to the externals of religion.

Such preaching as Mr. Beecher's would not be tolerated, of course, in any but a vulgar congregation; his flippancy and levity being calculated to shock refined, and utterly disgust religious, persons; but he is well adapted to attract the thoughtless crowd.

He is said to be a thoroughly liberal-minded man, free from all sectarian rancour; but religion is with him so evidently a matter of trade that it revolts one's sense of decency; in support of which assertion one has only to refer to the fact that the seats in his church are put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, making the Gospel as preached by Beecher a luxury for the rich.

It is not too much to say that all idea of religious instruction is lost in hearing him, as his style of preaching reminds one more of a comic reading than anything else; and as his church is let out occasionally for such a purpose during the week, small wonder if those who attend there get a confused idea as to which is religion and which is amusement.

There are several other popular preachers among the different sects in New York, and all have their admirers; but not one of them has ever held his place so long in public estimation as Mr. Beecher.

Religion cannot be said to have a very strong hold on the people, nor is it likely that it would with the masses in any country where self-assertion, hatred of discipline, or restraint of any kind, are the great national characteristics; and though it may be urged that many Americans are members of the various churches with which all their large cities abound, it is most certain that vast numbers of them belong to no church at all.

In some cases they do not go on account of the want of novelty in the subject of the sermons. One man said that he had been much annoyed on going to church, for he heard the preacher tell an old story about some loaves and fishes, which he had heard years before.

Spiritualism in this country assumes a religious form, and advertises its Sunday services together with all the other churches.

It is not extaordinary, perhaps, that the Americans should take to spiritualism, because it is often the case that sharp people are easily imposed on.

One is, at times, taken aback to meet with educated people in other countries who are not superior to the influence of such a transparent imposition; but in a country where no Censor Morum would be listened to or tolerated, no check can be imposed on charlatans, or the infatuation of their victims.

The Americans must have excitement, and religious adventurers have a vast field for their operation among them. There is a great deal of church going, as it is the only pastime on Sundays which is allowed by very many; and some new thing is eagerly sought after.

I have heard, though some deny it, that the German theatre in Bowery used once to be open on Sunday. Sacred Concerts, so-called, I know not why, are now held in New York, and are well attended; the selection of music not being always such as would attract the serious-minded, or come under the head of sacred, according to our view of the subject.

There are not now as many popular preachers as usual; in fact, I was told by one man that he was about to go into that line, as there was an opening in New York.

The music in some of the churches is what Americans call "elegant," but, from an ecclesiastical point of view, it is detestable in taste and style, and this remark especially applies to the Catholic churches, where the mass is sung to fragments from operas, and mawkish English ballads.

Trinity Church, both in Brooklyn and New York, boasts of a fine choir; but the Episcopalians wrangle over this as well as over every other point connected with their service. The squabbles between the

bishops of that communion and the clergy are amusing, if not edifying.

The Ritualists have a small church in New York where they out-St.-Alban St. Alban's; and at one church, where a High Church bishop censured a Low Church minister for preaching at a non-Episcopal Church, the respective partisans kicked up such a row that the police had to interfere, and turned out congregation, bishop, and all.

Many of the churches which were Dutch and German originally, are now in the hands of Americans.

The Jews have their synagogues, which are nothing remarkable.

The religion of the poorer classes is the Catholic, owing to the vast immigration of Irish.

The Germans are not conspicuous for any particular religious form or fervour; but are quiet, inoffensive members of society, wherever they settle.

There was a time when a theatre in Brooklyn would have been held as an abomination in the eyes of its inhabitants; and it was with some difficulty they were induced to co-operate in the erection of an Academy of Music, from which all theatrical performances, however, were to be excluded; but as it was discovered that unless operas were permitted the speculation would be a failure, the all powerful

dollar carried the day : and now there are not only weekly operatic performances, but frequently "stage-plays" given at the Academy; whilst a small theatre near the City Hall is open with theatrical representations all the year round.

It is, I believe, in contemplation to build a large theatre near the same spot ; so utterly and entirely has the spirit of Puritanism been laid in one of its former strongholds.

In addition to these places of amusement there is a small theatre devoted to Nigger Minstrelsy, under the direction of Mr. Hooley, at which a most amusing representative of darkie humour, Archie Hughes, nightly delights large audiences.

Brooklyn is preferred as a residence by many who do not care about being considered "style," and there is a great deal of agreeable social intercourse among its inhabitants, I believe.

Of course it is not my intention in any way to refer to the hospitality I experienced, nor to the agreeable circle with which I had the good fortune to be associated ; but I can bear testimony to the spirited manner in which some of the public balls were conducted at the Academy of Music.

Brooklyn has many libraries and scientific institutions. Nor is it wanting in places for out-door recreation. Prospect Park, in the course of formation, is a well-situated pleasure ground, com-

manding an extensive view of Brooklyn and New York. It has no natural beauty of situation to commend it, but much has been done to render it an agreeable promenade.

The population of Brooklyn has of late years increased so much, and so rapidly, that it threatens soon to rank as one of the largest cities of the Union. Long Island, on which it is situated, contains many places of interest, and is memorable as having been the scene of the battle in which the British troops, under Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, defeated the rebels in August, 1776.

JERSEY CITY.

THIS, which may be called the other arm of New York, corresponding to Brooklyn, lies across the North River or Mouth of the Hudson, and is reached by ferry boats much better appointed than those that ply between New York and Brooklyn.

Jersey City is not considered "style" at all, except bad style, as it is the residence of the inferior, *i. e.*, the poorer class, of New York.

All the worst crimes are committed here, and altogether it is not a place to dwell either in, or upon; it being a repetition of New York and Brooklyn, and inferior to both, in all aspects.

It would not be visited by strangers at all, except that Cunard's steamers land one on it, and the Pennsylvanian railway terminus is situated therein. It was from that point that I took my journey south. As I have not as yet said anything of American railways, because I had not fully considered the subject, and waited till experience had enabled me to come to a conclusion about them, I will now state my conclusion to be that in general they are inferior to European railways, to say nothing

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of their merits compared with those of English lines.

An American railway station is a very different institution from a European one.

You have to do everything for yourself, and have a very good chance of going nowhere if you happen to be a stranger, and have not your wits about you.

No porter of the sturdy British type attends on you; no over-officious superintendent looks after you. You get your ticket and struggle on with your luggage, unless you have had the foresight and foreknowledge which may have induced you to check it through; on which subject more anon.

You then pass on to the platform whence the train is about to start, and enter a long carriage, calculated to hold from fifty to sixty passengers.

At either end there is a door, a stove, and other conveniences for passengers. Seats, calculated to hold two persons each, are arranged down either side of this carriage, leaving a passage down the centre.

These seats are capable of being reversed, so that a party of four can make a compartment for themselves, and sit face to face.

Lamps, in which camphine is burnt, are lighted at night.

The departure of the train is announced by the ringing of a large bell attached to the locomotive, which also rings loudly as the train approaches a

station, or rather a town, through the crowded streets of which it runs, not uncommonly with danger to the inhabitants, the only safeguard against accident being the ringing of this bell, and occasional notices, at points where the road crosses the rail: "Look out for the engine."

In front of the engine there is a sort of bulwark placed, called "a cow catcher," which is intended to lift anything off the lines that may be in the way.

It is not unusual for an unhappy cow to wander on to the line. I have seen several running before the train; they were young and inexperienced, consequently one of the party met its death.

The trains in general travel very slowly, and are by no means safe. I will not be unjust to them by making sweeping assertions, but give my experience as I proceed on my journey.

I think the New Jersey and Philadelphia Railway Station one of the best in the vicinity of New York; but, as I have said before, you must look out for your train and for everything else.

As regards your luggage, the best plan is to have it what is termed "checked through," the meaning and working of which I will explain hereafter by a practical illustration of the advantages thereof, as well as its possible disadvantages if done inadvertently.

Leaving New York at half-past six, one reaches Philadelphia about eleven; but on arriving there the journey from the station to the hotel appears interminable, though performed in a four-horse coach, which, I should say, had belonged to the first President, so antiquated is its style, and so uneasily does it whirl you along over infamously paved roads, through the whole length of the city.

Turning corners of the sharpest description, and bumping you against foreign substances, must be the idea an American coachman has of a joke.

I was by no means pleased with my journey, for the springs of the carriage were defective, and I felt more secure when I got out at the Continental Hotel, which is a fine house, and considered a good hotel by Americans. It was very crowded, and I had some difficulty in getting a very bad cup of tea.

There is nothing in the appearance of Philadelphia to gratify a stranger. It lies very low. The streets are good, and some of the private residences handsome.

In many parts of the city the houses have a simplicity of appearance denoting their Quaker origin; though here as elsewhere that body is rapidly disappearing, the peculiar dress which once distinguished the members of the Society of Friends being now only worn by a few of the old people, Quakerism, indeed, being at present less a religious

than a social bond by which families are held together.

The name of the city, "Brotherly Love," was given it by William Penn, its Quaker founder, whose memory one has been taught to respect as that of one of those men who seemed to have some idea of justice in his dealings with the Aborigines; and also with the Swedes, who were the occupants of this part of the country when Penn first landed.

The English held possession of the city in 1778, after their victories of Brandy Wine and Germantown.

Brotherly love did not reign supreme here in 1844, when a riot broke out between the Protestants and Catholics, which the presence of the military was necessary to quell; but this was not done till many lives had been sacrificed and several Catholic churches destroyed.

The situation of the city would quite prepare one to think it unhealthy, and the ravages made by cholera and yellow fever tend to confirm this opinion.

Here was the residence of the first President of the United States; and here Congress held its meetings till nearly the end of last century. in State House or Independence Hall, an ugly building, but interesting to Americans as the scene of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

It contains a statue of Washington, and portraits of the worthies who figured at that memorable epoch of transatlantic history.

The United States Mint and the Navy Yard are in this city.

Churches belonging to every denomination abound, those belonging to the Quakers being the fewest; the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics having the largest and most important of them.

They are none of them entitled to any special notice from an architectural point of view, but the spires and towers of some of them give an imposing appearance to the city from a distance.

One Quakers' meeting-house is remarkable as having been built by those anomalous individuals, "The Fighting Quakers," who figured in the War of Independence.

One of the most important ecclesiastical edifices in Philadelphia is the Catholic Cathedral, a fine church in the classic style of architecture. It being Passion week when I visited it, the pictures and frescoes were covered, to the great regret of a very polite official, who was most anxious to show me everything. But, from the peep I got at one "masterpiece," and also from what I had already seen of American decorative art, I do not think I had any very great loss in not having seen them.

One of the great features of Philadelphia is Girard's College, an Orphan Asylum, founded according to the will of an eccentric old gentleman, whose name it bears.

The building is large, and well adapted for its purpose. A statue of the founder has been placed at the foot of the grand staircase, under which his remains have been deposited.

He was a Frenchman, and a Catholic, but having abandoned his religion, seems to have resolved that his protégés, in all times, should be educated without a creed, since it is a provision of his will that no clergyman of any description shall be allowed to enter the building on any pretence whatever.

Five hundred unfortunate children are at present under this fostering care.

The Academy of Music is a fine theatre, and will accommodate three thousand persons.

Libraries and institutions abound; as do hospitals and other charitable institutions.

There are hotels in abundance, the principal being the Continental, which enjoys a reputation far beyond its merits.

I am perhaps a little spiteful because my luggage went astray between New York and Philadelphia, and I had, consequently, a most comfortless night.

Candour compels me to admit that I alone was in fault about the luggage, as the system of "expressing"

it, so universally adopted in America, is the best possible.

You have merely to address your luggage, and book it at an office of the express company. It is taken from your residence, and delivered with punctuality and speed as addressed; and the same method is adopted on your arrival anywhere by train.

An agent of the company comes into the car, you give him your luggage ticket, and state where you wish it sent, he enters the particulars in a book, and gives you a check; all care of it is at an end, as far as you are concerned. But make up your mind as to where it is to go, for you'll have great trouble in making any change. This system is especially advantageous in a country where cabs are almost unknown, and coach-hire is an infamous extortion.

The water-works at Philadelphia are among the sights; but I did not visit them, as, from a distance, they gave me the impression of being like the water-works everywhere else.

The cemetery is also a place you are specially invited to visit; for, in this city, as elsewhere, the offer of a seat in a pew and of a visit to the cemetery are two forms of showing hospitality in which the natives delight.

The markets in Philadelphia are large and well

supplied, but the quality of the food, judging from hotel fare, is not better here than elsewhere.

The poultry is very fine in appearance, and I am inclined to think that "the Friends" keep up in the New World the reputation for good living which is accorded them in the Old.

Philadelphia is full of life and bustle; its manufactures, especially of iron, hold an important place in the commercial world.

There are abundant means of amusement, I am told; but I saw none but theatres and billiard-rooms. The former enjoy a high reputation among Americans; the latter are thronged here, as they are in all cities throughout the States.

A few days' sojourn in Philadelphia would satisfy any one not engaged in business; in fact, an idle man feels himself to be in the way among a people so devoted to the pursuit of gain, as are the inhabitants of these northern cities.

For this reason I protest against all letters of introduction to men of business, unless they be letters of credit. You put yourself to the trouble of going to call on a man to whom you have an introduction; he knows your brother or your uncle in Europe. You make your way through the crowded wharf or street to his store; he reads the letter you present, shakes hands, says he's glad to see you, asks a few questions about the friend who has introduced

you, goes into trade, of which you are ignorant; or worse, touches on politics, about which you are indifferent or disgusted. You rise to escape; he catches at the idea of losing you with indecent haste; but to amend this defect says, "I'll be glad to have you step in another time that you are passing, and see me." You hasten to relieve his apprehensions on this point by assuring him, with expressions of regret of course, that you are leaving by the train that afternoon. It is then his turn to express regret, but it is a failure: he can't do it; a bright thought, however, occurs to him that you will be visiting the city again, and then he'll see you; to which you make a suitable reply, very much at variance with the thoughts that are crossing your mind at the moment, and bow yourself out.

I have no doubt that there is great hospitality shown in America, though I believe the reputation for this was always enjoyed rather by the inhabitants of the Southern than by those of the Northern States.

I did not visit the prisons of Philadelphia, but was somewhat sharply snubbed by a worthy Philadelphian for venturing to make some remarks on the silent system, and told I knew nothing about it; and, as I was merely quoting from the work of a popular English author on the subject, I was silenced.

It was, I admit, without regret that I quitted this abode of love, and started by an afternoon train for Baltimore. I met rather an agreeable companion in the car, quite a young man, who told me he had run away from home to join the war when sixteen, in flat opposition to his father's will. He had been rewarded, however, for his dutiful conduct by a silver plate conferred on him by one section of his countrymen in compensation for another section having shot away a piece of his skull. I don't think he gained much more than this by his military exploits, for his health, like his head, was fearfully shattered. Indeed I was inclined to think his intellect impaired, not because he jumped out of the car as we approached Baltimore when the train was going at good speed, for such is the practice of the country, but because he invited me to do the same in order to make a short cut to the hotel by means of a street car which would only cost six cents, whereas a place in a carriage from the station would be a dollar at least. In his hurried flight he left his slippers behind. I took them with me to Barnum hotel and left them at the bar, so, if he should read this, he'll know where to find them, and I shall have earned the gratitude of at least one American for having written a book. The journey from Philadelphia to Baltimore occupies about seven hours.

BALTIMORE.

A LINE of the great national anthem, "Yankee Doodle"—I am quoting from memory—states that "Baltimore is the dandy." I do not know what the American laureate of that day may have meant by this expression, but am happy to endorse the statement as far as saying that the city is well built and very clean.

In spite of its title of City of Monuments, I did not think much of the public buildings. The Catholic cathedral struck me as a marvel of ugliness; though it boasts the finest organ in America.

It is said that society here is much more refined than in the more northern cities.

Ex-President Davis was paying a visit to the city about the time I was there, and the hotel was thronged from morning till night with visitors anxious to do him honour.

He commands the respect and sympathy of large numbers of his countrymen, and is also much liked in Montreal, where he has been residing of late.

I do not know that he has any especial claim on the sympathy of Englishmen, beyond the fact of his

misfortunes and the justice of his cause, for assuredly every one must in fairness admit that if George Washington be a hero, so is Jeff Davis, the only difference between them being the result of the ventures in which they embarked, both being examples of the distinction between "a wicked rebellion" and "a glorious revolution."

Baltimore takes its name from Lord Baltimore, and is one of the most uphill cities I ever visited. It has a fine harbour: the scene of some sharp fighting during the war of 1812. Baltimore is spoken of as a stronghold of "Rebs," a term by which the Northern men designate their disaffected brethren of the South.

Party feeling ran high here during the late war. The mob attacked and worsted some of the United States' troops as they passed through the city in 1861, and a serious riot was the consequence.

The soldiers were roughly handled. I believe it was a Massachusetts regiment, which made a fine display, though the glory of the fighting is generally given to the Western Men and the Irish and German mercenaries; at least, such is the testimony of the Southerners, who allow the claims of those whom I have mentioned, while they speak of the Eastern Men with great contempt, alluding to the vast numbers of new and unused Springfield rifles that were picked up on the battle-field after an

encounter with the Massachusetts troops. One or two military men from that part with whom I fell in, gave me the impression of belonging to the Bobadil order of fire-eaters, and though vague as to the precise battles in which they had performed prodigies of valour, spoke repeatedly and loudly of having "whipped," and "pounded the South to thunder."

I do not think that, rich though Baltimore be in monuments, they would repay the trouble of visiting them. As national works they are doubtless very great, but, artistically, the less said about them the better. Barnum's hotel was a decided improvement on the Continental, though it falls short of a first-rate European establishment of the kind.

WASHINGTON.

LEAVING Baltimore by an early train one reaches Washington in little less than two hours, the distance being forty miles. The route is by no means strikingly beautiful.

It was just at the time of the Johnson Impeachment that I visited Washington, and in the train I encountered more than one Englishman going up to witness the intense excitement naturally to be expected at the seat of Government at such a momentous period as the trial of the Chief Magistrate on so grave a charge as treason against the state. But more of this hereafter, let us first consider Washington itself.

I do not know whether any one has said it before me, but am certain that hundreds must have thought with me that Washington impresses a stranger with the idea of the unfinished suburb of a large city. It has been called the City of Immense Distances; I would suggest "Intense Dustiness," for you are dragged, half-smothered, through its principal street, which is ankle-deep in fine sand, to a very uncomfortable hotel, called Willards,

the ground floor and passages of which I found crowded by numbers of very inferior-looking men, some of whom I was not surprised to have pointed out to me as members of Congress.

Having read in the New York papers that the whole civilised world's attention was centred in Washington, that Nature herself was paralysed at the mighty conflict raging there, that the London "Times" was displaying brutal indifference in not keeping up constant telegraphic communication with Washington, in order to let the Britishers know hourly the progress of affairs in which they ought to take, if they didn't, the deepest interest, I was surprised to find the city so tranquil.

It is difficult to know what the American press means by the civilised world, but if taking interest in the proceedings of Congress at that particular juncture be a sign of belonging to it, then, certainly, New York must be excluded from that social status, for never was less interest evinced in any question than the inhabitants of that city displayed as to the fate of President Johnson.

At Washington I expected to find men's minds and mouths filled with the topic, and thought I should see many a careworn face betokening the gloomy forebodings with which politicians regarded the issue of this all absorbing subject; what was my surprise, then, to hear, at Washington itself, men

speak of the affair with contempt or ridicule, except those who were making political capital out of it.

It was a generally expressed opinion that impeachment was merely a dodge to get "Andy" out of power before the coming presidential election.

From the hotel I hurried to the Capitol, expecting to find all the avenues to it thronged by anxious politicians. I made my way to the great hall, and found it almost deserted.

Although the form and size of the Capitol may be familiar to most of my readers, I feel bound to say a little about it. It is a large building of white marble, with a fine dome; and, although fault may be found with the architectural proportions of the whole building, it has a very imposing appearance, situated as it is on an eminence, which renders it conspicuous for many miles.

Strangers are invited to mount to the top of the cupola, but they who are wise will decline, as the prospect from it will not repay the trouble.

As far as decoration goes, the Capitol is to be condoled with, for both sculpture and painting disfigure it. Especially do I refer to the works of art that adorn the Great Rotunda. Amongst these is a small picture of the Goddess of Liberty, which gives one a very fair notion of the national taste and feeling on that subject.

The French have reason to complain that, as far as pictorial representation goes, their services in the War of Independence are not made prominent. A picture of George Washington at home represents the father of his country in a court suit, at his rural retreat, Mount Vernon, a circumstance that proves he would not have objected to have appeared at St. James's in becoming attire.

As I am not writing a guide-book, I will not dwell any longer on this building in general (beyond remarking that it is badly finished in many parts), but proceed to the Hall of Representatives, on the floor of which all the genius of the country has spoken—and spat. It is a fine room, and, in the opinion of Americans, "whips the Universe."

Even here, in the very heart of the Capitol, at the moment that the Collective Wisdom of the country was assembled to try the President, there was no excitement; this intense tranquillity may have been an indication of the calm philosophic American popular mind, but, to a foreigner, it looked like supreme indifference.

About the halls and passages a few stragglers were to be met with, an occasional official, and a stray policeman. Once the monotony of the scene was varied by an officer in full uniform, hurrying across the hall; they told me his name was Thomas.

Occasionally, during the session of Congress, some

lively little episode will occur, such as the following:—A stranger sends his card into the house for a certain member, the said stranger being one of the constituents of the member in question—one who has been useful during the election, and has, consequently, received many assurances of the member's regard, and promises of assistance.

Out comes member hurriedly, card in hand, exclaiming, "Where's Mr. ——?"

"That's me," says the stranger.

No sooner does member catch sight of his visitor than he shouts out,—

"I can do nothing for you," and turns back into the house.

"You may go to H——," shouts the indignant stranger, and quits the scene; and so terminates the interview.

But to return to impeachment, which all agreed was a mere farce, a low political dodge, and, like all other political moves in America, regarded by honourable men with contempt, who shrink with horror from politics as being synonymous with dishonour.

One would think that the impeachment had been got up with the design of bringing the office of President into contempt; every particle of power having been removed from it, so that no man of

honour or high feeling would be found, one would think, to fill the post.

It is not, of course, to be expected that the President of the United States should be a gentleman; but surely, if the office is to be perpetuated, he must be treated as something better than a mere man of straw, unworthy of having any semblance of respect paid to him. Though he be scarcely able to write and read, coarse in language, habits, and manners, one would think that he should be protected from gross insults.

If the New York press expects that the outer civilised world is going to take an interest in the proceedings of Congress, they must be conducted in a manner better suited to our ideas of civilization than they have been.

What a spectacle for the civilised world to behold was the President of the United States dismissing the Secretary of War; the said Secretary denying his authority, and retaining office by the simple process of keeping possession of the room where he transacts business, eating, drinking, and sleeping there for several weeks! The civilised world had an opportunity of judging of the effect of this scene, for one of the illustrated papers gave a sketch of the secretary taking his pipe after supper whilst he held forcible possession of the room.

If Americans desire the respect of the world they

must earn it, and not have such scenes enacted in Congress as the following, the account of which I've taken from New York daily papers :—

WASHINGTON, *2nd May*, 1868.

PERSONAL CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MESSRS. DONNELLY AND ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

WHEN the members returned from the Senate Mr. Donnelly, (rep.) of Minn., obtained unanimous consent to make a personal explanation. On the 20th of March last, he asked leave to introduce a bill to grant land for the construction of a railroad from Taylor's Falls, by way of Fort Cloud, to the western boundary of the State of Minnesota. He had asked that it be referred to the Committee on Public Lands and be printed. Objection was made by the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Washburne), and he heard no other objection. It subsequently seemed, however, that Mr. Holman had objected. He went to Mr. Washburne and informed him that he was about going to Connecticut to labour in behalf of the republican party, and, therefore, he would be obliged to him if he would withdraw his objection so that he might introduce the bill. His answer was that Mr. Holman had objected. He then went to Mr. Holman, and that gentleman, though opposed to him in politics, said he would not interfere to prevent the reference of the bill. But Mr. Washburne renewed his objection. Stung with indignation at the conduct of Mr. Washburne, he sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Folsom, of Taylor's Falls, merely stating the facts.

The letter was then read, in which it was stated that it seemed that Mr. Washburne resisted every effort of his to procure legislation for the benefit of his constituents.

Mr. Donnelly added that Mr. Washburne had a brother there who sought to support him as a member of Congress. This letter having been published in the papers, Mr. Wash-

burne wrote one without a parallel in the history of Congress, and so shocking and offensive and outrageous in its character that he would not now have it read were it not that justice demanded the reading.

Mr. Washburne's letter was dated Washington, April 10, and was addressed to Mr. Folsom at Taylor's Falls, in which he stated that I (Mr. Donnelly) seemed to be searching for sympathy, and asks Mr. Folsom to look at Mr. Donnelly's jesuitical performance, Mr. Donnelly knowing that the bill had not the ghost of a chance, as there was but little land to go to Minnesota; and it was further stated that Mr. Donnelly might have introduced his bill four months earlier than the period at which he sought to introduce it. How contemptible must any representative appear who is found guilty of attempting to impose on his constituents. From his knowledge of the character of Mr. Donnelly he (Mr. Washburne) had become extremely suspicious of anything which he (Mr. Donnelly) proposed. He had left Philadelphia between two days, changing his name, and also changing from a Buchanan locofoco—made his appearance in Minnesota as an office beggar. It was one of Mr. Donnelly's schemes of plunder which made Mr. Washburne oppose him. He trusted that his (Mr. Washburne's) record was not stained with venality, corruption and crime. Every corrupt measure in Congress had received Mr. Donnelly's support.

The letter of Mr. Washburne having been read by the clerk, Mr. Donnelly remarked that he was certainly justified in the declaration he had made that the annals of Congress presented no parallel to that letter, and he thought he should establish that there were in that letter twenty-three distinct statements, which were twenty-three distinct falsehoods. He should attempt to deal with them as rapidly as possible. Mr. Donnelly went on to explain that he had only received the draft of the bill on the 2nd of March; that he had asked leave to introduce it on the 20th; that Mr. Washburne had objected; that he

(Mr. Donnelly) had then gone to Connecticut to aid the republican party in the canvass in that State. He expressed his belief that the objection made by Mr. Washburne had sprung from personal and malicious motives, and remarked that that gentleman could not speak the truth when the truth would best serve his purpose. Having referred to and examined other points in Mr. Washburne's letter, Mr. Donnelly went on to speak of Mr. Washburne, of Winconsin, as "mousing around" in reference to some other bill.

The speaker interrupted, and said that that was not parliamentary language toward a member who was absent, and who was not involved in the controversy.

Mr. Donnelly said he would withdraw the remark.

Mr. Washburne, (rep.) of Illinois, expressed the hope that the party would be allowed to go on.

Mr. Donnelly, after passing from that point, referred to the charge in Mr. Washburne's letter that his (Mr. Donnelly's) opposition to the bill offered some time since by Mr. Washburne, of Winconsin, to reduce fares on the Pacific Railroad might be attributed to the fact that he had a free pass to ride over the road, and declared that he had never ridden over a mile of the road, and did not expect to until it was completed from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It would be a consolation then to know that this mighty work had been resisted and opposed by every blatant, loud-voiced, big-breasted, small-headed, bitter hearted demagogue in all the land. (Laughter on both sides of the chamber.) Referring to the charge made against him in Mr. Washburne's letter of his being "an official beggar!" Mr. Donnelly said, "An official beggar!" and that from a gentleman bearing the name which he does? *Et tu Brute!* "An official beggar!" Why, Mr. Speaker, when I entered the State of Minnesota it was democratic; when I entered the county in which I live it was two to one democratic. I asked no office—I expected none. But the charge comes from such a quarter that I cannot fail to notice it. The gentleman's family

are chronic office beggars. They are nothing if they are not in office. Out of office they are miserable, wretched, God-forsaken —as uncomfortable as that famous stump-tailed bull in fly time. (Laughter.) This whole trouble arises from the persistent determination of one of the gentleman's family to sit in this body. Every young male of the gentleman's family is born into the world with "M. C." franked on his broadest part. (Laughter.) The great calamity seems to be that God in His infinite wisdom did not make any of them broad enough to make room for "U. S. S." (Laughter.) There was room for "U. S.," but the other S. slipped over, and "U. S. & Co." is the firm. (Laughter.)

The Speaker interrupted Mr. Donnelly and reminded him that his language was beyond the usual limit of parliamentary propriety.

Mr. Washburne again expressed his desire that the "party" should be permitted to go on.

Mr. Donnelly said he was sorry to transgress the proper limits of debate, but the House would perceive that the character of the letter on which he was commenting made him speak under some feeling. "I was drawn into it," he said, "by the charges made against my personal character, by the vile insinuation contained in that letter that I was a fugitive from justice, and that I fled from the city of Philadelphia under suspicious circumstances between two days. This, Mr. Speaker, is an absolute, unqualified, unmitigated falsehood, and but for the respect which I have for you and for this House I would use stronger language." Mr. Donnelly then went on to refute that charge, and had read by the Clerk a letter from the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, with whom Mr. Donnelly had studied law, speaking in strong terms of the probity and purity of his (Mr. Donnelly's) character and the public esteem in which he is held in that community. Mr. Donnelly then went on to say:—I stand here repeating the challenge that if anywhere on God's earth, down in the mire of filth and all nastiness, the gentleman can pluck up

anything which touches my honour let it come; I shall meet it on its merits. I have gone through the entire catalogue, I have analyzed the entire contents of the gentleman's foul stomach, I have dipped my hands in its gall, and have examined the half-digested fragments which I find floating in the gastric juice, but if it is possible for the gentleman from Illinois, by his peristaltic action, to bring up anything more loathsome, more disgusting, than he has vomitted over me in that letter, in God's name let it come.

The Speaker again interrupted Mr. Donnelly and reminded him that his language was out of order.

Mr. Washburne again repeated the hope that the "party" might be permitted to go on by unanimous consent.

Mr. Donnelly went on and stated that the charges were not original, that they had been got up by one of the editors of the St. Paul "Press," a man named Driscoll, who had visited Philadelphia and had played the detective there for some days, and had returned, having found nothing affecting his (Mr. Donnelly's) reputation. But it seems, he continued, that these charges are brought up here again. I shall not stop to answer fully that splendid passage in Shakespeare which my friend from Iowa (Mr. Price) was compelled to quote the other day against the gentleman from Illinois:—

> Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.

Why, Mr. Speaker, the cringing sneak thief, who picks your pocket or steals your overcoat is a Christian gentleman compared with that monster who would rob you of the precious mantle of your reputation and leave you shivering before the contempt of the world. The assassin who strikes you down in your blood leaves at least your memory sacred among men, and your grave may be bedewed with the tears of affection;

but he who would assassinate your reputation—who would strike at the life of your character and befoul you—who would cover you all over with "night soil," is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call coward. Beside such a man the memory of Booth grows respectable. Mr. Donnelly then went on to refer to the charge that he had changed his politics, and declared in answer to it that he had become a republican twelve years ago, and that his republican politics were almost coeval with the birth of the party.

The hour allowed for debate having expired, a motion was made that Mr. Donnelly be allowed to proceed with his explanation.

Mr. Washburne again expressed the wish that the "party" might be permitted to go on.

There being no objection, Mr. Donnelly said:—I thank the House and "that other party" for the courtesy. (General Laughter.) I will not notice all the charges which crawl over the surface of the letter as vermin crawl over the body of some beggar; but there is one other personal charge—that I have changed my name. The intention of the gentleman is to give out not only that I was a fugitive from justice, but that I was travelling under an alias. Mr. Speaker, I was within a few hours after my birth baptized Ignatius Donnelly; I am Ignatius Donnelly to-day, and, with God's help, I expect to remain so until the end of my career. If I should ever be inclined to change my name, it seems to me that I would take that of Elihu. (General laughter and enjoyment of the same on both sides of the House.)

Mr. Washburne was understood to say that then he would change his name.

Mr. Donnelly retorted:—If I thought the gentleman would change it it would be an inducement to me to retain it. But what is the meaning of that attack? It means this:—The gentleman has cracked his whip over members of this

House, and has been the natural successor here of those old slave lords who used to crack their whips here.

His vaulting ambition has o'erleaped itself.

Not satisfied to assail us here, to vituperate us here, he is going to mould the next Congress, and he is sailing into our districts to tell the people whom they shall elect and whom they shall not elect. My friend (Mr. Price) meets in the newspapers of his district the assaults of the gentleman. He is ranging the whole vast amphitheatre. Why does he do this? There is a simple explanation which is given out in my district, and which is one of the great arguments why they should send the distinguished gentleman's brother to this house—namely, that he owns General Grant, and that he carries U. S. Grant in his breeches pocket. Why, sir, he already feels on his shoulders the cares of empire. He is already forecasting cabinets, disposing of foreign missions, setting men up and putting them down. Has he not lived in the same town with General Grant? Should he not, therefore, perforce be the Warwick, the king-maker, the power behind the throne? I never could account for the singular fact that he lived in the same town with General Grant except on that great principle of compensation which runs through the created world. The town of Galena having for so many years endured the gentleman, God Almighty felt that nothing less than Ulysses S. Grant could balance the account. (Laughter.) Josh Billings, talking of compensation, says:—"It is a question whether the satisfaction of scratching will not pay a man for the punishment of the itch." I leave the gentleman's constituents to apply the parable. I bow in profound admiration before the genius of Ulysses S. Grant. I recognise him as the greatest, bravest and wisest intellect of this generation. I cannot think that he will degenerate into becoming a puppet to be played by wires held in the hands of the gentleman from Illinois, or that he would degenerate into a kind of hand organ

to be toted around on the back of the gentleman from Illinois, while his whole family sit on the top of the machine grinding and catching pennies like a troupe of monkeys. (General and continuous laughter.) I would say to Ulysses S. Grant, if it was in my power to whisper anything in his ear, to take counsel by that profound remark of Aminadab Sleek when he said, "You all expect to get into heaven by holding on to my coat tail; but I'll fool you all, I'll wear a monkey jacket." (Laughter.) General Grant has got to wear that political monkey jacket. We had General Grant up in Minnesota, and of course the distinguished gentleman from Illinois was with him; and when General Grant was serenaded the gentleman from Illinois stuck his head out of the window and thanked the crowd, and when they rode in an open barouche together and the crowd hurrahed, the gentleman from Illinois laid his hand upon his heart and bowed his profound acknowledgments. The people out there were in great doubt which was Grant and which was Washburne, and they came to the conclusion that the quiet little gentleman must be the fourth class politician, and that the pretentious, fussy individual was the conqueror of Lee. (Laughter.) Old Jesse Grant, it is said, remarked on that occasion:—"'Peers to me that Washburne thinks he owns 'Lysses, but he don't own me, not by a darned sight." (Laughter.) Shall the two names go down into history together—Grant and Washburne? Why, Mr. Speaker, the intellect of Grant is like some of those ancient warehouses in the great cities of the Old World, where floor rises above floor and cellar descends below cellar, all packed full to overflowing with the richest merchandise. The intellect of the gentleman from Illinois is like some of those establishments that we see in Pennsylvania Avenue where the whole stock in trade of the merchant is spread out in the front window and over it a label "Anything in this window for one dollar." (Laughter.) He is the "Cheap John" of legislation, and that he should attempt to rule and sway General Grant is not

consistent with probabilities. Lord Dundreary was once asked why it was that a dog wags his tail. "Why," says his lordship, "the reason is because the dog is greater than the tail. If it were otherwise," says that profound thinker, "the tail would wag the dog." (Laughter.) Here was an instance, Mr. Speaker, where the smallest kind of a rat terrier's tail attempts to wag a Newfoundland dog.

> Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
> By that sin fell the angels.

How, then, can Washburne hope to profit by it? The gentleman should take counsel by that proverb of the Romans, "*Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*," which may be freely rendered "You cannot make a statesman out of every demagogue." Mr. Speaker, I tremble for my country. Is it true that eighty years of republican government have reduced us so low that there is but one honest man in this House—but one Lot in all this Sodom? (Laughter.) Does no voice but his ring out amidst cliques and conspiracies and rings? Will no voice be heard in the future assuring this House that its members are all a pack of knaves? that the country is going to ruin? and concluding with that favourite quotation of his from the vast stores of his erudition,

> Shake not thy gory locks at me;
> Thou canst not say I did it?—

given with a roar like a wounded gorilla and a rush to the cloak room amid the shouts and laughter of the House? Mr. Donnelly then went on to draw a fancy sketch of Mr. Washburne as he might appear in the Congress of the heavens addressing the archangels and angels; how he would sail into them, how he would rout them, horse, foot, and dragoons; how he would attack their motives and fling insinuations at them; how he would declare for economy, that the wheels of the universe must be stopped, for they consumed too much grease, and that all the expenditures should be stopped, except that

which would construct for the gentleman an extra watercloset. One word in conclusion. The gentleman has assailed me, and it is but right that I should put his own character in the balance. What great measure in his sixteen years of legislation has the gentleman ever inaugurated; what liberal measure has ever met with his support? What original sentiment has he ever uttered? What thought of his has ever risen above the dead level of the dreariest platitudes? If he lay dead to-morrow in this chamber what heart in this body would experience one sincere pang of sorrow? Who is there in this House whom he has not assailed? He told the gentleman from Vermont (Mr. Woodbridge) the other day, that every corrupt and profligate measure that was passed in this body had met with his support, and when the gentleman from Vermont rose upon him he cringed out of it like a whipped spaniel. Did he not say to my friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. O'Neill) the other day, that he would say (for that is the gentleman's way of making an insinuation) "that the gentleman was one of a ring to swindle his country?" Has he not attacked my friend, Mr. Price, of Iowa, and aspersed his motives in his legislation in this body? He has sought to build himself up on our dishonour, to glorify himself in our disgrace, to pollute, befoul and traduce the very body of which he is a member. His harangues are the staple of the newspapers of the opposition. We meet his charges on the stump. He has lowered, by his wholesale, reckless assaults on the honour and character of the members, the standard of this body; he has furnished arguments for the wit of Dan Rice; he has furnished substance for the slanders of the pothouse. Mr. Speaker, I need enter into no defence of the Fortieth Congress. In point of intellect, of devotion to the public welfare, of integrity, of personal character, it will compare favourably with any Congress that ever sat since the foundation of the government. It is illustrated by names that would do honour to any nation in any age of the world. If there be in

our midst one low, sordid, vulgar soul—one barren of mediocre intelligence—one heart callous to every kindly sentiment and to every generous emotion—one tongue leprous with slander—one mouth which is like unto a den of foul beasts, giving forth deadly odours—if there be here one character which, while blotched and spotted, yet raves and rants, and blackguards like a prostitute—if there be here one bold, bad, empty, bellowing demagogue, it is the gentleman from Illinois.

The Speaker, with severity in his tones, stated to Mr. Donnelly that his remarks were not honourable to the House of Representatives, of which he was a member, and that although the House tolerated them, the Chair could not consent that they should go on the record except with this protest.

Mr. Donnelly begged pardon of the House, and said he had no desire to trespass on its rules or to offend its sense of propriety; but the House would acknowledge that no man who ever sat in this body had met with so vile, so extraordinary, so cruel an assault as that of which he had been a victim. He called the House to witness that he had never before violated its rules nor said a discourteous word to any member. He hoped the House would pardon the natural heat which he had exhibited.

Mr. Washburne said:—During my entire time of service in this House I have never asked leave to make a personal explanation, and I never expect to. The party from Minnesota has had the letter which I wrote to a gentleman in that State read to the House, and it goes upon the records of the House and on the records of the country, and there it will remain for all time. Every assertion made in that letter is true, and whoever says it is not true states what is false. If I were called upon—and I desire only to say that if I, under any operation of circumstances, were ever called upon—to make a personal explanation in reply to a member, it would not be to a member who had committed a crime; it would not be to a member

who had run away; it would not be to a member who had changed his name; it would not be to a member whose whole record in this House is covered with venality, corruption, and crime.

The Speaker reminded the gentleman that his remarks were not parliamentary.

Mr. Windom, (rep.) of Minn., (Mr. Donnelly's colleague), requested that Mr. Washburne's words be taken down by the Clerk, but he soon afterwards withdrew the request, at the advice of friends, saying :—"On the conclusion of the gentleman's remarks he would ask leave to introduce a resolution of censure."

The Speaker replied that according to the custom of the House no business could be transacted unless the House return from the Senate before three o'clock and in pursuance of notice given.

Mr. Windom then asked unanimous consent to introduce his resolution.

The Speaker said that could not be done. When the members returned to their hall this afternoon the gentleman from Minnesota could ask leave to make a personal explanation, involving a controversy between himself and the gentleman from Illinois. No business could be transacted, this being the understanding. Gentlemen who were absent would have occasion to complain.

Mr. Washburne—I said I should not reply to such a member, and I wish to say further——.

The Speaker interrupting him, stated the reason why he ruled the gentleman from Illinois out of order. It was owing to the gentleman's attitude, gestures, and language, to the gentleman from Minnesota. The Chair reminded the gentleman from Illinois, as he several times reminded the gentleman from Minnesota and the House, that his remarks were not parliamentary and should not go to the people at large.

Mr. Windom gave notice that when the House again

met for business he would offer his resolution of censure against Mr. Washburne.

Mr. Washburne—I shall certainly be very unwilling to be considered out of order, and am sorry the Chair supposed that I violated any rule of the House. I was merely stating what I should do under ordinary circumstances.

The Speaker—If the gentleman's remarks were not intended for the gentleman from Minnesota at whom he was looking, then they were not out of order.

Mr. Washburne—I repeat, if I were called upon to make a personal explanation I should make it with a member who is not covered over with crime and infamy, whose record is stained with every fraud—whisky and other frauds—with a man who has proved false alike to his friends, his country, his constituents, his politics, his religion and his God.

The House at forty minutes past four o'clock adjourned.

The following day the annexed extract appeared in the New York "Daily Tribune:"—

After the adjournment of the Impeachment Court, to-day, the House went into session, and the Washburne-Donnelly scandal again came up. Mr. Windom, Mr. Donnelly's colleague, introduced a resolution that the committee be appointed to investigate the whole subject, and that Mr. Washburne be required to prove the truth of his charges. Mr. Donnelly opened the debate, and made a left-handed apology for his disreputable language. Judge Spaulding said that he was not present or he would have endeavoured to prevent it. Mr. Dawes apologised to the House and country that as he was present and did not object on Saturday, he was called to order for using the words "degrading language," but the Speaker decided that in the sense in which they were used they were not unparliamentary. Mr. Dawes, who consumed most of the time that was wasted in the debate, and who lost his temper because he was not allowed more time, was evidently friendly

to Mr. Washburne, and was opposed to Mr. Windom's proposition. Mr. Woodbridge got the floor, and said that if Congressmen would behave as gentlemen, such disgraceful scenes would not occur—a sentiment in which the country will generally concur. Mr. Mullins of Tennessee drew forth much laughter by making several points of order. One of the points made by Mr. Mullins was that the words "peculation and robbery," applied to a member, were unparliamentary. Another was that members should "slang whang" one another; and a third, that he (Woodbridge) did not confine himself to the question. Mr. Woodbridge, who was making a long speech about nothing, was finally cut off by Mr. Windom, who moved the previous question; but before the vote was taken, Mr. Washburne rose to speak. Mr. Mungen of Ohio made objection, but subsequently withdrew it. Mr. Washburne apologised to the House, but did not, however, retract the charges. He yielded the floor to Mr. Dawes, who had been deprived of it by Mr. Windom, but Mr. Dawes declined to speak further. He subsequently changed his mind, and insisted upon reading too much of the filthy language of Saturday. Mr. Robinson (N. Y.) tried to get in a resolution, but the Speaker declined to entertain it. A motion to lay on the table was made, but it did not prevail, and the Committee was appointed. Mr. Spaulding of Ohio moved to strike from the record the objectionable language. This drew debate from all quarters of the House. Mr. Wilson of Iowa held that it could not be done. The Speaker thought it could. Mr. Schenck was opposed to it on the ground that the House might want to refer to the debate, and that the reports sent out to the country by those not having an official connection with the House had been exaggerated. Mr. Schenck seemed to think an official connection with the House a very desirable thing; but he is a little mistaken, not only in that, but in the assertion that the reports were "exaggerated." The report in the "Tribune" was not half as disgraceful as that which ap-

peared in the official organ of Congress, and if there was any "garbling" about it, it was to the advantage of Congress. Mr. Donnelly requested that certain objectionable portions of his speech be stricken out; whereupon Mr. Washburne retracted his charges. Mr. Donnelly suggested that they should do as Thomas and Stanton did. But Mr. Eldridge objected to the honourable gentleman taking a drink unless he was included, which the House thought very funny, and at which there was immoderate laughter.

Subsequently the House did adjourn for a drink.

The state of Congress is decidedly very much worse at the present time, from the fact of the Southern representatives being excluded from its deliberations. It is too notorious to require any proof being adduced in support of the assertion, that the South has given all the best statesmen and rulers to America. The nucleus of the New Country was in that part of the States, and all the men of refinement, intellect and education sprang from there, whilst the coarser portion of the community was carrying on trade, or farming in the North-eastern part of the country.

The old planter families of Virginia and Maryland had aristocratic notions upon which they acted both at home and in Congress, and whatever may be our opinion as to their conduct to the mother country, it cannot be denied that they acted honourably in the main by their fellow citizens. This aristocratic element being withdrawn, the power

in Congress has fallen into the hands of persons of an inferior class; as it is notorious that men of integrity and character shrink from an assembly where they would find themselves associated with some of the lowest characters that disgrace the community.

We know that the Senate has been the scene of personal violence, when a dignified member gave one of his peers a severe caning; but let us hope that that august body has improved as to its mode of displaying its feeling.

The library of Congress is said to be fine, in spite of its having been several times destroyed by fire.

It was burnt with the Capitol by the English when they captured Washington in 1814. This was an act of Vandalism only to be excused on the score that many national works of art must doubtless have happily perished at the same time.

Corruption, thy name is America! In proof of this assertion I must refer my readers to the statements generally set forth in the public press as to the extent to which fraud and peculation are being carried on in every department of the State.

One case I can cite, which was lately, and may be still, occupying the attention of the Executive.

A collector of taxes, sent down from the North to superintend the revenue department in the South,

was put on his trial for embezzlement of public money, to the amount of a million and a half of dollars; luckily for the delinquent he had a friend in the judge who was to try him, and who induced the grand jury, composed of two-thirds of white men and one-third of black, with whom he contrived to tamper, to ignore the bill. The conduct of the judge, however, was so barefaced, that some of the jury denounced him, and he in his turn was put on his trial. Being an adept at managing juries, the worthy judge went to the twelve enlightened men about to try him, acknowledged his guilt, promised never to offend in like manner again; and urged his claim for consideration on these grounds; but, as a final *coup*, said, "You must acquit me, for, should you not, it will be such an injury to our party, and give the Southerners a handle against all who are sent here from the North to administer justice." The jury saw the force of this reasoning, and acquitted the judge. His *protégé*, the defaulting tax-collector, was allowed to take his seat in the State Convention, and enjoy his million and a half of dollars, or rather a portion of the amount, as it is to be hoped he did not forget to compensate his worthy friend the judge, who may yet be called on to suffer for his delinquency.

Plunder is carried on to a great extent in every department of the State, in proof of which it is

stated that the expenditure of the government is as great as it was during the height of the war. This statement is not made on the authority of partizans of the South. Men of the highest character in New York have told me the same thing; in fact, it is the one cry throughout the length and breadth of the land.

From the Capitol one passes to the White House and Treasury, the two buildings next in importance. The former has the appearance of a gentleman's mansion, its furniture and appointments, though nothing extraordinary, being handsome and somewhat at variance with stern republican simplicity, to which white-washed walls and sanded floors are more akin, and which would certainly be more in keeping with the habits of the frequenters of these saloons, since spittoons, and a printed request to use them, are not in strict keeping with blue satin hangings and gilded panelling.

His Excellency the President is accessible and affable, I believe, but I did not seek the honour of being presented to him. I have been told that the occasions on which he particularly distinguishes himself are those upon which he makes a speech in public, when, frequently, emotion almost deprives him of the power of speech.

I have heard that the ceremony of his inauguration was especially imposing, so overcome was he

by his feelings at that trying time that he was actually obliged to be supported on either side by two of his suite.

The Treasury is chiefly remarkable as being the manufactory of the great medium of American commerce, "greenbacks."

The churches of Washington are not remarkable. The principal theatre, where I saw an "infant prodigy" of about thirty delight an audience with her playful gambols, is an insignificant place.

Ford's theatre, which was the scene of the atrocious murder of the late President, has been closed ever since that most calamitous event, the panic produced by which is the only palliation that can be offered for what seems to have been the judicial murder of Mrs. Suratt, whose innocence of all participation in that terrible crime I have heard loudly asserted.

It will be fresh in the memory of many of my readers that the unhappy woman, who was hanged, kept a boarding-house at which Booth, the murderer, used to meet his friends.

The strong point now adduced in favour of Mrs. Suratt's innocence is that a man named Conover, on whose testimony she and others have been convicted, is at present undergoing imprisonment for perjury! He appears to have been the Titus Oates of the period.

There is one lion of Washington which deserves especial notice, and that is a monument to the great George, which has been in course of erection many years.

Foreigners have contributed liberally for its completion, not only money, but marble and precious stones. At the time of my visit, the Italian Minister had just contributed twenty dollars, which, considering the state of his national finance, might be thought reckless expenditure.

At present, the monument looks like the commencement of a suspension bridge, and is one hundred and ninety feet in height. When completed, it is to be six hundred feet; this will render it necessary that the execution of the statue at the top should be very fine, as it will be subjected to severe scrutiny with the aid of telescopes.

There is, however, plenty of time to think of that, as the work is not in progress, several successive committees of management having been unable to carry it on; for, by a singular fatality, the funds entrusted to them are always falling short.

In fact, I was impressed by the sight of this great work, and also by that of Mount Vernon, and the tomb of Washington, that the memory of the Father of his Country no longer has a strong hold on the affections of those for whom he sacrificed so much.

Severe indeed must have been the struggle that it

cost a man, so upright and so just, to break his word of honour as an officer and a gentleman, as he must have done in revolting against the sovereign whose commission he held.

I am aware I am indulging in sentiments and language quite out of date, but these were, it is said, held sacred in George Washington's time and estimation; for are we not told he was the soul of truth and honour? and as a boy he is held up to our admiration for not having told a lie to his father about cutting a tree.

To such a man, one would have thought that death would have been preferable to dishonour; but he seems to have borne up wonderfully against even this trial for his country's sake; and for some few trifling personal advantages thrown in.

Worthy George, had you lived in these days, you would have been voted "a bore," and called an "old flat-head," by the vast majority of your countrymen, and have been bidden to "dry up."

In justice to the sentiments of the present generation, it must be allowed that the exploits of this great patriot are not of an order, calculated by their brilliancy, to take away the breath of the student of History.

He was an old Tory, and seems, as a general, to have been prudent and careful; in retreats and ambuscades he most distinguished himself. He was

careful and slightly prosy in the councils of the State; but he succeeded, thanks to having strong allies and good fortune on his side.

The valour of France was as instrumental in gaining independence for America, as it has been of late years in placing the dominions of his neighbours at the disposal of Victor Emmanuel.

John Bull very wisely gave up a conflict of which he was getting the worst, in the same way that a farmer would abandon the pursuit of boys who had been robbing his orchard; he cannot overtake and punish them; and if he could, little glory would accrue to him from the victory.

The Potomac is a muddy and not picturesque stream, abounding in water-fowl and fish; though, in my opinion, the much-talked-of shad is an inferior fish very full of bones, in this respect and in flavour something resembling the herring.

I did not present myself to the English Minister, Mr. Thornton. I believe the "Times" objected to his appointment, and, in so doing, displayed much consideration for Mr. Thornton. I can hardly imagine a more disagreeable position for a gentleman, than being condemned to a residence at Washington. It cannot have a single feature to recommend it. I imagine it is a point of honour among diplomatists not to decline going there, in the same way that no soldier would refuse a post on account of its

being dangerous. Solitude is terrible, but society, in some instances, may be more terrible still.

Report speaks highly of the magnificence of the gambling-houses in Washington, where the most lavish hospitality is extended to all visitors. It is a bold step on the part of the proprietors, one would think, to open such establishments under the very nose of Congress, by which such severe laws have been promulgated against gambling.

It is whispered, however, that there are members of that assembly who not only patronise these illegal haunts, but have actually an interest in them. This may be mere slander, but it is very generally stated and believed to be the case. We must remember that law-givers, even republicans, are but men.

Fraud on the government is so general and extensive, that stringent measures and extraordinary means have been adopted in order to detect the culprits.

A short time since the place of business of a respectable firm in New York was entered by the police, who seized on the books of the concern and carried them off, under the apprehension that the said firm was engaged in the great whisky frauds. As nothing could be found in the books to inculpate their owners, they were restored after a lapse of a few days, with a note of apology.

This is pretty strong for the land of liberty, where "Old World" tyranny is so much talked about and denounced.

During the war, the powers of the Executive exceeded those exercised by the most absolute governments. Newspaper offices were kept closed by military occupation, and, in some cases, the publication of journals was prohibited for several days.

The proprietors of stores were warned that they must not allow political discussions to take place on their premises; unless such discussions were favourable to the government. In fact, every act of those in power only went to establish the fact that in name alone does a Republic differ from despotism, with this difference, that in the latter case you are bullied by one open oppressor, but, in the former, you are subject to all the petty annoyance which the malice and spite of millions may inflict.

I quitted Washington without regret at an early hour, *en route* for Richmond by the Potomac.

We were called upon to leave the hotel at least one hour and a half earlier than there was any occasion for our doing. Not that the hotel (Willard's) held out any inducement to remain in it, but it was tiresome to have to wait on board the steamer a long time before its departure.

We got breakfast on board soon after it started.

The meal was as bad as those served at the hotels, but the attendants were more civil.

As the steamer passed Mount Vernon, a bell was rung; but whether it was out of compliment to Washington, or to call the attention of the passengers to the fact that we were steaming by his residence, I don't know. No great interest in the spot was evinced by any on board; the flocks of water-fowl through which we passed afforded apparently more subject of conversation.

At Aquia Creek we left the steamer for the railway, the carriages of which were fitted with very comfortable arm-chairs.

This line of rail takes one to Fredericksburg, celebrated not only as the scene of severe fighting during the late war—especially an encounter between Generals Grant and Lee—but also as the birthplace of Washington. The house in which he was born has been long since destroyed.

In the immediate vicinity of the town is the grave of his mother, marked by a pretentious though unfinished monument; the corner-stone of which was laid with a great flourish some thirty-five years ago, by the then President of the United States.

At Fredericksburg we parted with a party of card-sharpers, who had come with us from Washington, and had plied their trade with considerable

profit on board the steamer, having cleaned out a German and one or two other strangers, of whose folly and avarice they had taken advantage.

I regret to say that my non-military instincts interfere seriously with my enjoyment or appreciation of a field of battle: so cloudy, indeed, are my views on the subject, however lucidly it may have been explained to me, that I feel quite unequal to reproducing anything coherent or comprehensible which may relate to the matter. I know I was impressed with the thought that it would be disagreeable to be killed by a gun fired at a distance of four miles—but then I am very sure I should feel equally averse to its being discharged at me within as many yards.

The line of country between Fredericksburg and Richmond is dreary and unpicturesque. Pine-trees and swamp abound; good things in their way, but not in mine.

In some parts of the road the railway was very good, though the pace at which the train travelled gave one the idea that caution was absolutely necessary. The lines have been recently relaid.

One portion of the line passes over a raised causeway, constructed of wood at a formidable height, and is by no means calculated to inspire the traveller with confidence.

RICHMOND.

HAVING left Washington at seven o'clock in the morning, those who do not stop at Fredericksburg may reach Richmond at about three o'clock P.M.

The approach to the city is not by any means striking, except for the traces of war, visible, on all sides, in the shape of large buildings that have been entirely destroyed by fire.

Prepared as I was to find the town in a depressed state, I thought that, with a people of so elastic a nature as that with which the Americans are gifted, three years would have done much towards restoring at least an appearance of prosperity to the place; but such is not the case, for though many of the streets have been rebuilt, yet are the devastating effects of war still to be traced, not only on the houses and buildings, but on that which is of infinitely more importance—the minds of men.

Much has been said of the cruelties practised in the South on the prisoners from the North; but if in time of peace an inoffending foreigner is consigned to such an hotel as the Spottswood, what can a prisoner of war expect?

So filthy a den, pretending to be a first-class hotel, I never was in. I had a dungeon of a bedroom; and as to the food, it was simply uneatable. Had it not been for the circumstance of my having met with very kind and agreeable fellow-travellers, in a gentleman and his wife from Boston, I would not have stopped, although I should probably not have gained much by the move I might have made.

I was put to shame by the good-natured way in which my companions endured all the discomforts, which must have been especially trying to the lady, who had evidently been accustomed to all the elegances and luxuries of a well-appointed home.

The situation of Richmond, on the James river, is good, and it commands an extensive view. As a city it never could have amounted to much. There is a Capitol, with a statue of Washington in the centre of the hall; a bust of Lafayette is in a niche of the wall—a scanty acknowledgment of the obligation which the Americans are under to that illustrious Frenchman.

I visited Libby's prison, formerly a tobacco warehouse, but used as a receptacle for Northern prisoners during the war, where no doubt they underwent all the horrors of such a situation.

It is at present used as a military prison, and one can therefore more easily judge of what it must

have been when crowded to suffocation by a large number of half-starved suffering men.

Nothing can palliate the atrocities said to have been practised by the Southerners on their prisoners, but the facts are—1st. That the Northerners refused to make an exchange of prisoners, unless the South would accept the negro on the same terms as the white man; and 2nd. That the Southerners were suffering from extreme want themselves, and had little to give their prisoners. Add to these the statements of the Southern prisoners as to what they suffered at Fort Delawar, where one, who was imprisoned there, assured me he had seen men catch the rats and devour them from sheer hunger, and one comes to the conclusion of its being a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

Of course, barbarity on the one side does not even palliate reprisals being made on the other; the more substantial defence of the South against the charge of cruelty being, that Wirtz, who was subsequently tried and hanged by the Northerners for his cruelties to prisoners at Andersonville, was condemned on the evidence of the notorious perjurer already alluded to; nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that the victorious party in any contest must ever have the best chance of telling its story, whilst the vanquished are crushed and silenced.

A drive round Richmond enables one to judge

how well it was calculated to stand a siege. There is of course a great discrepancy in the statements as to the cause of its having been destroyed. The Southerners attributing the burning of it to the Federal troops, whilst the Northerners declare that the Confederate commander, General Early, ordered the tobacco and other warehouses to be set on fire upon surrendering the city to the Federal forces, 2nd April, 1865.

Not only are the buildings of Richmond still in ruins, but the feelings of its inhabitants bear indelible traces of the intense hatred felt by them towards their conquerors.

"We would rather," said a man of substance and respectability, with whom I was conversing, "submit to any power than to Congress. Annexation to Great Britain is a blessing we could not hope for; but rather than have our present rulers, we would hail Louis Napoleon with delight."

These were not the sentiments of men of the public-house order of politicians, but of those who had held good position before the war; and were highly respected, not in Richmond alone, but in the State.

Nothing can be more deplorable than the general appearance of the negro population: squalor and rags are their almost universal condition.

I was in Richmond on 3rd of April, the anniver-

sary of its fall, which the darkies celebrated as the date of their emancipation. There is something in the negro that is always provocative of a white man's mirth; and certainly, when seen in badly-fitting, much-worn uniform, and on horseback, Sambo does cut a very ridiculous figure.

A large number of them, thus equipped, paraded the city, accompanied by a villanous band, and followed by crowds of their brethren, to the intense and ill-disguised disgust of the white population. They were escorted by a posse of constables, in order to prevent any collision between the hostile races.

This feeling of dislike for the negro is of recent date in the South, where, in former times, the black man experienced far kinder treatment than he did from his Northern champion.

It is almost laughable to hear the Northerner put forth a claim to be the negro's friend, for he hates him intensely, and would expel him from every place frequented by the white man. You hear men speak of the black man as no better than "the beast that perishes," and are induced to think that all the professions of love for him, all the desire for his emancipation, arose from nothing but a desire to annoy and humiliate the South.

Had the American soul so loathed the institution of slavery, why was it not abolished by that son of freedom, George Washington, who proclaimed that

"All men are born free and equal"? Why was this legacy of the Old Country despotism allowed to pollute the pure republic? and why did it exist so long as an institution, even in the North?

It has been a very convenient bit of cant for the Northerners to use as a war cry against their opponents; but till their tone and conduct are altered towards the negro, in vain will they try to persuade thinking men that their late war was undertaken solely for the abolition of slavery.

The negro is an idle, thoughtless creature, incapable of even seeing his own interests; he is insensible to the charms of domestic life, being, when left to himself, neither a good husband nor a good father. His sole delight is to bask in the sun, and indulge in every low gratification of sense.

That there are exceptions to this state of things among them is of course allowed, but these are very rare.

The great delight of the darkey, when active, is to dance, eat water-melon, and play the fool in general. He abounds in humour, and is as easy-tempered as most men who are devoted to self-indulgence. He will not work if he can avoid the obligation, nor will he do anything that is irksome or distasteful; in which particulars he closely resembles some of his white brethren, especially those of the wealthier sort.

A negro is like a child: he will not take medicine or any other salutary precaution against illness. He is dirty, and degraded, and indolent, to the last degree.

All these defects of character will be allowed by those who differ with me regarding the treatment of the negro, though they will insist that they are the results of slavery.

I will concede this point, though I do not agree to this view of the subject; and will ask, was it, then, wise to confer on such a people so circumstanced the dangerous boon of suddenly conferred unconditional liberty? The result is to fill the streets of Richmond, and other Southern cities, with crowds of great, hulking, idle black men, with their tattered and filthy women, and more than half naked, neglected children, all waiting for the eleemosynary meal with which the freedman's bureau supplies hundreds of them daily, and thereby encourages them in their darling vices of idleness and want of thought for the future.

In the time when slavery existed, the unfortunate children of the negro were at any rate looked after, whatever may have been the motive that induced the care of them; but now they perish wholesale from entire neglect, their parents regarding them as burdens, in which respect they also closely imitate some of their white deliverers.

If the Northerners, in their conduct to the Southerners, have been only actuated by their benevolence towards the negro, it is a subject of surprise as well as regret that they have not evinced a little more philanthropy in their dealings with the Indian.

There is a feeble voice raised by the Aborigines' Protection Society in behalf of the Red Skins, but, as a rule, Americans speak of their extirpation as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

That there are fine points of character in the negro is allowed on all sides by their former masters, who bear testimony to their fidelity and love. Men have told me of having owed their lives to the devotion of their slaves, even during the late contest, when everything was being done to alienate their affections. "For my own sake," said more than one slave-owner to me, "I would not have allowed my slaves to live in the disgusting state which you now witness. I took a pride in seeing that they were well-fed and clothed, and carefully nursed in sickness."

However loudly the Northerners may talk of their love for the negro, they have no desire to place him on an equality with themselves, and would only grant him the franchise in the South that he may humiliate and outvote the white man.

Under proper laws, framed for his protection on

certain points, the slave would be in no condition to elicit the pity of his fellow men; in fact, his position would in every respect be better than that of many a free-born labourer who is slave to a master in the parochial guardian, frequently far more exacting than any Southern planter. Slavery is, of course, a bugbear and a name; but let those who really know the condition of the labouring classes in this land say, in what respect but in name it differs from slavery.

There are no gyves and handcuffs, no whip or scourge, it is true; but there are low wages, bad lodging, dear food, and hard taskmasters, who can make life very wearisome, especially with the prospect of the cold, hard, solitary Union as a resting-place, while the worn-out paralysed labourer is waiting for his pauper grave.

It has been well and truly said that all men are slaves, and happy would it have been for the majority of the human race had its condition been as good as was that of by far the larger number of the slaves in the Southern States of America. These sentiments I have heard expressed by many of those who were opposed in all respects to the South, and did not agree with my views respecting slavery.

Nothing can display more weakness in the anti-slavery party than the name they have chosen as a party cry. To have made a dangerous fanatic, like

the unhappy, misguided "John Brown," their hero, was indeed sufficient, one would have thought, to have made all men of character and principle put forth a protest against that which was an utter absurdity, if not something worse.

This miserable man came with a handful of followers from the North, and attempted to stir up an insurrection among the slaves at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia.

A riot ensued, he and some of his band were taken prisoners, tried, convicted, and hanged, not a shadow of defence being adduced in their favour but their abhorrence of slavery, which the most Quixotic among them could never have hoped to abolish by such unjustifiable means as an insurrection, which might have cost thousands of innocent people their lives.

They acted on a principle so universally condemned, yet so generally practised by those who are loudest in its condemnation. "They did evil that good, according to their views, might come."

The religion of the negro was frequently that of his master, though large numbers of them profess to belong to the Methodist and Baptist bodies. They take great delight in what are called religious revivals, and sing hymns loudly and lustily, especially at camp-meetings, which, if report speak truth, are frequently more remarkable for the devotional

fervour than the rigid propriety of those who attend them.

In consequence of the vast numbers of negroes thrown out of employment by the sudden collapse of slavery, the government has sent large bodies of them to the islands lying off Carolina, where they are partly supported by government supplies, and eke out an existence by fishing.

Sad reports are in circulation as regards the state of these freed men, who are said to be living in a bestial condition, and in some cases to have returned to the practice of some of the worst abominations of the grossest idolatry of their forefathers.

Some have had the offer of being sent to that paradise of darkness, Liberia, but they do not seem to appreciate the blessings in store for them in their fatherland.

Political adventurers from the North are making all the capital they can out of the coloured race. They lead about the country an intelligent half-caste, who has been duly coached to address public meetings of his half brethren; these speeches are duly reported and brought forward as instances of the intellectual status of the negro, and to prove how well-fitted he is to have a voice in the legislature.

To do the negro justice, he appears, as a rule, quite

indifferent as to his political privileges; unless he be worked up at the instigation of others to speak of his rights and wrongs, of which at times he has misty notions, such as thinking the whole of the South country his own property; but satisfying his demands for the present by the appropriation of his white neighbour's cow or pig, and making free with a ladder or bucket that does not belong to him, which leads to summary justice being administered in the shape of a good cow-hiding, and sometimes a halter.

There are dark tales whispered about as to the designs of the negroes to massacre the white population, but these sound very like a repetition of the calumnies which led to the murder of the negroes in New York, about the middle of the last century, under a false charge of conspiring against their masters.

Whilst speaking on the subject of the negro, one must not omit to mention that the condition of the "poor whites," as they are called down South, is terrible.

An account, lately given in the New York papers, of the execution of a murderer in North Carolina, elicited some fearful details as to the terrible state of depravity into which these unhappy people must be sunk.

The details of the murder are too revolting to be

reproduced here. The guilt of the accused was clearly established, he was convicted and sentenced to die; but then came the most terrible part of the story, the utter indifference of the wretched man to his fate, indifference that was shared by his immediate relatives. He was taken to the tree from which he was to be hanged in a cart, and sat on his coffin smiling, his sister sitting by his side apparently unmoved at the awful situation of her miserable brother, whose friends attended him to the last, and seemed to regard the whole affair rather in the light of a joke.

These "poor whites" have ever been regarded as the dregs of society in the South; too idle to work, which may be in part attributable to the effects of the climate, since nothing but the skull of a negro can endure the heat of the sun under which tobacco and cotton must be cultivated.

It is the intention, or rather the design, of some of those who are planning the future of the South, to advise the Germans to go down there and occupy the waste lands; but it remains to be seen how far it will be possible, for even German industry and perseverance, to work in such heat as the negro delights in.

When about to leave Richmond, I took every means of inquiring of the railway agents as to when I should reach Charleston, and was assured that,

quitting Richmond at three o'clock in the afternoon, I should arrive at Charleston the following night. This statement, I must say, some of my fellow sufferers at the hotel took pains to contradict, and said all they could to dispel this illusion, assuring me that there were no trains that would connect, as they call it, so as to enable me to perform the journey in the time stated.

Glad to leave Richmond, and still more so to escape from the Spottswood hotel, I determined to proceed, and, am afraid, induced my travelling companions to take the same train. Arrived at the station, the clerk at once reiterated the statement of the railway agent, and said, "You'll be in Charleston to-morrow evening seven o'clock sure."

Under this pleasing delusion we went on as far as a place called Weldon, which we reached at eight o'clock, and were then informed that we must what is termed "lay over" all the next day at Wilmington, which would delay our arrival at Charleston by at least twelve hours.

We were fortunate in finding sleeping cars attached to the train, and although they are very uneasy resting-places, yet at any rate one has the relief of being able to lie down, and is in some degree relieved from the presence of the worst style of fellow-passengers. After being nearly shaken to bits for several hours, we reached Wilmington by

half-past eight in the morning, which boasts of being the largest and chief commercial city of North Carolina.

The hotel was small and decidedly superior to its larger brethren in other cities. The landlord was a colonel or a general in the Southern army. "He was real clever to us," as the Yankees would say—meaning that he was obliging.

About the doorway and entrance-hall of his house there was a sprinkling of the usual loafers, who were all inclined to talk politics.

One individual took a fancy to me; he was as communicative as the circumstance of his being very much intoxicated would allow him to be, and, amongst other little matters confided to me, stated that he was armed and had only been tried for murder the day before.

According to his own statement he had killed a man who had struck him because he refused to drink. I was a little incredulous as to the story in general, but must here state that I do not think that could have been the ground of the quarrel.

My friend was "a Reb." of the deepest dye, his curses and threatenings against the North were hiccoughed forth with terrible earnestness, and as to those "darned niggers," extermination was not "a circumstance" to what he would do for them.

He called on a bystander to give me an account

of negro insolence, which consisted in the dark gentleman having kept on his hat in the presence of ladies on the staircase of the hotel; for which offence he was desired to leave the house, and instead of doing so shied a bottle at the landlord's head, who retaliated with a chair, and deeply regretted not having had his revolver at hand.

My intoxicated friend became extremely intimate, and though he did not like the English, made an exception in my favour, and wished to present me with a bottle of live snakes of a venomous kind, with which the environs of Wilmington abound.

I demurred at accepting such a present, under an apprehension of the possibility of the reptiles getting out of the bottle, in the train.

"If you find 'em over lively," he said, "you can fill them up with alcohol;" which of course is to be obtained in any quantity during the night in a railway car.

Luckily for me, as my friend was getting "ugly," as the term goes for "out of temper," at my reluctance to accept his gift, some Christian proposed an adjournment to a liquor store for a drink to the continuance of good feeling between America and England; to which I most cordially assented, and away we hurried. Once at the drinking bar, my attached friend lost thought of his love for me and every other sublunary object except liquor,

so I was able to withdraw quietly, not, however, till I had heard treason enough expressed to have astonished Guy Fawkes himself.

Whilst, on the one hand, I was condemned to listen to the cries for vengeance of the South, on the other the bragging, or as the Americans say "the blowing," of the North was equally bewildering.

The exulting tone in which one man, who told me he was a general in the Northern army, spoke of having "pounded the Rebs.," was a counterpoise to the expression of a Southern judge who assured me of a speedy recommencement of hostilities, and predicted that, when the victorious South should enter New York, there would not be lamp-posts enough found in the city to hang the Abolitionists on.

It served as a pastime in a place like Wilmington to listen to these expressions of conflicting feeling. I was of course only a listener, and declined giving an opinion on the subjects under discussion, on the ground of being a foreigner. This I did in all sincerity, holding it to be an impertinence in a foreigner to enter into political discussion with the natives. Their differences do not concern him, and he should leave them to settle their own disputes.

These remarks apply to foreigners who enter the

ranks of an army engaged on either side in a civil war. Let the natives fight it out by themselves.

Had this been the case in the late war in America, there is a strong impression abroad that the result would have been very different. Be this as it may, mercenaries are ever contemptible, and volunteers had better mind their own business, whether they be princes out of work, or private individuals with a taste for fighting and loose notions of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

Wilmington, though now sadly depressed, had considerable trade before the war. Some of the houses bear the impress of wealth, and the gardens are tasteful. The soil round about it is loose and sandy, through which one has to wade ankle deep to reach the cemetery, where I was induced to pay a visit, as my agreeable fellow travellers were bent on the expedition.

I must say I did not care about it, and should have enjoyed myself much more had the sun not been scorching, and had not the snakes already referred to been reported to abound on all sides. I only saw the remains of one, and had no desire to make acquaintance with the survivors of his race.

It was a lovely evening when we left Wilmington, and though I had a berth in a sleeping car I was unwilling to lose the beauty of a moonlight, which

rather gave a charm to the gloomy scene through which we passed.

I have given no description of the country through which I passed after leaving Richmond, but will now remark that it is dreary and ugly in the extreme, pine forest and swamp nearly all the way.

The manufacture of resin and turpentine is carried on to some extent along the line; but this adds no enchantment to the scene.

The miserable shantics inhabited by the negroes and "poor whites," are not even picturesque, though of all sorts and sizes. The ruins of an old worn out railway car had been frequently converted into a habitation.

The pigs seemed to have the best of life; they forage for themselves, and can find plenty of opportunities for wallowing. Many of these interesting animals are of a rich auburn shade, but from their personal appearance do not make you think of pork as a dainty.

In many places, as the train passed along, negresses and children brought fried chicken and hard-boiled eggs and fruit for the refreshment of the travellers, and these were a decided improvement on some of the food prepared for us at the restaurants of the stations where we stopped for our meals.

As I said, we had a sleeping car attached to the

train by which we left Wilmington, but were only allowed to enjoy our berths till two in the morning, at which hour we were roused and told that in half-an-hour we must change cars in order to go on to Charleston.

Although the said sleeping cars were not over comfortable it was a trial to be turned out of them, and be done out of the supposed night's rest for which one had paid extra, and transferred to an uncomfortable car in which it was impossible to lie down—such, however, was the stern necessity to which my Boston friends and myself were reduced, —and I must say that their good nature never flagged; and I may as well here express my best thanks to the gentleman who had a small flask of first-rate Cognac, with which he was most liberal, and thereby alleviated the horrors of a night journey through a swamp.

If night were dismal, coming day made up for its predecessor's gloom. The lovely foliage of early spring made the wilderness appear a garden, whilst wild flowers abounded on the banks of the swamps. The mocking bird, which I heard for the first time, did its best to cheer and delight us, and so we went on over some very ugly bits of road (especially one very long wooden bridge, which was more agreeable as a matter of retrospect than of prospect) till we reached Charleston at nine o'clock in the morning.

CHARLESTON.

THE situation of the city is fine as regards the sea view, but it lies so low as to appear a place of no great importance. At present its appearance is most depressing, one-third of what was the best part of the city being in ruins, the result of a terrible conflagration which devastated it in 1862, the act, it is said, of incendiaries from the North, who were sent to destroy the city.

Of course these assertions must be received with caution, in the same way that one does not readily accept the statement put forth in New York that the Southerners attempted to burn that city. However the fire may have originated, the destruction it caused was a terrible blow to Charleston, which still remains the same mass of blackened ruins that it presented just after the terrible event.

The inhabitants do not seem to have sufficient energy to think of rebuilding it.

The marks of the bombardment by the Federals in 1863, are in great measure effaced, but the memory of it is fresher than ever in the minds of the people, and certainly such an act was a disgrace

to an age and country, the boast of which is advanced civilisation, and a pretended horror of Old World tyrannical acts.

When the late King of Naples bombarded the revolted city of Palermo, the Queen of England in a speech from the throne was made to reflect strongly on the severity of his conduct; but no word of public rebuke has she uttered against any of the atrocities committed by the United States government against what it pleased to call its rebellious citizens.

The mutual recrimination, and the charges brought by both sides are highly disgraceful, one of the most terrible being the accusation against a Dr. Blackburn, who is said to have sent infected clothes from New Orleans to New York in order to disseminate yellow fever in the North.

This diabolical act is most strenuously denied by those to whom it is attributed; and one would really be at a loss to decide as to which is the worse state of mind, that of the man who could conceive such a murderous project, or that of him who could bring such a charge falsely against his neighbour.

The closed and deserted aspect of the best houses in Charleston is dreary, but enough remains to show how much taste and wealth their owners possessed.

The foliage and flowers are beautiful; the streets

being planted with trees, and the gardens abounding with lovely flowers, give a charming effect to the city. The Wistaria grows in great luxuriance, and twines itself most gracefully among the branches of other trees.

The trade of the city was formerly very great, and in her days of prosperity Charleston was noted alike for luxury and hospitality. The Charleston Hotel is a fine house and now reigns supreme and alone, the rival establishment, the Mills House, having succumbed to adverse times and closed its doors.

From the balcony in front of the Charleston Hotel, demagogues, previous to, and during the war, were wont to harangue the citizens assembled by hundreds in the street below. It was here the flame of "rebellion" broke out, and at Fort Sumter, the ruins of which lie in the middle of the harbour, the authority of the United States Government was first set at naught.

A visit to Fort Sumter is one of the things to be "done" whilst at Charleston. A small sailing-vessel starts every morning, weather permitting, to convey those who are disposed for the trip.

During my stay, I heard an account of one of these excursions which will convey some idea of the manner in which those who are sent officially from the North behave themselves.

A party from the hotel went on board the boat at

the appointed hour of departure, 10·30, but were much annoyed to find that, far from a punctual start, eleven o'clock arrived and no sign of starting was visible. As it was blowing rather freshly, one of the party enquired of the sailors the cause of the delay.

"I'm waiting for the Ginral," was the reply; "he's sent word that p'r'aps he'll come."

As this was all the satisfaction obtainable, the party had resolved to abandon the expedition, and were about to leave the quay when the "Ginral" and his friends arrived at nearly twelve o'clock. Some time was then lost in arranging matters for this august personage, who ordered a large boat to be towed at the stern of the little vessel, which much impeded its progress, and so disgusted some of the passengers that they left the vessel.

This boat was for the convenience of landing the General's party on arriving at the fort; none of the other passengers being permitted to enter it.

The whole affair reminded one of the Jack-in-office style of thing one has witnessed in a small place in Sicily, when the Neapolitan authorities lorded it over the natives, in an overbearing style; and very much of this sort of thing is carried on in the South, whither a very inferior class of men have been sent from the North to fill various offices. Men of no sort of position in their own States are

invested with undue power here, much to the disgust and inconvenience of the people.

The tone in Charleston seemed to be one of despair and indifference; the young men were bent on going to seek their fortunes elsewhere, the elders having ceased to take interest in the future.

The Custom House at Charleston is a fine building of white marble, and, when finished, will be an ornament to the city. There are few other buildings of importance standing.

A very much battered statue of William Pitt is a sort of link between the past and present history of this place.

I was the more pleased with Charleston, and enjoyed the drives about it, from the fact of having the agreeable society of my friends from Boston, with whom I was about to part, as our roads lay in different directions; I was bound for New Orleans, they were bound for Savannah.

Charleston lies so low, that one's impression regarding its sanitary condition is not favourable; nor are the sights and smells one encounters in its streets calculated to inspire confidence on the point.

There is a very large but nasty-looking market in the middle of the city, around which the buzzards flock to secure their perquisites as public scavengers.

These ugly, disgusting-looking birds are also to

be seen in large numbers in the port, and must do good service in removing much that would be baneful to health.

The yellow fever occasionally visits the city, but is of a milder type, I believe, than that which rages at times in New Orleans.

There are admirable charitable institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, in Charleston.

Many of the negroes are Catholics; and though in some of their churches they have galleries to themselves, yet there is not that broad line of demarcation drawn between them and the white race in the House of their Father that is so general in the North: nor is the feeling against them at all inveterate.

I took some trouble to enquire as to the moral condition of the negroes; and, as usual, heard a good report of the poor.

An extensive Orphan Asylum under the superintendence of a religious order, is spoken of in the highest terms by all classes and sects.

It is impossible to look on the desolation of Charleston without a feeling of regret at the result of the conflict in which she so bravely entered. I am not so much speaking as a partisan of the South, but as an indifferent spectator.

If the cause in which she engaged was a bad one, you feel the more sorry that so much should have

been sacrificed to it. I do not see why an Englishman should feel any great sympathy with the South, for, in her day of power, her statesmen held no friendly sentiment for us; and it is, perhaps, one of the most gratifying feelings one has connected with the Trent affair, that Messrs. Mason and Slidell, whom we preserved from the vengeance of the Federal Government, were open and avowed opponents of Great Britain.

Many have been the slights and affronts offered us by a Southern Cabinet; therefore our sympathy with the Confederate States could only arise from a generous feeling elicited by the fact of a few resolute men contending against a force which, in time, must overwhelm them by sheer strength of numbers.

The great question was the money, and the North had that, and so could purchase men, provisions, and arms. It was a matter of no consequence to General Grant how many lives were sacrificed in the contest; it was, with him, simply a calculation of how many men and how much time it would cost to carry out his plans. Having plenty of both at his command, he sat down and waited till the South should be either exhausted or overwhelmed.

I have talked to men of intelligence and position who were in the field with the Southern army, and have heard them say how utterly starved-out they were.

"I have shed tears," said a very well-informed gentleman to me, "at the thought that if we had but one port open we could have held out successfully against our detested enemies." Sentiments of a like nature I have heard on all sides during my journey South.

The night before I left Charleston, there was a storm of rain that made the whole city like a vast bath of mud, so deep, that it seemed as though it would be impossible for horses to drag the omnibus from the hotel to the station: they managed it somehow, through rain that was like a waterspout discharging on the earth.

The journey from Charleston to Atlanta, by which route I was about to make my way to New Orleans, is along a line of rail lately reconstructed; the pace was not exciting, varying from twelve to fourteen miles an hour; and the country was not by any means interesting.

I do think the very worst meal that was ever set before travellers in a so-called civilized country was served to us during our journey; it consisted of some boiled fowl's bones, with nothing on them, some filthy bacon and cabbage, and a dish of raw onions, so strong and so heartily devoured, as to render the railway car untenantable for the remainder of the day. The landlord only charged a dollar for this banquet, and in answer to some remonstrance said,

"that his marketings hadn't arrived in time for dinner, but yet as a matter of principle he kept up the price."

Atlanta, which suffered severely from the war, having been almost totally destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt, and is a town which has sprung up entirely from being a great railway centre. "Get to Atlanta," said a Yankee to me, "and then you can get anywhere else on God's airth."

This grand centre of the universe is remarkable for nothing but having been a favourite spot for the armies of the North and South to fight over, though it is now rapidly recovering from its hostile paroxysm; the railways that emerge from it had been torn up and destroyed, but they are for the most part reconstructed and are in working order.

The cars on this line were by no means over-comfortable, and the journey slow from Atlanta to Montgomery, a town only remarkable as having been the first seat of government under the Confederates.

It did not enjoy this distinction long, as Richmond was preferred, being in many respects better suited for the purpose.

Montgomery has suffered severely from fire, especially at the hands of the Federal troops.

A sojourn of very few hours would satisfy the

most insatiable sight-seer that he had done Montgomery.

Leaving there by an evening train, to which sleeping-cars were attached, and taking a steamer on the river Alabama at six o'clock the following morning, we came early in the day to Mobile.

The Alabama is a noble stream and affords great facility for transporting the cotton from the fields, which are on either side of its banks, to Mobile and New Orleans. In spite of want of labour, cotton is still extensively cultivated in this vicinity, and from observing a gang of negroes on board the steamer, in charge of a cargo of cotton, one was able to realize to some extent in what the enjoyments of that race consist.

The cotton being gathered and packed the negro's work is over, and his great holiday is whilst taking it down the river. On board the steamer he has nothing to do but bask in the sun, eat watermelon and go to sleep—or else he will amuse himself and his companions with singing and dancing almost incessantly.

Without giving implicit belief either to the heart-rending descriptions of the cruelties of planters to their slaves with which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has made so many amiable people's hearts sad, or the glowing accounts of the Utopian condition of the slave given by writers of the opposite school, I

must say the balance of my belief is against Mrs. Stowe.

The mawkish sentimentality of "Uncle Tom" made it palatable to those who at one time gave up the use of sugar as a way of striking a blow at slavery; but from what one can see and hear of the negro character, fear on the one hand, and policy on the other would restrain the slave-owner from habitual indulgence in acts of cruelty.

Putting aside his usefulness, which ill usage would impair, the negro is terribly vindictive, and though there may have been such a black angel as "Uncle Tom," I am inclined to think that, when ill-used, he generally resembles in temper and acts of retaliation the antithesis of the angelic race.

The sail on the Alabama is very agreeable, and the approach to Mobile somewhat exciting, as you can still see some of the defences raised during the late war, and the navigation of the river is sufficiently intricate to render it an interesting operation to witness.

MOBILE

MOBILE is approached through the shallows of the Alabama, and though it has as a city nothing to recommend it, the environs are pretty, and the residences of the better classes look like homes to an English eye.

The gardens are beautiful, and the flowers most abundant. Trees are planted along the roadside, and in their new dresses of fresh spring green looked charming. The soil is light and sandy, and in the month of August I should say a walk or even a drive about the neighbourhood of Mobile is a thing wise men would avoid.

The city itself is lively, and seems thriving; and on the day of my arrival all the world was mad about a procession of the Fire Brigade, which on this day celebrated the anniversary of its institution. All the members walked in their uniforms, looking very soldier-like and handsome, and dragged the engines by means of long ropes.

The horses, remarkably fine beasts, being relieved from their accustomed service, walked in procession

decked with flowers, and seemed quite sensible of their own importance.

The engines were decorated with flowers and ribbons, and children were seated in front of them, on whom the broiling sun seemed to have no effect. Bands of music accompanied each company. Appropriate banners and devices were carried, among which the Stars and Stripes did not occupy by any means a prominent position; in fact I did not see the National colours at all, nor did a valiant little Northerner whom we encountered at the hotel, who was much disgusted at this omission.

A gentleman present assured him that the flag in question was displayed. The little gentleman was silenced but not convinced, for I heard him say that "he'd make them carry it." I asked him "why?"

He replied, "he'd make them obey the law."

When told there was no law to compel them to carry the Stars and Stripes, he took refuge in generalities, and said it was an insult to the North; and, without any particular reason, began an attack on England, and plunged headlong into the Trent affair. He was told by an American that they might as well have arrested Mason and Slidell in the streets of London as on board the Trent.

He shook his head in a defiant way, and muttered something about "doing it too."

I don't know what may have become of those two very troublesome Commissioners who obliged us to assume a tone with the North which was at any rate understood; but I would advise them to beware of the Militia of New England, for one member, at least, of that important body means them mischief.

This irate little gentleman, whose conversation I have recorded, I should have thought, was a member of some mild trade or calling; but he stated himself to be a military man, entrusted with some important mission for the arrangement of affairs in the South.

He was terribly anti-English, so much so as to make me dread a breach of our friendly relations with the United States, should he ever be President, or even a member of the government.

At first, when I encountered him he was shy of me, and when he softened a little in his demeanour, and entered into conversation, I think it was with a view to an argument about North and South. I declined all controversy on the subject as being a foreigner.

The flag affair called forth a great deal of bitter expression from men around me, as there were partisans of North and South assembled in the balcony of the Battle House Hotel witnessing the procession of the Fire Brigade.

The discussion became too hot for my little hero from Massachusetts, and being in a decided minority he prudently withdrew, alike from the scene and the contest.

"There was a time," said one man; "when I should have gloried to have seen the Stars and Stripes floating above my head; but now if I saw it I'd pull it down, spit and trample on it. I once loved it as the type of freedom, but most heartily detest it now; for I regard it as the emblem of tyranny and oppression, and as such I hate and despise it."

I was not, I admit, very anxious to have this scene prolonged, as I was sitting between opponents both of whom I knew to be armed with revolvers, and thought it very possible they might fire at one another without duly considering the fact of my being in the way.

I must here repeat what I have said elsewhere, that the insolence of the men from the North is simply unendurable. Many of them are what the Southerners call "carpet-baggers," men travelling with little luggage and less character, making political capital out of the present state of affairs.

The worst of all the political blackguards I met with, or heard of, are the men who, during the war, were tremendous partisans of the South, or, as they call it "Secessh to kill," and immediately on the

success of the Federals, turned round on their former friends. One fellow, who was a preacher, was most conspicuous by his barefaced apostacy from the fallen cause, of which he had been so violent a supporter as to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious "even" to the winning side.

Mobile is a stronghold of Catholicism, and within a few miles of it is a famous college under the superintendence of the Jesuits.

There is little to induce one to pay a protracted visit to this city, though it is cheering to see it after Charleston; for in spite of its having suffered terribly from the war, it seems in some degree to have shaken off its depression, and though it may hate its conquerors quite as deeply as do its sister cities, yet it does not sit still and brood over the past.

It was here that I first heard men speak hopefully of another and more successful struggle with the North, though one would think that the past experience would serve to check any such aspirations.

There are men who assert that the South has still resources on which she could draw in renewing the contest; but she will do wisely to reserve them, one would think, unless some powerful ally were willing to assist her in the struggle. A strong maritime auxiliary alone could avail to help her shake off her shackles.

It was a very fine afternoon when we quitted Mobile on board the Louise, a modest looking steamer, not so young as she would have one believe her to be; but paint and other "fixings" made her look as well as those accessories do many of her sex. At any rate very comfortably and leisurely did she transport us to New Orleans.

One especially delicate bit of navigation she came triumphantly through—a narrow channel between mud-banks, known as "Grant's passage." I thought at first that it derived its name from some feat of that renowned general, but found the Grant in question to be an enterprising old mud-lark, who kept this passage free of mud, and was compensated by a toll on the vessels that passed through it. As far as I could judge, it was a bit of a monopoly that Grant enjoyed, a snug little job made up between him and Congress.

As we had to go out into the Gulf of Mexico for a few miles, the steamer felt bound to roll, and did so accordingly.

For the first time in America I had a supper served to me which was included in my fare. I do not much care if I never have another of the same description.

There was little or nothing to eat; but the coffee was unusually good, in fact, drinkable.

I was really glad to perform some part of my

journey by water, for the long, weary railway route had become very tiresome. I was most fortunate in my companions, especially in meeting a man of culture and good sense in the gentleman who shared my state room.

From him I learnt much, on which I could rely as authentic, respecting the way in which the war was conducted in the South, and as he gave me his name and address, with permission to use in any way I might think proper any information he had given me, I repeat many of his narratives without hesitation, knowing that I shall not offend him, or be led into any mis-statement.

I think the whole of the passengers were "Rebs," or at any rate so vast a majority that those of the opposite way of thinking were silenced.

I was deeply interested in another of my fellow-passengers, a young man of education, who gave me a long account of the part of the war in which he was engaged, and also spoke of the sufferings of his mother and sisters, whose home had been destroyed by Sherman or Butler, I forget which.

One part of his story was amusing, and that was the account he gave of the cost of his clothes towards the end of the war, when the Southern currency became depreciated. A coat cost 1500 dollars, a pair of what he called pants, 900, vest, 400, boots, 400, gloves, 100, and a horse, 3500. Taking the

dollar at worth four shillings, his wardrobe would have cost him £660, and his horse £700. At the close of the war he could get only eight dozen of eggs and four chickens for 1200 dollars, or what should have represented £240, but was, in fact, nothing more than waste-paper.

I heard much from him and from others, of the state of the Southern prisoners in the Northern prisons; but certainly nothing that came near the horrors of Andersonville, where thirty thousand Northern prisoners were kept within an enclosure for months, without any shelter from either extreme of heat or cold. No sort of discipline was enforced; and they were destitute of all the necessaries of life, and subject, as they assert, to cruelty and every sort of indignity from their keepers.

The same charges, as I have said elsewhere, are brought by the other side; but the horrors of Andersonville from the very nature of the case, must have been very much intensified.

I must here bear testimony to the fact that whatever else in the South may have been destroyed by the war, the spirit of hospitality has been preserved; and I must take this opportunity of thanking the many kind friends whom I encountered on my journey for the invitations I received to visit them. Time did not suffice to enable me to do so, but I may yet avail myself of what I am sure was

offered in all sincerity, and declined with much regret.

After a night's rest on board the steamer, which was much better than the apology for one afforded by a sleeping car, I rose in good time to witness the arrival at New Orleans. I was rather disappointed, for a heavy fog enshrouded the shore; not that I lost much by that circumstance, as we were landed four miles from the city, whither a train conveyed us through a swampy jungle where vegetation was running riot in all its spring-time vigour and luxuriance.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE approach to "the Crescent City," as New Orleans is also called, from the form in which it is built, is by no means imposing. In fact, it lies so low that you see nothing of it till you are in its streets. An omnibus belonging to each of the hotels is generally waiting at the terminus to convey passengers, and as soon as the train arrived, I inquired for the one belonging to the St. Charles' Hotel.

"There ain't no omnibus," said a negro; "but this carriage is the same."

After some little struggle for my luggage, which I had not checked through, I entered the carriage, and was driven to my hotel, where the sum of three dollars was demanded by the driver.

I appealed to the clerk, who only deigned to reply to my remonstrance:—"Warn't there an omnibus? oh!" and then turned away. I had no resource but to pay the money, and wait with patience till I had a room allotted to me.

It was very high up, and dirty to such a degree that it made the very slatternly woman who was making the bed appear quite tidy.

The hotel is large, and looks like a neglected town-hall. I suppose that my remarks will be met with the usual excuse for everything that is amiss down South—"since the war." It matters not the nature of your complaint, the reply is always the same. I believe if I had said "how very oppressive the heat is," I should have been told—"yes, it is, since the war."

New Orleans is well-built, and the streets are kept clean. It is not until July that it is unhealthy, and then the dread yellow fever appears, and lasts till the first frost. During the occupation of the city by Butler, it was free from this epidemic, and its immunity has been attributed to his strictness in cleansing the streets. I have, however, been told by a gentleman from the North, long resident in New Orleans, that the disease was kept out by the rigid quarantine that was maintained during the military rule.

The influence of the French element is to be seen and felt on all sides of the city. The shops are more tasty than, though not so handsome as, those of the northern cities.

The dress of the ladies is a decided improvement on the flash style of New York, and the French quarter of the town carries you back at once to Europe.

The market is plentifully supplied with vegetables.

At the time of my visit it was too early for fruit, though there were strawberries for sale. New potatoes and green peas abounded, but they were flavourless; salad was abundant and very good.

The poultry is sold alive, and it was almost pathetic to see an old black woman walking off with a live fowl, which she holds by the legs with its head downwards, the poor wretch casting appealing looks at the bystanders, and uttering noises as much as to say, "How can you let this demon carry me off?"

The meat-market has a show of the nastiest looking beef and mutton, (to say nothing of the veal and pork,) that ever was exposed for sale. I should pronounce one wholesale sentence, "unfit for human food," were I called on to give judgment respecting it.

The fish-market is abundant, but there are several descriptions of fish to be seen there at which a well-regulated English cat would turn up her nose. Most ghastly-looking prawns of enormous size suggest to you their having battened and fattened on all the horrors of the deep. The oysters are as disgusting in appearance as they are elsewhere in America.

Some miserable-looking rabbits and other vermin were exposed for sale. Snails and reptiles of all sorts find favour with the people of the land, and are consequently to be met with in the market.

The various nationalities in the food line are well represented there. A jargon of tongues is heard on all sides. All shades and colour of people and things surround you, every costume and head-dress, from the peculiar cap of the Sisters of Charity, who are buying their modest stock of vegetables, to the turban of the old nigger woman who carries on her head a tray laden with food.

The harbour is full of large steamers. The finest of them are the Mississippi boats, which well deserve the title of floating palaces.

Although early in April, the weather was lovely, and a drive along the outskirts of the city is a treat of no mean order, especially on a delicious evening in spring.

The houses are, for the most part, detached, and have a charming appearance with their deep verandahs, over which lovely flowers are trained.

The flowering trees and shrubs are magnificent, and the air is surcharged with the odours of the magnolia, jasmine, and rose.

Every one looked so happy and contented that it seemed almost impossible to realize the notion of this lovely spot being annually visited by a terrible epidemic, or that it should have been the scene of those outrages which such a man as Butler was permitted to inflict on the inhabitants.

The commerce of the city, though not what it

was, is still very considerable, as may be seen by the hundreds of vessels that lie off "the levee" or embankment, which is built along the water front to keep out the sea.

All the streets near the water are lined with vast stores, well adapted for containing the vast quantities of cotton of which this city is the chief mart in the world.

The religion of the majority is Catholic, but the churches are by no means remarkable for their size or beauty. I was pleased—I may say something stronger—to see that in them there was no distinction as to colour of skin. All knelt side by side and gave one the idea that Christianity had done its work, at any rate so far as breaking down that barrier placed between black and white, which must be so offensive to Him who created and redeemed them all.

Political feeling runs high in New Orleans, the vestibules and terrace in front of the St. Charles Hotel being crowded with idlers, who smoke, spit, and talk politics hour after hour. I met with one or two of the "carpet-baggers," from whom I received pamphlets highly laudatory of the coloured race and strongly denunciatory of the "Rebs." Everywhere I found men agreed on one point, that Impeachment was a farce.

It was amusing to hear the opinions given of the

Northern military occupants of the city. One individual attracted my attention by his more than ordinary swagger, and I enquired who he was, and heard that he was a General.

Not being remarkably well-posted respecting their great leaders, I asked in what fights he had most distinguished himself. "Fight! I reckon a street fight is about farthest he ever got that way; why he was only a petty attorney out West, and took to soldiering when the fighting was pretty nigh through with," was the reply.

"I tell you what it is," said another; "if it hadn't been for the Dutch and the Irish, we'd have made them Yankees squirm."

I had a long conversation with several gentlemen on the Alabama claims, a subject on which some Americans are not to be spoken with, as they lose their powers of both reflection and speech.

As I was talking to reasonable men, I entered on the subject so far as to say that the matter in dispute was purely a question of international law, and if it could be proved that the British government had been guilty of culpable neglect in allowing the Alabama to leave our ports, I was sure that every Englishman would feel with me that we ought to pay.

"I sincerely hope that the law will be found to be on your side then," said one of the party.

"Yes," said another; "our only wish is that the North would go to war with you, and then they'd see what we'd do. They think that a war with Great Britain would be the means of uniting us; but no, we should rejoice to see you whip and humiliate them to the dust, and then our turn would come." I repeat these as being the sentiments of men of position and understanding, to show how universally the feeling of the North and South is divided. "We are fully convinced," said another gentleman to me, "of Republican government being, not only a fallacy as a safeguard to liberty, but also that it is the easiest form under which tyranny can be exercised."

That the South is being held by Congress as Italy was by Austria is apparent to a stranger, and it is odd to hear Americans denounce their fellow-citizens as tyrants and oppressors.

The Southern press is violent to a degree that amounts to the ludicrous, though there is much that is saddening in what is written. I subjoin in an appendix some extracts from "La Crosse Democrat," and other journals, which will bear out much that I have stated as to public sentiment; nor shall I confine myself to extracts from the Southern press, but endeavour to give a general idea of the journalistic tone and amenities.

The restaurants of New Orleans enjoy a high

reputation, and certainly the food served at these establishments is better cooked and served than anything one gets at an hotel. The city is abundantly supplied with water, which flows through the streets. Canal Street is one of the finest thoroughfares I ever saw in a city, being nearly two hundred feet wide.

Whilst wandering about New Orleans, I witnessed one sight which was grand in the extreme, the burning of one of the large steamers that ply on the Mississippi. It had caught fire while in dock for repairs, but the imagination could easily picture what would be the horror of such a scene had the fire broken out during a passage on the river. Apropos of fire, it has struck me frequently and forcibly as a marvellous thing that all America is not burnt to the ground, through the careless way in which lucifer matches are used. At every turn you find them lying about in most dangerous proximity to other combustible matter; and nearly every one you meet is sure to have half a pocket full, which he scatters about with as perfect indifference as though arson and incendiarism were the two great objects of his existence.

The fair sex in New Orleans has been the subject of much dispute and animadversion.

I had always been under the impression that the word Creole was intended to express a person of mixed blood, but have been informed that such is

not the case; for that, in Louisiana, a Creole only means native American, whether the descendant of coloured or white parents.

The French Creole ladies, descended from the earliest settlers, are many of them beautiful, and dressed in good Parisian style. In manner they are said to be highly refined, and certainly make a brilliant display in public. With these some of the best families of Americans have been known to form matrimonial alliances. They must not be confounded with either Quadroons or Octoroons, who are a mixed race, and, however lovely or wealthy, are excluded from all society.

It is whispered that in some instances the pure white blood has been known to espouse the tainted loveliness of the Quadroon; but only when there has been a very large fortune to purify and sanctify the match.

Among this class are found persons of the most degraded description, against whom, it was alleged, that all the severity of Butler was directed. But I have been assured that the grossest insults were offered, by that gallant General's authority, to ladies of the first families, whose great offence was wearing mourning for their relatives who had fallen in the Southern ranks.

One habit is said to be common among some of the belles of New Orleans, the thought of which did

not fascinate me, and that was chewing snuff. From what can be seen in public, one gets the idea of the existence of a superior class in this city, and this I have been told is the case, especially among the old French families.

During winter, New Orleans is very gay. The opera and theatres are open on Sunday evening, and are attended by brilliant audiences. The Quadroons in the upper tier of boxes, to which all their race is confined, make a grand display; and many of them being wealthy, they form a society among themselves, which, though it does not rank high in general estimation, enables them to vie with their purer blooded neighbours in externals, at any rate.

Though careful not to get into political discussions, I was always anxious to listen to what was going on around me. I was much amused at the violence with which the loungers at the hotels and bars rushed into controversy on every subject.

I must say the Southerners had the best of it in talk, not, perhaps, because they had right on their side, but in consequence of their opponents being usually low, foul-mouthed ruffians, who substituted abuse for argument.

I was much amused by one man who told me he had been in Texas—to or from which part of the States, by the way, nearly every one in the hotel was either going or coming.

"They're a rough lot there," he said; "won't stand no nonsense, nor yet take no greenbacks."

I asked him if he had enjoyed his visit. He looked at me with an expression to which I wonder he did not give vent in words, for it plainly meant "You must be a darned fool to ask such a question," as he replied,—

"Enjoyed myself? no! I went to look after a chap as owes me some thousands of dollars."

I expressed a hope that he had got his money after all his trouble.

He gave me a scared look near akin to the first in meaning, as he said, "Couldn't find him for many months; but, when I did, I will say he spoke fair, for he said he'd think about paying me in a twelvemonth or so."

As this did not strike me as having been a very encouraging promise, I asked him why he did not press for something more definite in the way of settlement.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you how it was I did not like to press that man, for that's a man as won't be pressed, and that's a fact. No, he will not, for he told me that within a month he had shot two creditors who had come bothering him for money; so, you see, I did not like to press him, but let him take his own time."

I highly approved the prudent course my friend

had adopted, and said I thought he was well out of it. "Out of it," he replied, "I shall do business with that man again, for though he busted he means honourable, I'm sure."

The cemeteries of New Orleans are remarkable as being depositories of the dead above ground, the alluvial nature of the soil rendering interment in the usual way indecent and almost impossible.

The dead are placed in brick graves, or as they are called, "ovens," which are built in tiers to the height of ten or twelve feet, by ten feet thick, and form blocks of tombs intersected by gravel walks.

There is, I believe, a burial ground for the poor, from which the water frequently washes the dead, and leaves them uncared for, and exposed to the light of day.

I had nearly forgotten one lion of New Orleans, to which all American visitors rush at once, and that is the battle-field, where a monument, unfinished of course, commemorates a glorious victory gained over the British, January, 1815.

I must do the Americans the justice to say that they refer to this subject with much reluctance in the presence of the English, for fear they should make us, as they term it, "feel bad." So insensible was I to the intense mortification which all Britishers are supposed to feel at the recollection of the severe humiliation they are said to have experienced in

that battle, that I could converse calmly about it; and considering that the English under General Packenham were caught with the waters of the Mississippi on one side, and nothing but "cane-brakes" and "cypress swamps" on the other, it looks very like their having been the victims of an ambuscade, a style of fighting in which the Americans have been always remarkably successful.

I do not think that General Jackson has much to be proud of, nor yet the nation at large, though the anniversary of the victory is still observed, on which, according to the American statement, 3000 of the English were killed and wounded, whilst the American loss was only 7 killed and 6 wounded. Allowing for the immense superiority of the Americans in the art of war, these odds suggest more the idea of a slaughter of men who have been caught in a trap, than the result of an open conflict between two armies.

If the Americans are proud of this achievement, I don't think any Englishman will feel disposed to begrudge them the gratification of boasting about or of commemorating it.

I left New Orleans at 4·30 by train, in the hope of getting to Memphis in four-and-twenty hours, where I had designed getting on board the "Great Republic" steamer, which was bound up the Mississippi for St. Louis. It had four-and-twenty hours'

start of me, and in consequence of the windings of the river would not arrive at Memphis till long after the time I was led to hope I should be there.

It would seem that hotel-keepers, especially at Richmond and New Orleans, think it decidedly *infra dig.* in them to give any truthful information to their customers or guests, as they please to term them. I was assured, at the St. Charles, that the train from New Orleans to Memphis was fast, with sleeping cars attached to it, and that my journey would be safe and speedy.

It was on Sunday evening that I left New Orleans, and I must say I did so without regret, especially as far as the St. Charles' Hotel, at which I stopped, was concerned, for it is nearly as bad as it can be; dirty and neglected in appearance, and as to my room, it was as comfortless as it looked: the food, as usual, was uneatable. I must say, however, a word for the civility of the person who presided in the dining room, and the attention of the waiters, who I should say had recently been raised from the ranks.

They were Irish boys, accustomed, one would think, to the hod, and were evidently under the impression, a very common one in this country, that it is the duty of a group of waiters to stand with their hands on your chair and breathe into your ear —not by any means either soft or sweet nothings.

As I've said before, the food was bad in quality

and scant in quantity. A variety of nasty dishes was served, each containing a dab of something, not more than two mouthfuls. The coffee was drinkable, and the pastry very fair, and there is an end of praise to be bestowed on that department.

I was conveyed, with one valise, from the hotel to the train in a bus, for which transport I was charged one dollar.

My heart misgave me when I saw the train, it was little better than a parliamentary in England; the sleeping car was such a nasty sty that I was not sorry all the berths had been taken.

I gave up the sleeping car without regret, and tried to make the best of the other. I thought I had a right to expect a decent style of car, for the fare was high enough, but in this was disappointed.

We left the station punctually. The evening was lovely, and though our journey was through a dead level of a swamp, yet so rich was the verdure, and so abundant were the flowers, that it was a pleasure to look upon Nature, even under this form of redundant unculture.

We had hardly left the station, when the squeaking of a wheel betokened something wrong; and so there was, for as the daylight declined flames were visible issuing from the box of the wheel of the sleeping-cars. Again and again was the train stopped, but as those in charge "reckoned" and

"guessed" that she was not yet overheated, on we went, till at last matters became so bad that those who had occupied the sleeping-cars, were forced to leave them in consequence of the heat.

We stopped at one place for nearly an hour to "fix" the wheel, and in consequence of these delays reached the junction at Canton too late for the connection, *i.e.* for the train by which we were to have gone on to Memphis, and were told we must "lay over" here four-and-twenty hours.

Some of the passengers were indignant, and more than one declared that the conductors and others were drunk:

It appeared that there had been a hot box as they call it also in the engine itself, and altogether we had had a lucky escape from broken wheels and other mishaps.

As there was nothing for it but to wait, I made my way to the inn at Canton, and found it much the same sort of an establishment that used to be called an hotel in the rustic districts of Ireland some half century ago, where, as some wag has expressed it, "everything was sour but the vinegar." Canton is a mystery to me; it is a mere collection of small stores of the roughest description, which have sprung up lately; there is a court-house adapted for a town of forty thousand inhabitants, the population of Canton being two thousand.

There are of course several churches; there are some carts standing idle, some negroes, some men who look like farmers, and others whose appearance is that of bandits; and plenty of children, pigs, and geese made up the live stock.

One of the natives, who spoke with a strong brogue, in answer to my inquiry touching the healthiness of the place, told me he considered it bad for any one after a time.

Thinking this highly probable, I merely replied, "Indeed!"

"Yes," he continued, "not so much for the body as the mind."

Feeling convinced that the only thing which could reconcile one to, or in any way induce, a residence in Canton must be aberration of intellect, I again said "Oh, indeed!"

"Yes," he continued, "sir; and it's the food as does it."

Surprised and somewhat disconcerted at this statement, for I had not at that time partaken of a meal in Canton, I said anxiously, "How is that?"

He said, "Sir, it's the pork they eat."

I had heard in my youth that pigs' marrow is apt to bring on insanity, and here was something like a confirmation of what I had regarded as a superstition of my early days.

My informant went on to say that the inhabitants

nearly starved the poor beasts in winter, who, on being eaten, took this terrible revenge on their tyrant consumers. I give the statement as it was made, and leave it to the consideration of the scientific.

I would gladly have learnt more on this interesting subject, but my informant suddenly became silent and left me.

When I had time more leisurely to examine mine inn where I was expected to take mine ease, the truth dawned on me that this "laying over" was a little arrangement between the railway functionaries and mine host; the house being evidently arranged with a view to an emergency of this kind, since most of the rooms were provided with several beds, or rather shake-downs, each one more dirty than the other.

I was lucky enough to get a cell to myself, which, though dirty, was seclusion from the gang that infested the other parts of the house.

I may say that the dining-room was in harmony with the sleeping apartments, and the meals in the strictest keeping with the rooms.

There was, in fact, an agreement between all parts of the establishment, which gave it an air more easily imagined than described.

It was uniformly filthy, under which head the food is distinctly to be understood as included.

The weather was oppressively hot. Several patrons of the establishment were very drunk; but really mad or drunk you must be, or suicide and Canton would be identical.

I was afraid to enter into conversation, for fear of being challenged to fight or drink; but from what I could hear, party feeling seemed to run high among all present, and devotion to the Union was by no means a prevailing sentiment.

Many of those about the inn were from Texas, and a nice state of society must exist there. It is very odd to listen to the various languages, I mean forms of English, indulged in by this people; every dialect of the three kingdoms crops up, with the addition of a twang which more or less pervades the voice of the whole country.

I have wasted much time on Canton, which is decidedly not worth one of the many curses heaped on it by profane men who disliked the "laying over"; but if what I have said should prevent any one from travelling by the Mississippi Central Rail, I shall feel that I have done a benevolent thing, and my reader ought to bless me. The recollection of the beauty of the evening and night before, on which I liked to dwell, in some degree reconciled me to the discomfort of my journey, and as I dawdled away the day at Canton, I thought of how we had passed through the densely wooded swamp,

which was wonderful to behold, illuminated with fire-flies, rushing through the trees, and looking as though the stars had come down to pass an evening with the flowers and shrubs, and were at high romps among them.

The whole scene seemed teeming with life. The chirruping of the various insects made you marvel when they took rest; and as to the frogs, they might have been petitioning Jupiter for a king, so loudly did they raise their voices, as though clamouring for redress of some grievance. It might have been a concert they were giving in honour of the fire-flies; at any rate, they kept it up most perseveringly till dawn.

Sleep seldom visits me in a railway car, and was out of the question on this occasion. The motion of the train was unsteady, the seats uncomfortable, the weather oppressive, the stench from the burning grease of the wheel-box overpowering; the officials kept rushing through the car almost incessantly, and banged both doors violently on entering or leaving.

A baby, driven from the sleeping-car, cried piteously and perseveringly.

A very ghastly old woman would stand bolt upright the greater part of the night, and kept inquiring constantly when she would arrive at her place of destination, which was at some point it

would occupy at least two days more to reach; she said, "I'm very bad, I'm killed," and then went on to tell us she had been travelling for some time, day and night, till she was quite worn out. Added to this, I expected every moment that a wheel would give way, and that the train would run off the line; but, as I have said already, nothing serious occurred.

I have spoken elsewhere of the superiority of the men one meets in travelling south, but I must be distinctly understood not to refer to those one encounters lounging about hotels, for they are alike everywhere, and, I must add, always highly objectionable as to their habits; though I have fallen in with those who were agreeable and obliging. The style of the ladies whom one sees at meals in the Southern hotel, is infinitely better than that of the class met with at the fashionable watering-places of the North, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

At dawn we were summoned to take our places in the train, and proceeded through a dusty wild country till early in the afternoon, when we reached Memphis.

MEMPHIS.

WHAT Memphis may have been when it flourished in Egyptian soil one has little opportunity of judging, but since its transplantation to the banks of the Mississippi, it has enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being considered the worst place in that by no means respectable neighbourhood.

On reaching the Overston hotel, we were surrounded by a crowd of ragamuffin boys shouting out, "Evening paper, full particulars of the murder last night." The aspect of the town is decidedly uninviting, and the heat and dust most oppressive.

As it was my intention to take to the river at this point, the first inquiries I made were respecting the steamer "Great Republic," with which I had calculated on falling in here, as she had left New Orleans on the Saturday previous.

The afternoon was young when I first inquired, and I was assured that she would not arrive till the next day. Having dined, or done the best I could towards doing so, I set out to explore the town.

The dust blew in perfect torrents through the streets. There was nothing to be seen but the Levee,

or wharf, a shabby town, and a few miserable grey squirrels in the public garden, so I returned to the hotel, and sat outside the door surrounded by a group of wild-looking expectorators. Just after sunset as the news-boys were still shouting about the "Murder last night," the discharge of pistols close at hand was heard; nearly every one except myself rushed to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, and shortly returned with the pleasing announcement that two men were severely wounded.

They had quarrelled at a drinking-bar, and both having revolvers had fired simultaneously.

Never did time go more slowly. I luckily fell in with a very obliging gentleman who was travelling the same route as myself, and with him followed up the inquiries respecting the Great Republic.

So conflicting were the statements and opinions as to the time of her arrival, that at nine o'clock, we resolved to go to bed, expecting to be roused about three o'clock in the morning.

Worn out by an afternoon passed amid expectation and expectoration, I gladly sought my couch, but had no sooner done so than the sound of a gun excited my suspicions that the Great Republic had arrived, suspicions which were rendered conviction in a few minutes by a clamour at my door. I roused myself, and hurried on board the steamer.

MISSISSIPPI.

SELDOM has such a night come from the heavens as the one in which I embarked on the Mississippi. The lightning was so vivid as to illuminate every instant the river and its banks, the thunder was deafening, and as to the rain, the water coming-in was not "a circumstance" to it.

Amid this conflict of the elements we were conveyed in a carriage to the water's edge, much to the satisfaction of my companion, who had travelled the road before, and assured me it was not at all uncommon for passengers to be robbed in walking from the hotel to the steamer, as "the Levee" was infested with thieves, for whom the cotton bales lying about afford a shelter, both before and after attacking an unwary stranger.

When safely on board the steamer I was more than satisfied with her appearance and accommodations. Her whole length is occupied by one vast saloon more than three hundred feet long, at one end of which is the office, smoking and writing room. Next to these, only marked by difference of furniture, is the space devoted to eating; whilst at

the extreme end, fitted up with a piano and other elegancies, is the drawing-room for the ladies. The state-rooms are ranged on either side of this saloon, and are commodious and clean.

There is a drinking-bar close at hand, and also a barber's shop. The attendants, all coloured men, are very civil.

I won't say much about the cuisine, nor is it a subject on which I should have bestowed as much remark as I have hitherto, had I not been bored to death with statements regarding the superiority of everything in America, especially as to the commissariat department.

The Mississippi ought to be beheld in a glare of lightning to be seen to advantage, for, under ordinary circumstances, it is an ugly stream about the colour of weak pea-soup.

I have been told that "before the war," that is the other way of putting it, a trip on these steamers was "real elegant." The most splendid "people did use to travel by them."

I believe that such was the case, and that there was much excitement, if not amusement, on board, occasioned by the gambling which was carried on to a great extent.

The rich planters, who were returning from New Orleans or elsewhere, with plenty of money, the result of the sale of their cotton, were an

easy prey to gangs of swindlers who infested the river.

Sometimes very serious consequences ensued from the gambling; but all this is over, the planters are penniless, so cannot be fleeced any more; and the steamers are, consequently, not so lively, but decidedly safer, and more agreeable modes of conveyance.

My fellow-passengers were, for the most part, stupid, and not by any means sociable.

The scenery on the Mississippi is not easily described: the only objects of interest being snags and alligators. The former render the navigation perilous—being the trunks of trees that have been washed away from the banks and carried into the middle of the stream, where they lie embedded in mud, and are capable of destroying a steamer.

Hearing that it was the work of a pilot's life to know them all, and that it was his constant care to steer clear of them, I innocently inquired whether it were not possible to remove them by means of steam-tugs.

"Remove them! in course they could; but what on airth would become of them pilots?" was the reply.

I felt the force of the remark, and said no more; monopoly and protection being American institutions.

There had been a somewhat feeble attempt to be jolly during the evening, and a quadrille was per-

petrated, I am inclined to think, by those who were interested in the boat; for the principal part of the passengers abstained from joining in the sport.

The passengers were not favourable specimens of Southern refinement, the splendour of the boat, perhaps, made them appear to greater disadvantage. We had some music volunteered by many passengers in this wise. A young lady sang a song, some plagiarism from a trashy English ballad, the words altered to suit an American view of the subject, not unfrequently bearing on the war, with Northern or Southern proclivities, as the case might be; and whilst the young lady was singing, some of the bystanders would chime in and produce a pleasing effect, as far as they were concerned, but one especially disagreeable to the listeners. The young ladies were very chatty, and I dare say made themselves agreeable. I don't remember whether it was on board a Mississippi boat that a lovely girl astonished a susceptible Britisher, who, in his desire to do the agreeable, offered her at breakfast some shrimps, and was not a little taken aback at her replying, "No, sir, thank you, I never eat bugs;" —the name of that interesting insect having been selected as the generic term for all creeping things.

The huge steamer labours through the muddy waters as though sulky and disgusted with its freight and the voyage; as well it may be, for this

"Father of Waters" is not by any means a thing to show strangers. I am glad that his children, in general, do not retain a strong family likeness to him, for he is hideous, a huge ill-regulated creature, rushing headlong through the land, never knowing which course he means to take, or keeping on his own side, varying his position perpetually; so that Mr. Smith goes to bed with the conviction that he lives on the left bank of the river, opposite Mr. Jones; but on getting up in the morning discovers that he is on the right bank of the river, next door to Mr. Jones. Families who have been good friends and neighbours for some time, find, on a sudden, the width of the river between them, without, however, creating any coolness, for at times it is a bath of boiling mud.

We had the good fortune to stop at Cairo during the night, so that with the exception of being disturbed by the noise consequent to the arrival and departure of a steamer, we had nothing to complain of.

I saw one or two parties engaged at euchre, a game which the Americans claim to have invented, and say, of course, that it is much finer than whist, to which, I believe, it bears some resemblance.

On the whole, the evening was as dreary as could be well imagined.

A fine morning made even the Mississippi look well—not cheerful, but less dismal.

Writers tell us that this river is a charming stream till its pure waters are contaminated by the influence of the muddy Missouri, which joins it just above St. Louis.

I need not tell my readers where it rises, nor where it flows, but will tell them that, in my opinion, it is made up of the drainings of the swamps of America.

Talking of swamps, reminds me that I have forgotten to allude to one of these terrible spots where fugitive slaves took refuge from their bloodthirsty masters, and either perished from hunger, or were torn to pieces by the blood-hounds sent in pursuit of them.

The swamps certainly do look very gloomy and terrible, especially by night, with the effect of a waning moon on them, and would be a fine study for a scenic artist as a picture of desolation; and it would be easy for a writer of the highly imaginative school to work up a situation of the greatest horror in connection with them. But daylight would dispel the illusion, for he would then discover that the negroes are quite as much at home in them as a shepherd is on the Sussex Downs.

ST. LOUIS.

After a long and somewhat monotonous day's journey through the mud of the Mississippi, we reached St. Louis at nine o'clock in the evening; and glad I was to exchange my floating palace for the Southern Hotel, by far the finest in the United States, and, in my opinion, the best.

I cannot part with the "Father of Waters" without expressing an opinion that, except for purposes purely commercial, De Soto might as well have kept his discovery to himself; but this remark will also apply to Columbus.

Beyond having a fine position, and being very extensive, St. Louis has nothing especially to recommend it. Here all other matters seem completely eclipsed by commerce—the minds of men are wholly absorbed in it. There exists a great jealousy of Chicago, and one would think that the railway companies were bent on running one another off the road by the violence with which they compete.

The Court House is considered a fine building; it only struck me as large.

The smoke of the steamers renders a walk along

the "Levee" very disagreeable and almost useless, as, in consequence of it, you can see nothing of the river.

There is little in St. Louis itself to repay one for the trouble of visiting it; the suburbs are extensive and agreeable.

Having a great desire to see the Prairies, I took my departure from St. Louis, so as to have an opportunity of passing through them on my way to Chicago. I would strongly advise my readers not to put themselves to any inconvenience in following my example, for however grand the Prairie may be in the far west, the hunting-ground of the Redskin, the home of the bison and the antelope, where stampedes excite, and Indians scalp the traveller, that portion of it traversed between St. Louis and Chicago only resembles a bad crop of coarse hay. I must allow that the effect of sunset was fine, and so was the brilliant starlight of a clear frosty night.

I had been for some weeks enjoying a warm climate, and was fairly taken by surprise to find myself in the region of frost again, as I was on arriving at Chicago, where it was freezing hard, and there had recently been a fall of snow.

From the many peculiarities connected with Chicago, a more than ordinary notice of it seems required of one who is writing anything about America—not only an account of the physical

extent and importance of the place, but also respecting its moral tone and power, the influence of which cannot be exaggerated as affecting not only Chicago itself, but a very large portion of the United States.

That the Western are the coming men, is admitted on all hands; and now that the South is likely to be crushed out, the coming struggle will be between East and West, and a desperate one it seems likely to be.

Whatever lingering remains of old world chivalry and honour were to be traced in the conduct of the South, these qualities never have existed in the West, the inhabitants of which are as overbearing and self-asserting as the Yankee himself.

Whenever these two incarnations of Self—the Western and Eastern men—shall come into collision, then will human nature be seen in its basest colours; then will avarice, envy, and hatred, ranked on both sides, meet in a deadly conflict, the horrors of which will be unmitigated by either fear of God or human respect.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, it must be admitted, is a wonderful place, inasmuch as its growth, like that of the mushroom, has been suddenly accomplished. Thirty years ago the site of the present city was little more than a cluster of log buildings, which were used as a military station to check the incursions of the Indians, and also, as a place of rendezvous, where the simple American trader might meet the wily Indian and barter with him for his furs.

It is said that there was also a tavern where the dissolute Redskin would linger for days, till he had spent the proceeds of his trading; and though his pale-faced brother's dealings with him were always conducted on the fairest and most honourable terms, yet such was the avarice and want of good faith displayed by the Indian, that by a singular fatality it often happened that a quarrel ensued which ended in bloodshed, so that the Americans were obliged to call in the aid of the military.

I was much struck with one account I read of the dealings of the American with the Indian, in

which it was stated that the latter bound themselves by a treaty to remove forty days' journey beyond the Mississippi, and were to receive on that condition a sum of money annually.

On one occasion four thousand of them assembled to receive this annuity, but becoming dissatisfied with what was given them, made an attempt to seize on all they saw. A fight ensued, in which many of the Indians were killed. The only part of the story that struck me as remarkable was the fact of a mere handful of white men being able to repulse thousands of Indians.

There was, it is true, a Commissioner of the United States government engaged to treat with the Indians, so of course all must have been done in a straightforward honourable manner, and no one will believe idle stories about Indians being made drunk with whiskey, or destroyed by poisoned waters; but that they have been got rid of is very certain, and we must, I suppose, ascribe their disappearance to the progress of civilization and the working of humanity.

Certainly one is puzzled to think how the present occupants of the land can be an improvement on those whom they dispossessed, unless we assume that the latter were as vile as the Canaanitish nations: a supposition for which there is not the slightest foundation.

We may not believe the Indian to have been

such a noble being as the novelist has portrayed him, but he must be bad indeed if, after education and other civilizing influences have been brought to bear on his race for years, he should turn out no better than his pale-faced brother.

It is useless to speculate on what the Indian was or might have been; he is gone from Chicago and is fast disappearing from the Prairie, to the intense satisfaction of those who have seized on his inheritance.

It probably is true that he is faithless, cruel and treacherous; but what qualities of an opposite description has the white man held up for his example. Chicago may be a subject for self-gratulation to the American, but tested by the principle of right and wrong one is not quite sure that it may not be a city founded in blood and built up on oppression and wrong.

I need hardly inform my readers that Chicago is on the western shore of Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the river from which it takes its name. No inland city can possess finer means of communication with the outer world, since by means of lakes, rivers and canals, and railways Chicago is united with both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

The situation of the city is low and swampy, the highest part of it not being two feet above the level of the lake; the river, across which draw-bridges

are thrown at almost every turn, intersects its streets. As these are being constantly moved to allow vessels to pass, one's progress about the city is apt to be repeatedly impeded, to say nothing of the risk of being drowned.

The original city was built below the level of the lake, and consequently efficient drainage was impossible; to remedy this defect the greater part of it was raised bodily some feet higher, a feat which denotes the energy of the people, and reflects great credit on the engineers engaged in the work.

The streets of Chicago are wide and nearly all paved with wood. It would seem as though the wood had been as hard to get rid of as the water, for everything is wooden—excepting, of course, the population.

Chicago boasts of a harbour five miles in extent, of warehouses, wharves, and granaries, in overwhelming numbers. The grain trade is enormous, and its increase something unprecedented. In 1838 the first shipment of wheat took place, and was seventy-eight bushels; in 1865, the exports of grain amounted to fifty-four millions of bushels.

There is also a great trade carried on in timber, or, as it is called in America, "lumber;" and also a very thriving trade in provisions.

In fact, Chicago is the metropolis of all that is

ready-made; for you may buy a house, have it furnished with everything, stored with food, packed up, and forwarded anywhere you please. So that a man who is migrating can start off like the snail with his house at his back, and pitch it down whenever and wherever he pleases.

I visited some of the granaries of the city, which have very powerful appliances for loading corn, called "elevators;" which we should call "lifts," or "cranes."

I was a little puzzled as to their capacity, which, I was told, was ten millions of bushels; but I received the statement with humility—as becomes one who is being instructed in everything.

I do believe that many of these people regard an Englishman and an Indian in much the same light, as specimens of "old effete bust-up prejudice," for they show one everything with a sort of triumphant air, and a "what-do-you-think-of-that?" sort of tone.

"You won't see anything like that in your old worn-out country," said a very gentlemanly person to me. "It's a good thing for you to come here, and have your ideas expanded; and that's what your nobility did ought to do, and then they wouldn't ride you down as they do with their parks and their game laws, as you daren't call your souls your own in. And whatever is that Queen of yours

after, I should like to know, as she don't do away with all them effete institutions ?"

I humbly suggested that Her Majesty had not the power, and, I was sure, had not the wish to interfere with the rights of her subjects.

"Ah, that's where it is, you see; you are so eat up with them Old World prejudices; it's enough to make anyone laff 'isself sick to think of such rubbish."

As I found my friend was growing incoherent, I tried to lead him away from the subject of our national failings to that of Chicago's greatness—but it was useless. If I admired anything, he always brought up England's insignificance and rapid decay —predicted a dreary future for us—stated it to be a certainty that "that Prince of Wales of yourn won't never be King."

I stated it to be my hope that the day was very far distant when he would be called on to discharge the duties of the sovereignty.

"Ah," said my friend, "that's where you are such slaves to a system; always bowing down to power."

He then burst forth into such a minute account of the private history of Her Majesty and all the royal family, that one would have thought he'd been brought up in the palace.

At last I said, "How long were you in England?"

"Me in England," he replied, "never, and never will be. It wouldn't never suit me, to be a cringing and calling fellows I considers my inferiors 'my lord.' I wouldn't do it."

I suggested that in all probability, even in the event of his visiting England, he would not fall in with many lords.

"There you are altogether wrong," he said, "for it is well known as us Americans goes into the best society. Our minister introduces us to where you'd be shut out from, and Queen Victoria can't refuse us."

As there was no reply to such trash as this I talked on generalities, and underwent a pretty strict cross-examination from this interesting person, who was sitting in an easy chair with his feet on the table, spitting copiously, and by way of amusement cutting a bit of wood with a pocket-knife, a pastime familiar to all acquainted with American manners, under the term of "whittling."

This is such a stereotyped description of an American, that I feel I must assure my readers it is not a fancy sketch, nor even a caricature.

When I had given a full and particular account of myself, as to place of birth, age, occupation, my interrogator said in a somewhat apologetic tone:

"You see we're a curious people," as though he

thought that quite excuse enough. I replied, "You certainly are."

He then asked me several questions about London, of which I stated I was a native.

He looked at me steadily, and exclaiming, "Thank God I was not born in that effete old place," rose from his seat and left the room without a word in the way of adieu, or any sort of salutation.

This by the way is a national custom: you may be talking—even with an acquaintance—for some time, and he will turn away abruptly and walk off whilst you are speaking.

The population of Chicago, made up of Yankees, Irish, and Germans, is said to be about a quarter of a million, but is being rapidly increased daily by immigration.

There was a time when this was considered as the extreme western city of the United States, but it is now rapidly becoming its central point, and seems destined to be perhaps the most important place in the Union.

The churches are numerous; the Catholic cathedral is a fine building and was densely crowded at high mass. None of the others, except one which belongs to the Baptists, is worthy of attention.

There are of course educational establishments of all sorts and descriptions, and charitable institutions adorn the city at all points. Especially are

the asylums for orphans, both Catholic and Protestant, highly commended, as well as institutions for reclaiming the lost and wretched, with whom this city abounds.

The morality of the people is not highly spoken of, and so numerous are the divorce cases that one day a week (Saturday) is devoted to them, and called the "unmarrying day."

I imagine this must in some degree be the result of the vast influx of Germans, for one hears an anecdote, which I remember to have heard related in the north of Germany, the scene of which has been transferred to Chicago, of a gentleman having been seated at a rubber of whist with three of his former wives. I certainly read in the paper of a couple who had been divorced twenty years, having made up their differences and renewed their nuptial vows; both having in the interim been married several times.

As far as one could judge from casual conversations with the citizens of Chicago, they regard the South with contempt, and the North and East with aversion. One can but feel that trouble is looming in the future for the Great Country from the conflicting interests of East and West.

The Opera House is a fine theatre, and there are several other places of amusement of minor importance. The beer gardens in summer afford recreation

to the Germans, especially on Sunday afternoon, when concerts are given.

The hotels are large; but not exceptions to the generality of such establishments in this country. The servants are attentive and zealous, especially the housemaids, one of whom came and swept out the gentlemen's parlour totally regardless of the presence of guests.

Here, as elsewhere, mine host is affable, as one would expect him to be, since he is described in the guide-book as, "The Gentlemanly Proprietor." The only comment on which statement is, that if he be such, he is to be deeply sympathised with, as being totally out of his element.

I must say I was much consoled when at meals, by the knowledge that the knives, however far down the throat they might be thrust, were incapable of inflicting harm; in fact, they are plated, a process to which they are subjected to facilitate supplying guests with what is called a clean knife; this is accomplished by the simple method of dipping Smith's knife into a jug of warm water, wiping and handing it to Jones, who at once plunges it into his food, and then down his throat.

I have occasionally seen a man ask for a tea-spoon to enable him to consume the gravy; but this must be regarded as exceptional. I was forcibly reminded of cannibalism one day at dinner,

by the sight of a party indulging in a banquet of pork.

Fenianism is pretty strong in Chicago, at least, its advocates make powerful appeals to the Irish. I saw a bill which invited all men "to rally round Ireland," which feat was to be accomplished by attending a meeting at which General Something was to speak, the said general having, it was stated, humbled the pride of Great Britain in the field. Having never heard of this humiliation, I did not care to have my national feelings mortified, and moreover, being a sincere well-wisher of Ireland, I did not rally round her on this occasion; feeling sure that I should not be listened to if I attempted to state the truth, that as well might the Indian hope to expel the white man from America, as the Fenian Brotherhood expect to subvert the English rule in Ireland.

In Chicago it is that you may hear the most benevolent feelings expressed for the Negro; sentiments that do honour to our fallen nature; but the effect of which is slightly marred by very different views being entertained respecting the disposal of the Indian, for whose destruction I have heard some advocate the use of strychnine.

The United States government has passed very stringent laws prohibiting the sale of all spirituous liquors to the Indian, for whom the fire-water has

a fascination quite as great as, if not greater, than that by which it enslaves the "pale-faces."

To no one, except to a commercial traveller, would a visit to Chicago prove a source of gratification; it is essentially a place of trade and nothing else, and looks very much as if it had been made elsewhere and brought to the spot it at present occupies—there is a "ready-made" air about both place and people. Some of the latter are said to be very wealthy; and the house of one man, a German, I believe, is pointed out as a marvel of costliness, the screws with which some of the doors are fixed being silver, which will give an idea of its magnificence. The opulent owner did not live to enjoy it, having died within a few months of its completion.

The waterworks are of prodigious size, and have been erected at a cost of one million dollars.

The rapid progress of the Great Pacific Railway is bearing civilisation rapidly to the far West. Cities are springing up on the line, and there are large towns growing in the very heart of the desert.

The Indians have proved serious impediments to the work of the railway, and have given a great deal of trouble to those engaged in it. I have heard but an indifferent account of these children of Nature from a friend who passed many months among them, but must say that their defects of character appear to be, in great measure, but the

result of their contact with the civilised portion of the human race.

I believe they are like all savages, very treacherous, and will attack and scalp a friend if he should happen to possess that which they covet. I have heard of a man whom they received in a most friendly manner, falling a victim to the fact of his possessing some red blankets, which took the fancy of the Indians, and of which they could not resist the temptation to possess themselves; they scalped him and took his blankets; he contrived to escape with his life, though deprived of his hair, and lived happy, we will hope, ever after in a black silk skull-cap.

All trace of the Indian has long been removed from Chicago, and it is difficult to imagine where he can be "located" so as to enjoy his natural pursuits and not interfere with those of his white brother.

ON THE RAIL.

THERE is one great advantage which Chicago affords a visitor,—extreme facility both for reaching and for leaving it. Railways start hence for every where, and they say one hundred trains arrive and depart daily; many of these having sleeping cars attached to them, for which one pays extra, as they are a matter of private enterprise apart from the railway company, in fact, a sort of "locomotive hotel." Fancy names are given them, such as "Silver Palace Sleeping Cars," lending a fairy-land sort of character to them which is not realised when you find the one you occupy in possession of a large family party of Germans, the children whereof scramble constantly all over the seats with nasty looking food in their hands, and make the carriage very like a pig-sty by day, and at night cry incessantly for water, and make themselves as objectionable as young human nature is wont to do under such circumstances.

I met a very intelligent and pleasant companion on this line, with whom I travelled as far as Pittsburg. He was a Northern man, who had lived long

in the South. His great horror was Butler, whom he described in terms both foul and forcible; vouched for the truth of the story of the plunder of houses, and the large number of pianos made captive by the General's bow and spear.

He is said to have sold all the American instruments, but to have burnt the English ones, being too patriotic to advance the fame of any foreign manufacture.

My informant, whose exact line in politics I could not make out, spoke very strongly as to the introduction into the South of the vilest and most obscene publications from New York, against which the authorities of several towns protested, but in vain, as it pleased the military occupants of the South to beguile their hours of leisure with the perusal of the "Last Sensation," or filth of a similar description.

As I was making my way eastward, I selected the Pittsburg and Fort Warne route as being the best. There had recently been some very ugly accidents on the other lines, such as carriages running off the line and falling over embankments of some fifty feet in height; and, what was still more terrible, the carriages in two instances had caught fire, and the unhappy occupants were burnt to death; the fire originating from the stoves in the carriages being full of lighted wood

which was scattered about, and set fire to the seats.

I was especially warned against this line by a considerate stranger whom I encountered between St. Louis and Chicago.

He was a small and particularly thin man, with sharp black eyes and a very miserable beard, and introduced the subject of railway accident somewhat abruptly, by saying, as he laid aside a paper he had been perusing, "That's a pretty considerable lot of dead 'uns."

As this remark was addressed to me, and I was not aware to what he was referring, I inquired where? He looked at me attentively, and went on in soliloquy as though he were indulging in a deep moral reflection, "and won't do for you, nohow, as you would not have a chance, as I can see, with your flesh."

As I saw he was too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to hear any remark I might make, I awaited in silence his further remarks on this, to me, interesting subject.

"I don't see," he continued, "how ever in this world they would get you out, for you see they couldn't save him nohow, not through the window."

I was still puzzled, when my companion thrust the newspaper in my hand, and said, "Take and read for yourself, and then you'll see as it's a bad look-out for you."

A perusal of the details of this terrible accident which the paper contained, threw light upon these remarks, for I read that one unfortunate man might have been saved by being pulled through a window of the carriage, but that being stout the aperture was not large enough to allow him to pass through it.

When I had read this piece of intelligence, cheering to a man of sixteen stone weight, my companion repeated, "A bad look-out for you." He did not mean these remarks as either chaff or impertinence; he was quite serious, and seemed deeply impressed with the additional risk which, as a stout man, I ran in travelling by rail. I think he was truly sorry for me, but he spoke no more.

In passing through Pennsylvania, one is struck by the air of cultivation which pervades the country, to a degree not usually met with in districts remarkable, as this is, for enormous mineral wealth.

In the centre of this the city of Pittsburg is situated, famous for the energy with which its inhabitants have developed the natural resources of the neighbourhood. Coal and iron abound, and have raised the city to pre-eminence as a manufacturing town. Beyond this there is little to commend the place, though it possesses some fine public buildings.

Alleghany City, on the opposite side of the river Alleghany, is the residence of many of the most opulent of those who carry on business in Pittsburg.

The scenery in the Alleghany mountains is tame, and looks like a sort of diminutive, washed-out Switzerland.

The rate at which the trains travel is not bad, though nothing to the speed to which we are accustomed; whilst the delays at junctions, and the want of correspondence between the trains, are quite as bad as they are in our own native land.

One practice in which Americans indulge with regard to railways is most dangerous.

A whole party will enter "a car," one member of which only is going to travel, the remainder being friends who have come to see the traveller off; they remain chatting away till the train is in motion, and then take their departure by deliberately jumping out. On one occasion two women stopped talking till the train was in full swing, and then one of them sprang out, she fell, and apparently under the train; her companion was about to follow her, and was held back by main force, fighting like a wild cat with those who were detaining her.

The conductor stopped the train to enable her to descend with safety, and we watched her rejoin her companion, who was apparently hurt, for she walked with a limp. I am inclined to think that the efforts of those who had restrained the second jumper were regarded by the passengers as a piece of impertinent interference with national custom, as

those who had checked the lady's descent were English; regard for human life not being by any means a strong characteristic with the American.

At one part in the course of my journey I was placed in a most terrible position. It was at a station where dinner was to be served. Not feeling inclined for the meal, and being interested in a book, I resolved to remain in the carriage. The heads of the German family to which I have alluded as being my fellow-travellers, were anxious to get some food, and asked me if I would give an eye to the children, five in number, as the little darlings, the eldest of which was not above six years old, were all deeply engaged in the consumption of some very terrible form of infantine food.

I consented, and was left alone with my interesting charge. All went on well till the food was consumed, with which they bedaubed themselves and the seats, and then they took to looking out of window, making a noise that suggested a miniature Babel. All of a sudden I heard a cry of anguish, and was appalled at seeing the whole party, except the baby, rush to the door, the baby having pitched on to its head.

I was divided as to my duty, whether to pick it up, or rush to the other children. I did pick up the baby, yelling like a demon, and as sticky as a treacle cask, and made my way to the other children.

This door being locked, their progress had been interrupted. No sooner did I get near them than their cries became shrieks of terror. I could not soothe them. Only knowing fifteen words of German, and they bearing exclusive reference to one's requirements at a hotel, I was indeed at a loss. I laid the baby down on a seat, and tried everything I could think of to calm this terrible Teutonic tribe, but in vain.

I was at a loss to imagine what had caused the outbreak, when the entrance of the mother solved the mystery, and relieved me from my most embarrassing situation. She had mistaken the train, and had rushed along the platform to another set of carriages, unconscious that her offspring was witnessing her flight, and had given vent to its feelings under the impression that she was abandoning her family for ever.

GENERAL REMARKS.

HAVING completed my tour South and West, I have only to conclude this part of my work with some general remarks as to what I have seen and heard. As regards the face of nature, the country is by no means beautiful: I have spoken of the abundant vegetation which is met with in parts. I have remarked on the dreary swamps and sandy tracts through which I have passed.

I do not know that I have mentioned one beauty with which the woodlands abound; and that is a kind of creeping plant, called in America moss, that grows in great abundance on the trees and hangs in graceful festoons from branch to branch, giving a most charming effect to the scene.

The Negroes collect it for the purpose of making beds, for which purpose its elasticity well fits it. Though I did hear a man at Wilmington denounce it as "darned rubbish," and say "it swarmed with vermin, but was quite good enough for niggers."

The state of morals in parts of the South, especially in Virginia, is more akin to our own received ideas on the subject.

Divorces are rare, and difficult to be obtained; in fact, the tone of society in that State is very like that which may be found among good country families in England. Most of those whom I met down South spoke very generally of a Republican form of government as a failure, and were strong in their denunciation of universal suffrage; not a few condoled with me on the extension of the franchise in my own country, and predicted evil things for England's future under our Reform Bill, though the better informed willingly admitted that we have a safeguard of which America is entirely destitute, and that is the character and social status of our public men.

A few demagogues in England may make themselves heard, and lead away the masses for a time with clap-trap speeches; some men of education may, for the sake of holding office, pander to the mob; but the strength of England lies in the immense stakes which so many honourable men have in her welfare, and their sincere desire to do the best to build up her institutions on the firmest basis—the will of the majority, and a due regard to the rights of the minority.

It is impossible to say what will be the result of the abolition of slavery; in some places free labour is to be obtained, and the landowners have gained by the loss of their slaves, of whom they always had

a larger number than they could get work out of. The sick, the aged, and the young, were heavy burdens on them, and it remains to be seen which side will lose by the new state of things.

Should the Negro, as some political economists predict, die out, there is a great question as to whom the landowner can look for gathering in his crops. Many of the Southern Planters have gone to the Brazils with a view to settling there; but there are statements which differ widely as to the result so far of the experiment.

As I have said before, there are many who wish to come to England; but as I told one highly intelligent gentleman who was asking me about farming in England—a man who had been a landed proprietor in the Southern States of America would, even as a gentleman-farmer in England, find himself in a very different position.

A Virginian Planter has held a place in society there which would little fit him for a farm at lease-hold on a nobleman's estate in England. Ireland might, in many respects, better suit him, and it would be an odd form of transmigration were the American landowner and the Irish peasantry to exchange countries.

One great cause of regret among the Southerners is the non-recognition of their rights by Great Britain, which was, as they state, a very false move

on our part. "Had you acknowledged us, you'd have done a great benefit to yourselves; you'd have weakened the United States; you'd have checked Russia, and have saved the life of the unfortunate Maximilian, whose blood in great measure lies at the door of the United States government." It is very certain that although it may be doubtful as to the power of the United States government to save him, the tone of the American Press has been most offensive respecting that ill-fated prince. Whatever may be one's opinion as to his having gone to such a place as Mexico, which strikes one as an act very similar to that of accepting the regency of the infernal regions, yet there can be no doubt that Maximilian, was a gentleman, and though betrayed himself, would not abandon his supporters; it was Quixotic, no doubt, in a prince, to keep his word, or act in good faith in these days, but it was respectable, and the Emperor Maximilian is more honoured in his gory grave than the Archduke would have been who had sought his own preservation at the sacrifice of honour, or obtained it from the patronage of the United States government.

It is utterly monstrous to hear Americans talk of their right to object to sovereign power existing on the continent of America. With the bright example of those splendid anti-monarchical institutions,

the Republics of South America, with the edifying spectacle of Mexico before our eyes, and taking into consideration the possibility of the United States drifting into a condition very similar to that of its neighbours, I think the less said about the perfection of a pure republic the better.

At any rate, a very large number of American citizens are of opinion that it matters little by what name you call a government, for the dominant party will ever crush the losing side, and that in Congress the power is getting more and more into the hands of the "Rowdies;" the result of which will be such as has been witnessed elsewhere—a reign of terror, to be followed by a despotism. No doubt while the fortunes of men are about equal, a republic is a conceivable state of society; but as riches increase on the one hand and poverty on the other, two distinct classes are growing up with opposite interests, between whom equality is impossible, and a collision must ensue as a necessary consequence of divided interests.

EN ROUTE TO NIAGARA.

ONE of the most pleasant routes by which Niagara may be reached is the North River; taking in Newport, Providence, and Boston. Fine steamers leave New York every afternoon during the summer months, which land you at Newport at the convenient hour of three in the morning.

A sail up a river on a fine evening is always agreeable, even though the scenery may be nothing remarkable.

The steamers are commodious, but wanting in deck room; the space usually allotted to that being occupied by the saloons, which are vast and finely fitted-up. There are external galleries to enable passengers to enjoy the fresh air, but they are limited as to space, and, consequently, crowded. The accommodation for passengers is most extensive; and, in the lower saloon, the berths are ranged around on all sides, giving an effect like a gigantic honey-comb. The attendants were all coloured men, and particularly attentive. I did not care for the supper, but it was abundant.

Arriving at Newport in the dead of the night is

by no means calculated to give one a favourable impression of the place.

The landing-place being at some distance from the hotel, it was necessary to obtain a vehicle for the transport of oneself and one's effects, and this was by no means a task easy to be accomplished.

Having at length found a carriage, and roused the driver and a friend who were sleeping inside it —a circumstance which rendered it slightly oppressive—I and a companion started for the Ocean House Hotel.

I am under an impression that driver and horses were not thoroughly roused from slumber till we reached the hotel, when, at any rate, the former was quite wide awake, as his demand for his fare proved.

The marvel was that any of us had reached anywhere, for the whole journey, about a mile and a half in distance, was nothing but a series of jolts and hairbreadth escapes: the carriage itself being a wreck that threatened to go to pieces every instant; whilst the horses seemed as reckless as the driver in rushing on regardless of impediment. The hotel being reached, we were enabled to retire to rest.

The season was far advanced, so the number of guests was small, which gave an air of desolation to a large barrack-like building, which is badly situated, having no sea view.

There can be no doubt that Newport is well adapted for a gentleman's residence, as it is agreeably situated, easy of access, and possessing much natural attraction. Some of the houses are very tastily arranged, and have, apparently, nice grounds attached to them.

During the season, the hotels here are crowded by those who like the style of society and enjoyment that establishments of this description afford.

There is plenty of display in the toilettes of the ladies, and the American youth puts forth all its powers of fascination.

Parties of pleasure during the day, music and dancing in the evening, as well as other charming pastimes, render a sojourn at Newport a season of real enjoyment.

Newport has an historical interest attaching to it, as having been the scene of the devastation worked by the British, who held possession till 1779, and before abandoning it almost destroyed the once prosperous City, which, in commercial importance, far exceeded New York.

A small steamer conveys one from Newport to Providence, a thriving manufacturing town, pleasantly situated on the Narraganset.

On the short voyage between Newport and Providence, at a place called Rocky Point, the steamer was almost taken by storm; a large party of excur-

sionists coming on board. From the overwhelming majority of young girls that composed the party, I was induced to think it must be a school treat, although the presence of a large number of lads made that supposition appear improbable; and I found out, on enquiry, that it was one of the excursions that are made daily, during the summer, from Providence to Rocky Point, one of the attractions being "clams" and "chowder," which are devoured in large quantities by all visitors;—clams being a very nasty-looking fish of the mussel tribe, and chowder a broth composed of meat and fish.

I was told that moonlight excursions are very popular with the youth of Providence, though I doubt whether they are conducted with that rigid propriety which the pious founders of Providence were the upholders, in theory, at any rate.

It was when about to leave Providence by train for Boston, that I was much interested by the conversation of one whom I thought to be, like myself, waiting for the train.

He turned out to be an official, and was more than ordinarily communicative, and gave me some information respecting the arrival of the "cars." He then indulged in some general remarks about the system in which railways were conducted. "I do not like the work myself," he said; "and that's a fact, it don't suit me though it may others, and

there's plenty, as you'd think, would be glad of a job, but no, they don't see it—for there was a fellow, a loafer, that came asking for work a few weeks ago, and I told him I could not give him a job just then till the train came in, and then I said I may employ you, for they're pretty sure to bring a dead un, and then they'll want a hand, and when that train did come in it had a dead un, as had been killed coming along, but, would you believe it, that fellow wouldn't take his place, not he."

I was surprised at such an instance of a man being blind to his own interests, but suggested that perhaps he did not like to run the risk.

"Well," continued my informant, "that may be so; not that we think much of danger either, for it aint long ago as the bridge was left open on the Harlen River, and the cars went in and forty were drowned, and in less than four hours it was all forgot."

Cheered at the outset on the railway, to see such sublime indifference displayed as to human life, I pursued my journey thoughtfully as far as Boston.

BOSTON.

THE Fremont House at which I put up is a tolerable hotel; it was very full at the time of my visit, and I had to share with a friend a sitting-room turned into a sleeping apartment.

Boston does not give one the idea of a commercial city, in spite of its splendid harbour and extensive wharves. It reminded me more of some such places as Cheltenham, Bath, or Leamington. It has an air of comfort about it that makes it contrast favourably with other cities of the Union; but it looks a cold and tilted kind of city.

It lays claim to be the head-centre of all that is intellectual in America, and I should say would consider all "European" seats of learning and intelligence as "small potatoes" compared with itself.

The Common, as it is called, is a large open space railed in and planted with trees, corresponding more to our idea of a small park, or ornamental pleasure ground, than anything I have seen elsewhere in America.

One of the chief public buildings, Faneuil Hall,

named after a wealthy merchant who built and presented it to the town, is remarkable as containing the very worst looking collection of portraits I ever saw, whether regarded as works of art, or likenesses of human beings. A bust of some worthy occupies a distinguished position, and is even more terrible than the portraits.

From the State House a fine view of the city is to be obtained by making the ascent to the dome. By far the finest view of the city, harbour, and surrounding country is from the top of the monument on Bunker's Hill, which is in Charlestown. When you ask Americans why the monument was erected, they say to commemorate a great battle.

If you should be ignorant on the point, and pursue your enquiry as to which side gained the day, the guide will reply, "This is the spot where Warren fell," and points to a small stone. You reply, "Oh, indeed," and may go away wondering who on earth Warren was, unless you are a student of Trans-atlantic history, and then you will know all about it.

The great lion of Boston is "Harvard University," which is at Cambridge, a few miles out of the city.

It was originally Presbyterian, but is, I believe, at present under the rule of the Unitarian body.

It is said to contain very efficient schools, but has

not produced any startling results, at any rate of late years.

I think it was here that a terrible tragedy was enacted some few years back, when one of its professors was murdered, and his remains burnt, by another member of the University. The motive being that the murderer was indebted to his victim a sum of money which he was unable to pay;—a method of disposing of a creditor still in vogue in Texas, but sadly out of place in a seat of learning. It made a great sensation at the time, as did the execution of the culprit.

Churches and Institutions of every kind abound in Boston.

The Unitarians are the majority, and, I believe, may claim to be the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose landing place in New England is some forty miles from Boston. There is a difference of opinion among Americans as to how this event should be regarded. Some, I suppose, still assert that it was a blessing to the country of their adoption; whilst I have heard of others who declare that of all the calamities that have befallen the human race two were the greatest. One, the Fall of Adam, and the other, the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The intolerant spirit of these pretended champions of religious liberty has happily passed away,

and every man obeys the dictates of his conscience in Massachusetts without fear of the gallows, pillory, or other minor punishments, with which the orthodox Puritan would fain have visited those who differed from his religious views. Even the despised and hated Catholic may now boldly proclaim his faith in a land where once the profession of it was as perilous as in England itself. It is due to the Unitarians to state that perfect toleration is the principle on which they act with regard to all religious belief.

I have been fortunate enough to visit Boston more than once; and though I have had no experience of society there, am inclined to think that it must be a more agreeable place of residence for those out of business than New York.

As far as commerce is concerned Boston seems to have seen its best days; the withdrawal of the Cunard line of steamers from the port being symptomatic of great commercial decay. The great trade with China and the East Indies, once carried on here, has quite declined, and Boston must console herself with the thought of her intellectual superiority, of which most of her citizens seem sensible to a degree which verges on the extravagant.

As I have before stated, during my journey South I encountered most agreeable and friendly companions from Boston, though I also encountered

those in my travels who were what the Americans term "Blowers," and whose conversation was made up with praise of New and abuse of Old England.

Boston in winter is very gay. Theatres and other places abound, and are well-attended.

The public conveyances are better arranged than in New York, and the state of the streets is very superior. Of course the New Yorker will cry out, "Look at the difference in the traffic;" but allowing for this, the palm must still be awarded to Boston.

If a large number of schools be any indication of the educational condition of a people, then ought the Bostonians to be in the highest state of intellectual culture. I must say that in ordinary conversation I did not discover any superiority of expression. In fact, the constant use of the phrases, "I want to know," and "Do tell," did not strike me as elegancies of speech worthy of the "Athens of America," as Boston is called, I believe at the instance of its own citizens.

To return to amusements, the principal theatres are the Boston, Howard Athenæum, and the Continental. The first named of these is very handsome, and the performances are of the best description. Time was when a theatre in Boston was as unknown, and as unlooked for as a pork-shop would have been in Jerusalem; but times are changed, and so are the Bostonians. They have become lovers of theatrical

representations, which their forefathers would have regarded as abomination, and would have driven actors from the city with a taste of the scourge to expedite their retreat; but now theatres are much frequented, and there are Sunday-evening concerts. "Stabat Mater" was given whilst I was there, on Sunday, a performance the Pilgrim Fathers would have regarded with a horror even greater than that which a theatre would have excited in their saintly minds.

The neighbourhood of Boston is very pretty, the harbour of Charles River being very fine. The cemeteries of Boston are decidedly worthy of praise, being beautifully kept and well situated. The churches have no claim to attention; I believe the citizens of Boston regard them with reverence, as monuments of antiquity, a view in which no European would concur, as the reign of Charles II. is not a remote period in our eyes, though it may be fairly so considered by the historian of Massachusetts.

It is said that the Bostonians pride themselves upon being more like the English than any of their neighbours. I did not discover, at a glance, the resemblance; but certainly their city has a greater air of comfort about it than any other in the United States.

One thing struck me as very Scotch, and that was

the observance of Sunday, as far as externals are concerned at any rate.

My route from Boston being to Niagara by way of Saratoga, I left Boston by an afternoon train, and reached a place called Rutland about midnight. Here we received the gratifying intelligence that we should have to wait for our train till about four o'clock.

There was a hotel close at hand, where we could get supper and beds, but having dined just before leaving Boston, I had no inclination for food; and, as for thinking of going to bed for that space of time, it was out of the question; so my companions and myself made the best of the shelter that the waiting-room afforded us.

There was what is called a refreshment bar, at which no alcoholic drinks were to be obtained, as we were still under the dread rule of the Maine Liquor Laws.

The night was very fine, but extremely cold; and because it was not to be obtained, brandy became the one thing on earth most desired. Filthy stuff called tea or coffee, was alone to be had. Let those who are thus forewarned be forearmed with a pocket-pistol, containing the best cognac they can get.

We left Rutland at about half past four o'clock and reached Saratoga by eight o'clock.

SARATOGA.

So distinguished a resort of American rank and fashion as this, deserves an especial notice, though this is another of those places the very name of which is supposed by some Americans to cover every Englishman with shame and humiliation, for in this neighbourhood Sir John Burgoyne was defeated during the war of Independence, an event which, though of great importance at the time, has somehow escaped the British memory, since few Englishmen seemed to know anything about it, and one individual of that nation displayed ignorance that was astounding by saying to me that there had been some severe fighting hereabouts, during the late war; and when I assured him that he was mistaken, he only replied—

"Well, I never could make out anything about their war, and don't care to be informed on the subject."

Saratoga has no beauty of position to recommend it, though it is not an unpleasant place; the streets are lined with trees, which afford a grateful shade to

the dusty walks. The glory of Saratoga has much departed "since the war."

In former days the wealthy inhabitants of the South used to seek here a retreat from the heat, and yellow fever, by which summer is distinguished in their own latitudes; and in those days the toilettes of the ladies, and the equipages were gorgeous in the extreme. The hotel at which I stopped was called the Union, and very like a barrack and a bathing establishment combined.

It is built and arranged for summer residence, the rooms are large and full of windows and doors. I met here with a very savage waiter, he was a darky and very uncivil. I trust that he may have found some employment more suited to his disposition than ministering to the wants of his fellow-creatures; his behaviour made me regret extremely the abolition of slavery and consequent disuse of the cat o' nine tails. I mention him, as he was the base exception in my coloured experience.

I'll not say anything about the living at this hotel, or I shall gain the reputation of being devoted to the pleasures of the table; which I do not deserve, for though I hold that man to be a fool, or worse, who says that he does not know the difference between good and bad food, yet I do not think dinner the one great and all important event of a man's daily life. I feel bound to state that

those who ought to be judges in the matter of good living, assure me that "before the war" the food at the hotels was excellent. I can only conjecture that the contending armies ate all the provisions and slew the cooks; hence the existing state of things which unhesitatingly I pronounce to be detestable.

The company at Saratoga was what is termed "style," by which is meant very over-dressed, jewel-bedizened, loud-talking women, and men displaying every eccentricity that the male wardrobe is capable of being brought to. There was not a crowded attendance at the dinner-table; and one very magnificently attired "gent" made a confidant of my neighbour, and indulged him with many particulars concerning the character and career of a lady sitting close by, which if not edifying, were interesting to a foreigner, as enabling him to judge as to the desirableness of bringing his female relatives to a fashionable place. There was some reason for the "gent's" disclosures, as he was a discarded lover of the lady who, at the moment, was the idol of an individual in a black velvet coat, a shirt that defies description, and jewellery so massive as to make me think it must be a fatigue to carry it about.

The lady was a work of art, powerfully, if not beautifully, painted; even her eyes were picked out with black. Her dress was of the palest blue, very

much vandyked at the bottom, and her feet were encased in very small high-heeled bronze boots of the brightest hue. Her hair was a little overdone, for she had such a lump at the back, that it gave her the effect of going about with a small porter's knot on her head. I believe that subsequently she had the "gent" who persevered in circulating idle tales about her nearly flogged to death; some say she cow-hided him with her own hands; but I do not vouch for the truth of this statement. I saw her at the Lake with her companion playing at bowls, and am inclined to think, by her excessive vivacity, that she had been indulging in fried potatoes, for which the restaurant adjoining the Lake is famous; they are cut marvellously thin, being fried quite dry, and they serve to give a relish to the champagne, which is largely consumed at this place.

The Lake is about six miles from Saratoga, and is reached by a very bad sandy road. The appearance of the place suggests the idea of a nobleman's park run to seed. With proper culture it would be a charming place; it serves at present to amuse the visitors to the springs, as the Lake in question is nine miles long, and affords opportunities for boating and fishing.

The one great thing to be done at Saratoga is to drink the waters of the famous springs, which were highly esteemed by the Aborigines, and have for a

long time been popular with the Americans. The most celebrated of these waters is known by the name of "Congress," and there are others called "Empire," "Columbian," "High Rock," "Excelsior," and by many more high-sounding titles, all excellent for something or other of the ills to which humanity is heir; principally for that national curse "dyspepsia," for the prevalence of which I have endeavoured to give a reason elsewhere.

The hotel is said to be capable of accommodating from 1500 to 2000 "guests," for whose amusement an opera-house, ball-room, and billiard-rooms have been constructed.

There was dancing every evening in the parlours, which some of the guests seemed to appreciate, in spite of a very bad attempt at a quadrille band. I have been told that "before the war," a very fine band used to play during dinner in the evening, an infliction which I was glad to be spared, as I am sure the flower of the band had perished. I thought the surviving harper was bent on imitating the "Minstrel Boy," and tearing his chords asunder, so violently did he dash at the strings.

Two of the finest hotels, the "United States" and "Congress," have been destroyed by fire; but there is no lack of accommodation in the town, both in the way of hotels and boarding-houses.

I was much struck by the very great number of

men whom I saw both here and elsewhere, with hair, whiskers, and moustache dyed; it gave them a fierce appearance, and added to the conviction I entertain most strongly, that in a few more generations numbers of the Americans will have returned to the Indian type.

The use of rouge and white paint, another characteristic of the savage, is very prevalent among the women, as also an inordinate love of beads and feathers.

Some of these fair creatures are artless and primitive, as though born in a wigwam.

I observed one (as she sat waiting for her breakfast) cleaning her nails with a penknife she had borrowed of a friend; whilst a rival beauty, in order to shame her, produced a little box, with a file and pumice stone, and commenced the same operation.

There were some strong-minded females at table. I saw one who had not cleaned her nails, pinch every peach on a plate, and having selected the only two that were eatable, hand the dish to a neighbour. Let me here observe that I consider the American peaches as much over-rated as every thing else is in the country, whether fish, flesh, or fowl. I had heard so much of the peaches, and one informant on the subject said, "I reckon 'twill about astonish you Britishers to see our pigs fed with

peaches." When I became acquainted with the peaches I felt sorry for the pigs.

I must not forget to mention one highly interesting creature, an unprotected girl of about fifty, who was very busy with her nails till her breakfast was served, which she attacked literally "tooth and nail." I was much struck by her mode of eating eggs. She had several boiled, and broke them into a large wine-glass, a practice very general in America, though not unknown this side of the Atlantic. She then proceeded to eat them; but apparently did not like the white, for she spat it into her plate, from which she subsequently ate ham and eggs, and sausages, liver and bacon, fried potatoes, and other delicacies, finishing up with cakes and molasses, all of which she washed down with coffee and several tumblers of milk, into which lumps of ice are put, which render it very agreeable.

The drinking bar at these hotels is a place of rendezvous, where men meet and gossip; an incident occurred at one which serves to illustrate the unpopularity of the Hebrew race, and the refinement of the American. A very lively little Jewish gentleman was staying at one of the fashionable watering-places, and did his utmost to render himself fascinating and agreeable.

Not being endowed by Nature with beauty of person, he endeavoured to repair that defect by a

sumptuous toilet; nothing could be more brilliant than his clothes and jewellery. His locks were redolent with perfume, and as to manners, he was good-nature and affability itself.

He talked to everybody, tried to be obliging, offered to take men out for drives, rode on horse-back, and tried to fix on to cavalcades, either when starting, or en route, but all in vain. He was not popular, and very few people would even answer him civilly.

One day, or rather morning, he found a party at the drinking-bar, and proceeded to try and work in by observing that it was very warm. No one answered him; but there was some observation passed as to his being an unwelcome addition to the party. "If he tries that game again, I'll settle him darned soon," observed a tall, sallow Yankee, who was whittling and spitting over his sixth or seventh "cocktail." The Hebrew gentleman, nothing abashed by his cool reception, returned to the charge, and with a sweet smile, approached the bar again, rubbing his hands, and saying, "Now, what would you gentlemen advise any one to drink this hot morning." "Drink!" said the Yankee, turning full upon him, "*Why, vinegar on a sponge.*" That was a settler; the Hebrew gentleman withdrew to complain to the landlord that he had been insulted; but all the satisfaction he got was—

"Then why the —— do you go bothering where you're not wanted."

Within a short distance of Saratoga is an Indian camp, but as the tribe is almost entirely composed of white men, and some declare they speak with a brogue, a very deep insight into Indian manners and customs cannot be expected to be derived from a visit to their wigwams. During the season there are races at Saratoga, a circumstance that by no means increases the select nature of the visitors, nor the high character of the place. The race course is extensive and well kept.

A visit to Lake George is one of the most popular excursions from Saratoga, it being at a distance of thirty miles.

The neighbourhood of this spot is peculiarly interesting to the admirers of Cooper's novels, as the scene of "The Last of the Mohicans" is laid hereabouts. At a short distance from Lake George there is a gloomy spot, rendered interesting as the scene of a battle between the English and French in 1775. The latter being assisted by the Indians, the slaughter is said to have been terrible, and the Bloody Pond is still pointed out as the receptacle of the slain.

In the neighbourhood of Lake George the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga are still visible. This stronghold was originally built by the French, and is recorded

as being the first place of the kind taken from the English in 1775.

It was not, however, an affair of bloodshed, for according to American authority the garrison was surprised by an intrepid band, who penetrated as far as the bedroom of the commandant, and waked him with a demand for the surrender of the place.

The Commandant replied by asking in whose name he was called on to yield his trust. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the continental congress," was the blasphemous but what is called the spirited reply of the intrepid leader of this fearful attack.

Of course there was no resisting such authority, and the fort was immediately given up.

Leaving Saratoga by the train for Schenectady, we took the "sleeping cars" for Niagara, which were not bad, but overheated. The state of the line was terrible, and it was no small relief to be waked up about half-past six with the pleasing intelligence that we should be at the Falls in half-an-hour.

NIAGARA.

FAMILIAR as the view of these marvellous Falls must be to everyone, nothing can give anything like an adequate idea of their size and beauty. It is said that many are disappointed with them at first sight; a circumstance which can only be accounted for in my opinion in the same way that one understands a stranger on entering St. Peter's at Rome, thinking it small from its very vastness.

It is not for some time that one becomes accustomed to Niagara. At first sight one recognises an old acquaintance, and is inclined to be familiar with it, but by degrees its magnificence asserts its sway over the mind and understanding, and begets a feeling of awe.

I am inclined to think that only one man could have done justice in writing on this vast handiwork of Nature, and that man would have been Shakespeare. I felt actually sorry when I remembered that Thackeray had not visited Niagara. For it seemed a sort of disrespect on the part of a man of his intellect to have omitted to pay homage to so grand a work of the Creator. I don't believe he

would have written about it, but he ought to have seen it.

Leaving my readers to seek for descriptions of this stupendous creature from abler pens than mine, I shall confine myself to a short account of a few days spent in its immediate neighbourhood.

I had the good fortune to have agreeable companions, and especially one, who was indefatigable as a sight-seer and a capital hand at eliciting every sort of information from every sort of person.

We put up at the Clifton House on the Canada side, which commands the best view of both Falls, and for hour after hour did we delight in the contemplation of those mighty waters, the beauty of which is enhanced by every variation of light and shade, new splendours being discernible as the day advanced and declined; a lovely moonlight succeeded to add an additional charm to the scene by enveloping it with an air of mystery, for by the imperfect light the Falls seem to lose their reality and impress one with the idea of being supernatural. Here I am writing about that which I have declared to be beyond the reach of living authors, so I'll at once abandon the poetic and proceed to the prosaic details of my visit.

I shall not be suspected of nationality when I say that I think the Clifton House quite equal to an American hotel, to which it bears a strong resem-

blance. Its situation is excellent, and its patrons—I may use the term in the dominions of Queen Victoria—were very like the "guests" in hotels on the other side of the river.

There are excursions to be made to all sorts of points and places more or less interesting to the traveller. It may be useful to remind my readers that the height of the Falls on the American side is 154 feet, and on the English 150. It is estimated that one hundred million tons of water pour over them every hour. I don't know by what method of calculation this result has been arrived at; but if it be so it justifies to a certain extent the remark of a very intelligent young man from the North of England, who was standing by me looking at the Falls.

"They are marvellous," said I.

"I wish we had them in England," said he.

"They would be out of proportion with the rest of the country; it would be England a part of Niagara," I observed, intending to be facetious.

My companion said, "Ah, but think what we should do with so much water power!" I was silenced before a man of such eminently practical order of mind, for I had never thought of such a profanation as utilizing Niagara.

In the immediate vicinity of these Falls are the scenes of many engagements between the English and Americans in 1814, and the sites of the battle

fields are still visited by the curious in such matters.

I was much amused by a dispute I heard between an old Canadian and a regular Yankee "Blower," who was vaunting the exploits of himself and his comrades in the field during the late war.

"Give me," said the Yankee, "five thousand of our men, and I'll undertake to whip all the 'Rebs' in creation; they were nowheres in the field with us."

"You were never in the field, I should say, and don't know what fair fighting is," said the Canadian, who was an old soldier.

"That's your way of looking at it," said the Yankee, who was perfectly imperturbable, "but I know I was."

"Then it was a field that had plenty of trees in it, for to shoot from behind," said the old man, as he walked off muttering, "a set of shirking, sneaking skunks, shooting from behind walls. I know how they fight." This was the first specimen I had of the inveterate dislike entertained by many Canadians for the Americans.

I must do the representative of that nation the justice to state that he displayed great forbearance and good temper, for his antagonist was very provoking. But he only said "Let the old man

talk, he don't know nothing, it's about time he dried up altogether."

As it was not my intention to go further into Canada on this occasion, I made my way back to New York by way of Rochester, Utica, Syracuse, all flourishing places, to Athens, where the steamer is taken for New York.

Notwithstanding the classic names given to these places there is nothing to excite either curiosity or admiration, beyond the fact of their being flourishing towns.

The country through which one passes is nothing but a series of partially cleared woodland. The appearance of some of the trees that have been burnt without being destroyed is very picturesque, for in the uncertain light of evening they seem to be invested with life and action; looking like wild, weird beings, invoking curses on their destroyers.

What struck me especially on this journey was the unsafe way in which the trains pass through the country, there being nothing to hedge them in, and where the road crosses the line, only a board with the notice, "Railway crossing; look out for the engine," painted on it, which must be an efficient safeguard at night.

The trains run through the streets of many of the towns with no other warning than the ringing of the bell attached to the engine. Passers-by are

occasionally killed; on my remarking to a fellow-passenger on the extreme risk that was incurred by allowing a train to pass even slowly through a crowded street, he replied, "That's so; but they don't often kill any one that's of use; it's generally old women and children, and gracious knows, we've enough of them, 'specially old women."

A PEEP INTO CANADA.

I PAID my first visit to the Old Dominion in the depth of winter, and left New York in a violent snow-storm, at eleven o'clock at night, imagining that I should have a tolerable journey, as I had secured a sleeping car; but if ever there was a purgatorial situation in this world it is a long winter night passed in one of these would-be luxurious carriages.

On entering it you are nearly stifled with heat, and as soon as the train is in motion you become aware that sleeping is out of the question.

The oscillation of the train, the noise it makes, to say nothing of the snores of those around you, keep you partially awake, and then the sense of suffocation is most overpowering; you fight for air with the window, but either you cannot open it, or else having succeeded in doing so, are compelled by the intense cold to shut it immediately. If you are so fortunate as to obtain a section of the carriage to yourself, it is better, because you then occupy the space of the upper and lower berths; but if you are compelled to take what you can get, and there is

only one place to be had, then is your cup of misery filled up indeed. Your opposite and upper neighbour both expectorate on the floor, so that if you drop your handkerchief, you dare not attempt to pick it up. There you are till daylight doth appear, and then you wish to wash your hands and face, but the water is exhausted, and the towels used. You change cars early in the morning, and pursue your journey to Rutland, where you may dine, and of course are driven by hunger's pangs to do so; there is nothing to drink but cold water, with the alternative of drinking it warm, discoloured by some filth called tea. The Maine Liquor Law is in full working here, and as it is the law, one submits; but why does not the enactment extend to tea, or the stuff so called in this country? for as the immortal Tom Hood writes, "If wine is poison, so is tea, but in another shape;" and tea in America is not only deleterious but nasty; nor can I say much better for the coffee.

From Rutland I made my way to Montreal, and but for private resources must have perished for want of drink, like those famed "thirteen cows and a bull in a farmyard" of whom our ancestors used to sing. It was not till ten o'clock at night, amid a heavy fall of snow, that I reached Montreal, and was conveyed to St. Lawrence Hall, my first impressions of which were not favourable.

Canada, it is true, is brighter, clearer, and colder than England; it is also more barren and ugly than any part of the mother country.

The railways are bad—in fact, some of them go as proverbs for all that is undesirable for both shareholders and travellers. Nature is on a grand scale as regards forests and rivers; but it looks very like Nature having designed this part of her domain as a residence for wolves and bears.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL is a well-built city, occupying the site of one of the earliest French settlements in this part of the world, and was originally an Indian village. When in 1760 it came into the possession of the English, its present name was adopted. At that time it was a flourishing fortified town, and still maintains its position as the metropolis of British North America.

The hotels are similarly conducted to those in the United States. The St. Lawrence Hall is considered the best. The necessity of heating the building by means of hot air, and putting up double windows and doors to exclude the intense cold, produces a sensation of oppression on entering the house which is very disagreeable.

I reached Montreal in a violent snow-storm, which made my transit from the railway to the hotel in an open carriage far from agreeable. The view, on the following morning, of the city enveloped in a robe of purest snow, illuminated by a brilliant sun, canopied by lapis lazuli of brightest hue, was cheering in the extreme, and I set out with

alacrity to explore the beauties of its neighbourhood in a sleigh well supplied with wraps of fur.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than the effect of such a drive. The snow being frozen hard is like marble, and as slippery as glass, so that the speed at which one travels over it in a vehicle without wheels is exciting, and the marvel is that so few accidents occur.

The great lion of Montreal is the Victoria Bridge, which spans the mighty St. Lawrence. It is not by any means a beautiful object, but deserves to be ranked among the wonders of the world.

The banks of the river are not picturesque, but the view of the whole place from Mount Royal is decidedly fine, a drive round the said Mount being a favourite excursion, but one that exposes visitors to intense cold, and especial care should be paid to the ears, which are liable to be caught by the frost, and the result is by no means agreeable.

The timber trade is extensively carried on here as elsewhere in the British possessions; the noble quays and extensive wharves of Montreal testify alike to its aptitude for business purposes and the flourishing state of trade.

The timber is floated in large quantities into the St. Lawrence from the Ottawa, a stream that flows for nearly a thousand miles through a wild country,

furnishing little else than the product of primeval forests.

The public buildings of Montreal, though they cannot be called beautiful, are decidedly striking. The Cathedral, capable of containing 10,000 people, has nothing but its size to commend it, being full of pews and having double galleries—in fact it looks far more like a Protestant than a Catholic church.

The Jesuits have a fine educational establishment to which a very large church is attached, and there are a number of churches and chapels in the city belonging to the Catholics, among which St. Patrick's deserves especial notice.

Among the many charitable institutions with which this city abounds, that of the Grey Nuns, for the care of children and lunatics, is especially interesting.

The Hôtel Dieu, an admirable hospital, was founded by the French in 1644, as was also the establishment of Black Nuns, who devote themselves to the education of girls.

Montreal abounds in charitable institutions, for here the sick and the foundling are not entrusted to the care of those who, with the best intentions, are not especially fitted and devoted to the work; but are the objects of the unceasing solicitude of those who tend them from the highest sense of duty, without care or hope as to earthly reward.

It is indeed pleasing not only to witness the

devotion of these holy women, but also to hear the praise that is so liberally and generously awarded them, even by those who do not worship with them.

Nothing can exceed the good feeling that exists in Canada between Catholics and Protestants; it seems as though each party acted on the belief in his neighbour's good faith, and that the differences which so widely separate them in their pursuit of Heaven, were matters for the Great Judge to decide, who, as He alone can read the heart, will accept every service that is in sincerity offered from that only source whence human acts can command Divine approbation.

It is cheering to me to see that this opinion of the relative positions of Catholics and Protestants in Canada, which I gathered during my very brief sojourn in the province, has been confirmed by a letter recently published in the *Times*, from a namesake, though, as far as I know, no relation of mine, many years a resident in the country.

This gentleman, Mr. John Rose, writing as a Protestant, bears testimony to the good feeling existing between the two great religious bodies in Canada.

There can be no doubt that the British Government has acted with strict justice towards Catholics in this country, and in no part of Her Majesty's

dominions will more loyalty be found than among her Catholic subjects of Canada.

There are in Montreal some fine-looking Protestant churches belonging to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians; also numerous educational establishments in the city, and societies for the advancement of religion, science, and industry.

As to society, I can say no more than that it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several of my countrymen, to whom I was indebted for much courtesy and attention. The leading journals of the city were highly complimentary in their remarks on my visit, and in spite of the severity of the weather (twenty degrees below zero being the depth to which the mercury descended), I had every reason to be pleased with my visit to the Old Dominion.

I should say that officers quartered here may find it slow, and when they rush down to New York for a holiday are apt to speak in high terms of the Empire City, though I much doubt if they would be gratified should a foreigner, returning from London, give the same reasons for admiring it that I have heard young Englishmen state to be the secret of their being so highly delighted with a sojourn in New York.

Much of the city of Montreal is said to belong to the religious bodies, who are good and considerate

landlords—not, I trust, for the reason that I heard an American assign for their moderation, which was, that "if them old flat-heads give any trouble, they'll pretty darned soon get cleared out." On my remarking that there would be no more justice in seizing the property of a corporation than that of an individual, and mentioning the corporation of Trinity Church, New York, as being similarly circumstanced with the Catholic bodies in Montreal: "They're ours anyhow," said he; "and we shall do with them just as we darned please, Church or no Church."

As I had not the slightest doubt on that subject, I said no more, for my friend was getting excited. His views, however, on religious toleration were broad. He told me he had built a Catholic church and schools on his property, and added, as though apologising for such an act of weakness, "I couldn't help it, for I employ a lot of Irish; now I don't care one single ——, myself, for any religion on airth, but it suits them critters, and they gets on better with it," which I accepted as valuable testimony, in addition to that which I had heard expressed on all sides, that an Irishman in America without his religion is not respected.

I have been told that in many of the large hotels, where the number of Irish girls employed is very great, that those alone are to be trusted who adhere to their religion.

Some of the new buildings devoted to commerce in Montreal are very handsome; the streets are wide, well-paved, and well-lighted. The shops abound with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, the former being attainable at moderate cost—in fact everything is very much cheaper here than in the United States. The result of this state of things is that smuggling is carried on to so considerable an extent as to cause the government of the United States to exercise a vigilance over all who come from Canada which amounts to oppression, and is said to be attained by means which are not dignified, however necessary or justifiable they may be.

I remember reading in a work on America, written some thirty years ago, a high eulogium on the behaviour of Custom House officers towards strangers arriving in the United States. I wish the said writer may have occasion to pass from Canada to the States, and in his next work he will, at any rate, modify the praise bestowed on these officials, who now positively persecute you with their right of search. I will give an instance, at the proper place, by telling what I experienced myself, and also relate what happened to that blessing to all authors, "a friend of mine."

I had fondly hoped that I should find everything, railways included, better in Canada than in the

United States. I had heard in England great talk of the "Grand Trunk" line, had seen the pretentious advertisements put forth by that Company, and was prepared to meet with a railway in first-rate working order. I am no engineer, so cannot presume to find fault with any department, but I am a traveller with a body remarkably sensitive to bumps and thumps, and have also nerves, and I must say my journey on the "Grand Trunk" was a trial to me in every respect. Nor was I cheered by the remarks of a fellow-traveller, a young American, who stood at the door at the extreme end of the car, which was the last of the train, looking along the line so intently that I was induced to join in the inspection, and ask him whether he enjoyed this sort of travelling. He replied, "I do not, and that's a fact, because I know what's going to happen." I inquired, somewhat anxiously, as to his prognosis. He said, "I'm in this line of business, and can tell you that these rails are worn out, and that's why this car oscillates so violently; and what I expect every moment is that one of these plates will get dislodged, and upset the whole darned lot —that's what I expect;" and, with this cheering prophecy, he resumed his quid and lapsed into silence, apparently awaiting his doom with gloomy satisfaction.

Later on, I discovered that he had heard a great

deal of English railroads, and was chuckling over this specimen of our superior engineering. I believe a great portion of the line was under repair, and I can safely say the part over which I travelled decidedly needed it.

OTTAWA.

A TEDIOUS journey over a bad railroad, through an uninteresting country, brings you to the newly-founded intended capital of British North America.

Leaving Montreal at 9.30—at least within twenty minutes of that time, for the railway is not exact as to its departure or arrival—you reach Ottawa about six o'clock in the evening. I made the journey early in December. The snow was on the ground, and it was freezing violently, with the thermometer about ten degrees below zero.

The railway car was intensely cold, for the stove had only just been lighted. The passengers were few, and by no means sociable. The only person who enlivened the journey was an enterprising merchant who dealt in newspapers and other periodicals, chestnuts, apples, and candies, which he did not offer for sale all at once, but, like a wily trader, tendered the various articles in turn.

Entering the car at intervals of about half-an-hour he first offered the daily papers for sale. Next he came in with periodicals, with a copy of which he presented each passenger, leaving them to look

through their contents whilst he proceeded to the end of the car; as he returned he gathered up his property, very few copies having been sold. In a short time he came through with a basket of apples. Then, after another interval, he appeared with nuts, and lastly with a box of candies. Having exhausted his repertoire he began over again with the papers and went through the same course, banging the door violently each time he entered or left the car. He kept this up all the way to Prescott, where we arrived about three o'clock P.M., having stopped for a short time at Cornwall, where we partook of some lunch, which was as nasty as food generally is in this part of the world.

From Prescott we made our way to Ottawa, a journey something under three hours. As it was intensely cold, there was an open sleigh waiting to convey one to the hotel, the Russell, which is said to be one of the best in Canada; if it be so, I'm sorry for Canada.

Dinner was served at 6.15, and had it never have been served at all no one would have regretted it, for never did mortal man have a worse.

As I have spoken elsewhere of American hotels as not being what I consider first-rate, I may as well state on this occasion that I do not consider allegiance to Queen Victoria has had the effect of improving them, for in Canada they are so like

similar establishments in the United States, that there is no perceptible difference.

I must allow that the wine and liquor are generally very superior in the Old Dominion.

The office of the hotel at Ottawa is the chief place of resort for the guests, where they lounge and spit about as they discuss their baccy and politics, both being highly popular, especially during the session of Parliament.

My visit to this favoured spot was at that period. The hotel was crowded with members, who forsake home, business, pleasure, comfort and all, to serve their country at the low charge of six dollars, or one pound four per diem and their travelling expenses.

Why Ottawa should have been selected as the seat of the great Canadian legislature one can't imagine, except under the hypothesis that every other place wished to get rid of the nuisance. It is simple banishment, for Canada at best is the Siberia of Great Britain. One doesn't know what can induce a man to accept the post of Governor-General, unless he should be a misanthrope, or have hosts of relations at home whom he is anxious to make distant.

"But wait till you see the Parliament buildings, and then you'll be delighted," said my friends, so I went, and found that they are the place of rendezvous for all the élite of Ottawa.

There is no quarrelling with a man as to his notions of amusement, but any one who could derive pleasure from listening to a debate in the Canadian Parliament is an object for one's deepest commiseration, though we may say of such people, as one does of other idiots, that perhaps they are the happiest of the human race.

The making Ottawa the capital strikes one as either the result of gross jobbery or stupidity on the part of those who suggested it as the seat of government. Her Majesty is said to have selected it, I believe because some one told her that its situation would make it most eligible as a capital for the Canada of future generations, by which I imagine its advocates must have meant the time when Canada shall have been all built over. Just as good a reason as might be alleged for converting Stonehenge into a parish church against the time that Salisbury Plain is covered with houses.

As to the name, it must surely be a corruption for "Hoot awa," or out of the way, and I should think the whole place must have been some waste lands which had come into the possession of some canny son of Caledonia. This is purely conjecture, and of course I am speaking as an utter outsider, but of all the inconvenient spots for a seat of legislature, Ottawa seems to be entitled to take first rank.

Those devoted men who abandon everything else to serve in Parliament, richly deserve what, as I have said, they get,—a consideration beyond the thanks of their fellow-subjects.

Till I heard there was something more than honour to be gained by a seat in the Canadian Parliament, I was under the impression that I had met with pure patriotism at last, and attributed all the sneers that I heard about the members to sheer envy and malice.

Whatever be a man's motive in entering so august an assembly as the Canadian Parliament, he has to pay pretty severely for the honour, by being obliged to reside for several months at Ottawa.

The building in which the Parliament assembles is decidedly fine, but when first seen excites the same feeling as that said to have existed in the mind of the unreflecting man, who on seeing the fly in amber, exclaimed "I wonder how you got there."

When first I saw the exterior of the Parliament buildings they were brilliantly illuminated within, the bright moonlight fell upon them, and as they stood as it were quite alone, with the country round many feet deep in the most dazzling snow, the effect was as though one had come suddenly on the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

The silence was most profound, and the whole

aspect of the place like one's idea of fairy land. The illusion was, however, quickly dispelled when I entered the House, although it was by no means wanting in sleeping beauties.

The galleries were crowded by all the rank, fashion, youth and beauty of the city, and it struck me, from the total disregard with which the speaker was treated, that the said gallery was a rendezvous for the good people of Ottawa, where they beguiled the tedium of existence with a little friendly gossip, and not very mild flirtation.

I was surprised that the speaker did not command more attention, for he was giving his hearers a treat in the shape of a very intricate statistical account of the respective merits of railroad or canal as a mode of conveying timber.

The debates in general are calculated to interest the hearers, for they are carried on in French, English, Scotch and Irish by turns. The burning eloquence of John Smith, Sandy McTurk, Denis Bulgruddery, and Alphonse Silvain may be heard in their native tongues; but a very little of this sort of thing goes a long way, and I soon came to the conclusion that the exterior of the Parliament Houses was the more attractive portion of the exhibition, a closer inspection of which I reserved for daylight.

The buildings are fine, though some may say

they want solidity of style. They certainly are well adapted for their purpose.

The chamber of the Senate especially is a handsome well-appointed room. All the apartments are commodious, and the corridors are adorned with portraits of the Canadian Speakers for the last century or so. Poor men! they have much no doubt to answer for, but their crimes are savagely avenged by those who placed their effigies on the walls, as objects for the scorn and contempt of after ages.

Nothing could be more polite than the conduct of the officials; one in particular exceeded himself in his desire to point out to me the beauties, both internal and external, of the Parliament buildings, the view from the back of which, commanding a fine sight of the Chaudière Falls, is worth seeing.

Yet after all, do not go to Ottawa, under payment of six dollars a day and your mileage, or you'll decidedly feel sold. Though the Parliament House is a fine building, it would be better to turn it into a college or a seminary, or something of that sort, for which it is admirably adapted; as there seems to be a very strong impression that Ottawa is a mistake, and that at no distant period the Canadian Parliament will find itself replaced in Montreal. These are of course only the remarks of a stranger, who can have no feeling in the matter beyond

surprise at the singularly infelicitous selection of such a spot for such a purpose.

Ottawa is little more than a timber yard on a large scale; the river on which it stands, known by the same name, flows into the St. Lawrence close to Montreal, affording great facility for the transport of the staple commodity of its trade.

The Governor-General, who resides here, is said to like privacy and retirement, and is therefore the right man in the right place—at any rate so far.

There are those in Canada who would wish to have more vice-regal display than they are indulged with, and certainly very little of the reflected splendour of the majesty of Great Britain seems to have reached our Canadian dependencies.

There is in Canada, generally speaking, a very strong feeling for the mother country and her institutions, with a consequent antipathy to those of the United States. It is sometimes said that desire for annexation to that country is the feeling of the majority; but late events have gone far to remove such an impression. Nothing could have been more unanimous than the repulse which the Fenians received at the time of their insane attempt on Canada, and much discontent is still expressed at the interference of the Government at home to spare the lives of those taken prisoners on that occasion. The cowardly and atrocious assassination

of D'Arcy M'Gee has caused Fenianism of late to hide its diminished head.

The question of naturalization is one of deep interest to the Canadians, and the measure before Congress is one of great importance to both the colony and to Great Britain.

One cannot see why a man should not have the power to adopt any nationality he may please; but he must not be so silly as to think that his adopted citizenship is to protect him, should he offend against the laws of the country from which he has estranged himself. It is childish, if not worse, to hear men talk of "American citizens in British dungeons," as though they had been incarcerated when guilty of no other offence against British law than having become naturalized American citizens. Nothing can be stronger proof of the temper which actuated those who lately introduced into Congress the bill for protecting the rights of naturalized citizens, than the fact of a clause in it which actually proposed to give the President of the United States the power of reprisals, by seizing a subject of any country the government of which should arrest a naturalized American citizen.

The clause, which would have been worthy of Mexico, was of course struck out; but it is a proof of the temper in which the advocates for naturalization would deal with the subject; and reminds me

of the threat I heard expressed last winter, that if the men convicted of shooting the policeman at Manchester were hanged, the Cunard steamers lying in the port of New York should be set fire to! It was useless to point out, in answer to this threat, that the vessels were insured in America. No, it would be a blow at England, that was the one idea, and very worthy of those from whom it emanated, both as a specimen of logical accuracy and sound policy, to say nothing of higher considerations.

Within a very short distance of Ottawa are the Rideau Falls, which afford a charming prospect to the admirer of wild scenery; the river near this point receives its great tributary, the Gatineau, the source of which is in the unexplored northern part of Canada.

REMARKS ON CANADA.

If a journey to Ottawa be bad, the journey from it is worse, and could only be supported by the strong sense of relief experienced at getting away from such a wretched place. I left it at eleven o'clock at night, the train having been advertised to start at 10·30, and was dragged slowly along by an over-taxed feeble engine to Prescott, a distance of fifty-four miles, in three hours. Here we had to wait for the train to Montreal, four hours; and found a very clean, comfortable little hotel at the junction, where beds were ready, and one could lie down for a short repose.

The train was an hour late, of course; but this was no advantage in the way of rest, for it is next to impossible to sleep under such circumstances. A cold, dreary dawn, found us again on the platform, waiting for our train, which arrived from Toronto or somewhere at 7·15, and on we went to Cornwall, where a very terrible repast would have been served to me, had I not firmly refused to partake of it.

My fellow-passengers were Canadians, judging from the language they spoke, which was unin-

telligible French. They were for the most part cheerful, light-hearted wags, who beguiled the time with practical jokes, which elicited loud laughter, and were much appreciated by those who were attempting to sleep.

There is a general spirit of rivalry existing between the Canadians and Americans; it is only just that the palm should be given where it is due, and there is one particular in which the Canadian has the mastery, and that is in the art of spitting. No doubt the French element has something to do with this superiority; be that as it may, the fact remains, Canada carries the day, both as to extent and style of this accomplishment.

Canada is not a cosy country to travel in; but let me advise all who visit it to avoid Ottawa.

I was indeed glad to find myself once more in Montreal, which is by far the most agreeable place I have visited on the other side of the Atlantic. The military element makes the society agreeable, and the officers amuse themselves at the skating rink, or in sleighing, in both which pastimes they are honoured with the charge of some fair one, who is styled "a muffin," a term by which the young lady is designated, to whom any gentleman may be paying attentions during the season. It may be a serious, or merely an agreeable mode of passing away the time.

The balls during the winter are brilliant, and for those whose tastes do not lie in the direction of devotion to the sex, there is the never failing amusement of the billiard-room. Card-playing is also said to be much in vogue.

The theatre is only open for a short season during the summer; and is occasionally occupied by amateurs during the winter.

I believe as a rule artists do not care to visit Canada, the support afforded them being quite inadequate.

There is at times a good deal of political excitement, both foreign and domestic, in Canada; and one topic, which did not seem by any means as generally discussed as I had been led to expect to find it, was annexation to the United States.

I heard this matter talked about more than once, and, when my opinion was asked on the subject, I merely replied that, in my opinion, if the Canadians should at any time prefer trusting themselves to the Stars and Stripes rather than to the Union Jack, the British Lion would allow them to secede not only without a growl, but with a paternal blessing.

Common sense would dictate such a course; for a colony occupies the same position towards the mother country that a son-in-law does with the father of his wife: both are burdens, generally speaking, and very often make themselves very disagree-

able, and are only tolerated from other feelings than those of personal regard.

Every Englishman would do his utmost to protect Canada from insult or injury, as long as she remains dependent on us; but, if she should wish to sever the connection, then will she be free to do as she pleases, without let or hindrance from us.

I will not be unjust to the present generation of Canadians by even supposing they would renounce their allegiance to Great Britain, if annexation to the United States should suit their purpose better; but it is highly probable that, should the conditions hereafter offered by the Americans be very advantageous to the Canadians—should she become the important country that some men imagine she is to be, then, I dare say, Canada will follow the example of our other North American colonies, who were loyal enough as long as the power of Great Britain could protect them from the French and their allies the Indians. Whilst the French held Canada, the brave men of New England were ever ready to accept the protection and assistance of British troops; but when Canada was taken by the English, then the burden of taxation was felt to be unendurable by those who had been willing to have the help of the mother country, but had no intention of bearing any of the expenses of keeping up an army and navy.

These remarks are merely made as illustrative of the selfishness displayed so universally by both nations and individuals.

Long may Canada flourish under our rule, and equally long may the United States enjoy their independence; devoting their energies to the improvement of their own condition, and leaving their neighbours to settle their own affairs in their own way.

Let us not hear them vapouring about not allowing monarchical form of government to exist on the American continent; for, were the Canadians to wish for a king to-morrow, they would not consult the United States' wishes on the point, but look to their natural protectors for advice and assistance in the matter.

THE STATES AGAIN.

I HAD half made up my mind to make a tour through Canada, but the rigour of the winter caused me to abandon the project, and retrace my steps to New York, where I was to spend Christmas and the early part of the year.

Leaving Montreal by an afternoon train, I was led to believe I should make a pleasant and short run to Boston.

At the Montreal railway-station, I applied to the authorities to have my baggage examined by the United States custom-house officer, stationed there for the purpose. I opened my valise and travelling bag, on which this official bestowed some little attention, and then expressed himself satisfied as to their contents not being contraband. I entered the railway-carriage, in which I found a crowd of noisy, half-drunken blackguards, returning to New York, who were using foul language, incessantly handing about bottles of ardent spirits, and rendering themselves generally objectionable.

It must have been about seven o'clock in the evening, when the American custom-house officer

entered the car, and addressed himself to several people ; at last, he came to me, and said,—

" I didn't half look at your things at the station, so you just step into the luggage-car with me, and I'll give another look at them."

All the cars communicate, being joined by coupling irons ; but it is by no means pleasant to step from one car to the other in the dark, and when the weather is very cold, and the way decidedly very slippery.

I was resolved, however, not to buy the fellow off, so accompanied him to the luggage-car, which was at the extreme end of the train ; and there, in a van not heated in any way, I had to wait till my turn came to have my valise opened, and for the second time pronounced all right, as far as custom-house law went.

The officer was cute, but one of the passengers was cuter ; for, when we stopped for a mockery of a meal called supper, he said to me,—

" He don't amount to a row of pins, that fellow. Why, I've got all my things smuggled through under his nose. I reckon he thought I'd pay him, but he's done, anyhow."

To show how rigorously the custom-house law is enforced on the frontier, I will cite the case of an Englishman who went into Canada for a few days, and, when there, he fell in with several old friends,

who induced him to remain for a ball about to take place.

Having no dress clothes with him, he had recourse to a local tailor, who supplied him with the needful costume. The day after the ball, he left Montreal for the United States, and was on the journey attacked by an itinerant Custom-house officer, who inquired if he had anything liable to duty with him. On his answering in the negative, the officer pulled out a note-book, to which he referred, and then enumerated the number of articles of clothing that the traveller had purchased in Montreal, on which he exacted the full amount of duty.

It is said that these men employ spies at the shops and hotels, who give information as to what is purchased by strangers.

I was very much indebted, in the course of this journey, to a gentleman who kindly gave me a hint that there had been an accident on the line—some such trifle as a bridge having fallen in—which would involve the necessity of a walk of about three quarters of a mile through the snow, in the middle of the night, and also render the abandonment of our sleeping-cars necessary, at one o'clock in the morning.

Having got a hint, I elicited more from the reluctant officials, whose reticence, at all times remarkable, was, on this occasion, positively alarming.

I had, however, got my cue from my obliging fellow-passenger, and changed my route to another line of rail, and got safely to Boston, in a tremendous snow-storm, which rendered travelling not only disagreeable, but both tedious and dangerous; several trains having been snowed-up between New York and Boston.

I must here not omit to mention that the secretary of the railway on which the breakdown had occurred, in the handsomest way returned me a portion of my fare; an act of justice for which I was not prepared, by my experience of railways in my own country.

My journey from Montreal was made more agreeable by pleasant companions; though, during a part of it, the squabbles of a Canadian with a Yankee were a real diversion. The latter insisted that Canada's sole wish was to be annexed to the United States; a view which the former repudiated with much earnestness.

"Annexed to you?" he exclaimed. "What, with all that load of debt at your back, which we should have to share!"

"That debt," replied the Yankee, "is a difficulty, that's a fact; but it has to be got over somehow."

"Yes," said the Canadian, "I know—by repudiation; that's the only way. It's your old game, and one you've played successfully; but you'll do it once too often."

"We're a great people," said the Yankee, "and we shall stand by our engagements."

"You've not done so hitherto, in either private or public enterprise, as far as my experience goes," replied the Canadian; "and I've been engaged on railways and other works for five-and-twenty years."

He spoke confidently, and the Yankee closed the discussion by saying, "I want to know what is any man to do, when all his money's gone, but to bust, and that's what you'll do some day in that used-up Old Country of yours, that you are always blowing about—where, thank God, I was not born—as is about effete, and that's a fact." So saying he got up and walked into an adjoining car, which, I must say, I did not regret, for he carried the national salivatory weakness to such an extent as to render walking on the floor of the carriage a difficult and somewhat perilous proceeding.

I had the good fortune to be snowed up for a few days in Boston, for though one line was open to New York the journey was very slow, and as I met with friends at the Fremont, I was only too glad to be in such quarters till the snow had been more completely cleared from the line.

Boston in winter is gay, and its inhabitants are said to be sociable. The chief attraction in the way of public amusement during my stay was Italian

Opera, which attracted large audiences. Sunday evening concerts were also well attended; they were called sacred, but I do not think that the profane element was by any means excluded from the programme.

The railway communication between Boston and New York is very good, though the pace is not exciting, and the point at which New York is entered is by no means calculated to give a lofty impression of the Empire City; added to which, at a short distance from the terminus, the locomotive is detached, and horses draw their great lumbering cars on tramways through the street to their place of destination, reminding one of the entrance of a wild beast show into a provincial town.

If, on arriving in New York, you are wise you will check your baggage to your hotel or domicile, and will then be freed from the extortion of the carriages, or that terrible old vehicle that is in waiting to convey passengers to the different hotels.

When I returned to New York after my trip into Canada, I found the streets many feet deep in snow, in which condition they were allowed to remain from December till March. In fact, there were no means of clearing it away, as the contractor, finding he had made a bad bargain, coolly repudiated the agreement into which he had entered for keeping the streets clean.

No doubt he has friends among the municipality, and will get the contract next year.

The great national holidays observed in America during the winter are Thanksgiving Day and Washington's birthday. There is a sort of military demonstration on what they call Evacuation Day, or the anniversary of the abandonment of New York by the English. On this last occasion I was able to see some of the volunteer bands, who turn out very well, though some of the officers, who were mounted, had anything but a highly military bearing. Nor did a fancy-looking opera cloak which they wore, with a hood and tassel attached, give an imposing air to the wearer.

I did not see many other military demonstrations, if I except the honours paid to one of their generals named Sheridan, who was familiarly termed "little Phil." He had a mild sort of ovation given him in the form of a muster of veterans and a levee at one of the clubs.

I really do not know what he had done, but, as usual, it was something that pleased one party and disgusted the other. A number of ladies honoured him with a visit, and he made speeches about traitors and treason which sounded strangely to my ears, as he was standing at a window with a statue of Washington staring him full in the face.

Thanksgiving Day is observed as a sort of reli-

gious anniversary by all but the Catholics; but the great feature of the day is the family dinner which takes place, at which turkey and cranberry sauce is the standing dish.

New Year's Day is a general holiday, and the custom, so general on the continent of Europe, of paying visits is rigidly adhered to.

The lady of the house is "at home," attired in her best, her reception rooms lighted up, and a *déjeûner* laid out, of which all comers are bidden to partake.

The gentlemen of the family go out to pay the visits, and a formidable business it becomes, especially on such a day as was the 1st January, 1868. A rapid thaw had set in, it rained in torrents, and the streets were like rivers full of mud and half-melted snow.

Having but few acquaintances, I cannot speak from personal experience of the general observance of the day, but can only state that at the few houses where I paid visits, I was overwhelmed with hospitable kindness.

The visitors are of all kinds and classes, no one is excluded, and, in some cases, the forbearance of the lady of the house is severely taxed, whilst her carpets and furniture are placed in jeopardy from the muddy boots, wet umbrellas, and national weaknesses of her visitors.

During the winter there is a great deal of social intercourse in New York. I am induced to think so from the statements which appeared in the fashionable organ of the city; I am sorry to say I forget its name. But I remember reading an account of a dinner given by the Misses "Snooks," in honour of the return of their lovely and accomplished sister, Miss Amelia "Snooks," from Europe; "the matchless repast being served on an entirely new porcelain dinner service, and the guests being attired in all the rich luxuriousness of the present fashion; the lovely heroine of the evening wore a dress of the last Parisian style, with ornaments to match; and the whole affair was one that has been seldom equalled and never surpassed even in this city, which will yield the palm to none for refinement and luxury." On reading such a paragraph about a private entertainment given by two ladies, on an occasion of a purely family nature, one is at a loss to imagine what would be the language employed if the writer had to record the doings of a London season, or give an account of a winter in Vienna, Paris, or St. Petersburg.

No doubt, in time, America will have her "princes," "dukes," and other nobility, and never, till then will the world have seen the extent to which title-worship can be carried.

At present, the way in which they parade the

petty distinctions existing among them is amusing, and affords an indication of the love for them which is so universally felt.

If one is to judge of a people by its literature, by the tone of the public press, and the speeches of its public men, no educated person, who has paid attention to these particulars, can feel otherwise than that Americans have much to learn. Those who visit the United States with a strong bias in favour of republican institutions, and on their arrival and during their sojourn in the country are *fêted* and made much of, will be doubtless delighted with all that they see and hear, just in the same manner that the trustees of a charity school, on a stated day, paying a visit to their trust, find the children in apple-pie order, and after having been treated with all due honour and attention by the master and the matron, and regaled at the expense of the funds, return home and give a flourishing account of the state of the school.

In like manner, members of religious bodies visiting America are sure to be received with open arms by their co-religionists. A round of religious services, public breakfasts, Sunday-school demonstrations, and the like, are no doubt very gratifying to a man like Sir Morton Peto, who takes so deep an interest in the Baptist community; but his experiences of that body can give him but a faint notion of the state

of religious feeling in the bulk of the American people.

To hear the wild denunciations uttered against England at the Cooper Institute, one of the largest in New York, in the presence of a large assembly, with the mayor of the city in the chair, you would think that some great wrong had been done to the United States by Great Britain, and are not a little surprised to learn that the meeting has been convened by a low ruffian, who has lately been liberated from an English prison by the clemency of our government after violating our laws; and the presence of the Mayor is to be accounted for only on the score of his being desirous to propitiate the mob, on whose votes he depends for his election. The detestable system of popular election for all offices is subversive of the very first principles of justice and order.

There is another point of national character which is remarkable, viz., the boldness with which the American papers make statements with respect to matters in England, which at once proclaim their ignorance of our institutions and customs: such as calling Mr. Bright the Honourable John Bright, and speaking of Mr. Disraeli as about to resign the Great Seal; designating an estimable Dissenting minister, who was preaching in New York, as a leading English divine; and observing that the Alabama claims were now likely to be settled, as a celebrated

Doctor of Divinity had declared in favour of their adjustment.

The said D.D. was not a degree of the Universities, and the holder thereof, though a man of no doubt great importance among his own congregation, would be one but little known beyond its pale, and certainly without influence in the councils of the nation.

There is one matter which deeply interests literary men in England, and that is a law on the subject of international copyright, which will secure to authors compensation for the publication of their works in the respective countries.

He must be indeed a simple-minded Britisher who expects any such act of justice from so 'cute a people as the Americans. "Why should we be such flatheads as to pay for what we can get for nothing?" they would wisely argue.

There may be a law respecting international copyright some day, but the passing of it is a long way off; as, in my opinion, it will never be enacted till England has to go to America for her literature, and then the Transatlantic authors will get the publishers to use their influence with Congress to make the Britishers pay. And, as I have already said, this is looking to a state of things a very long way ahead.

American publishers, in some cases, complain that

when they have paid English authors large sums for the advanced sheets of their works, that the said authors will persist in stating that they have not been paid for copyright, which certainly sounds very like an evasion.

I have heard of publishers who have offered very handsomely to take the advanced sheets of a work, and promise the author *half the amount of any profit* that might accrue therefrom.

To expect money from such a source is very like hoping to get butter out of a dog's throat. No, we must be content with the admiration of our patrons across the Atlantic; for we shall never get anything more substantial out of them. And, without levity, I express my sentiment as to remuneration of authors from America thus—I wish they may get it.

It is an aggravation of no light order to think that American publishers not only steal standard English works, but have the audacity to alter the spelling; in fact, though they condescend to appropriate an English author's property, yet they in no wise acknowledge in his case, or any other, superiority on our side: in fact, they consider themselves the standard in writing and speaking. I have been told, with an air of commiserating patronage, that I had "a very English accent;" by which was meant, I apprehend, that I did not whine or speak

through my nose—two great charms of American oratory, I conclude, for I have heard more than one public speaker who had these gifts to a considerable extent.

It is as orators especially that Americans imagine they excel; and pride themselves on giving Shakespeare with a force and fire that takes the shine pretty considerably out of the Britisher. I have seen a statement in one of their papers to the effect that there was not a theatre on Broadway that could not produce at least six actors who would read better than the finest accredited English reader.

Of the licence of the press I have spoken elsewhere; and it only remains for me to remark that, in this respect, as far as private individuals are concerned, the tone of the most scurrilous of the papers has been much moderated of late, and individuals are safe, unless any political circumstance should render an attack on private character desirable.

No sooner is a man candidate for any public appointment, from President downwards, than his political opponents attack him furiously; and woe be to him if they can rake up any long-forgotten transaction in which he has not cut a good figure. I am a little surprised that during the period of the Presidential election that the candidates should be taunted with the charge of drunkenness, as I should

have thought it would have been regarded by the majority of the people as rather a virtue than a vice.

That a respectable journal should coolly write about repudiation of the public debt must astonish any right-thinking man, and forces on one the conviction that there is a party in America with which honesty is the best policy only as long as it is the most convenient, and that, some day, all who hold U.S. securities will find themselves in a similar position to that of the Spanish bond-holders, or the fortunate possessors of stock issued by some of the South American Liberal Governments.

Nor are examples of this style of transaction wanting within the United States. But one had hoped that such things were not likely to recur; nothing, however, is safe or sacred in the eyes of a rash, unreflecting mob; and one has every evil to dread for a country constituted as America is, both politically and socially. English, Scotch, Irish, French, Italians, and Germans are found among the great constituencies of the United States—few, if any, of the representatives of these nationalities being from the class best fitted for legislators.

Leaving my fellow-country-people, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, I may here observe that the French element in the Southern States alone has contributed to the advancement of religion.

The Germans are notoriously irreligious, except the few. Many have left that Fatherland, of which they are so fond, to avoid taxation and conscription. The Italian, too, has deserted his United Country for the same reasons.

The Germans thrive wherever they go by their industry and economy. The Italians do not, as a rule, achieve greatness in any high calling, having, in a great measure, merely supplanted the Negroes in the capacity of barbers.

This must afford great scope for reflection in the minds of those who indulge in speculations as to the future of the United States.

The deepest thinker, either native or foreign, would indeed waste his time were he to attempt to point out any possible rocks ahead to a people so utterly sunk in self-conceit, and given up to rashness. All they wish to hear is approbation and admiration—gratifying to us all, but by no means salutary to either nations or individuals.

Had the late war produced one man of genius he might have made himself Military Dictator; and though the very mention of such a thing irritates even sober-minded citizens, yet I am inclined to think that they do not reflect on what they could have opposed to a successful general at the head of a powerful army.

It is very easy to talk of the spirit of the whole

people being averse to such a state of things, but very few of the wealthy merchants of New York, however Republican, would feel inclined to risk a collision between the troops and the populace, which would lead to nothing but anarchy or military despotism.

It sounds well to speak of sacrificing everything for one's country, but when the talk takes the practical form of necessitating the loss of all one's worldly possessions, including life itself, then it is high time to look out for some form of government that will afford efficient protection to both.

The increasing wealth of the country has led to the institution of a police, and an increasing standing army is to be looked for.

These are the commencement of a system by which the mob must be curbed; so that a man's property may be saved, not from bands of rioters alone, but from those of a legislative body which, at the dictates of its constituents, may repudiate all claims on the country, however just, or vote away the money of the wealthy few to satisfy the rapacity of the greedy multitude.

New York had her lesson in the riots of 1863, when the draft for the army caused so much discontent, because the man who had money could pay for a substitute, whilst the poor man was compelled to serve at the positive sacrifice of daily bread to his

family, and the probable loss of life or limb to himself.

The scenes of violence and bloodshed being enacted in various parts of the States are not merely the result of political excitement, such as might occur in any country, but are such as every country has at times been obliged to put down with the sacrifice of human life.

From the excesses of the masses have tyrannies always sprung. This is the lesson which the history of the Old World teaches. And even admitting the vast superiority of the New, yet it must be allowed that the ruling powers have, in the United States, shown pretty plainly that the old method of dealing with a riotous mob, by means of powder and shot, is not one of those "busted, effete" ways of proceeding that they despise too much to imitate.

There is one rock ahead which is already visible above the troubled waters of American politics, and that is, the unwillingness evinced by the Western States to bear the burden of taxes, which, though levied for the general good, have benefited one portion of the country more than another.

The late war, for instance, has cost the country at large an enormous sum, and all the States are called upon to pay their share of the expenditure; "but," exclaims the Western man, "what did I gain by the war? You men down East alone got all the

contracts and made immense fortunes, to which we who have gained nothing have had to contribute. No, sir! we don't see it, and we won't pay."

This will be the universal cry throughout the country. Patriotism, honour, glory, are all very good things in their way, but "what are we going to get by them?" will be asked. "When we shook off the Britishers, we got rid of the taxes; but if we go to war with one another we shall have to pay or repudiate."

Nothing could have exceeded the gross jobbery which was being carried on during the war, but as the largest fortunes acquired were those which were accumulated in New York, where men were elevated from beggary to a pinnacle of wealth in a few months, other States and cities are not satisfied with a system of plunder in which they did not share.

With the paper currency came a frenzy of expenditure and extravagance; men gloried in paying out of all proportion for everything. In support of which assertion one has only to refer to the notorious case of the restaurant on Broadway, where brandy was sold at one dollar for a liqueur glass, and all the world resorted to it to drink the precious cordial, as it was considered "style" to do so.

One has heard much of the great inducements which America holds out to men of enterprise and

energy, and it is generally thought that if a man will emigrate to the United States he will repair his fortunes however fallen.

It is but right and fair that men should be warned as to what they are to expect in emigrating, and all Americans of character think it a duty they owe to foreigners of all kinds, to state that their country is no El Dorado for the man without capital, and that the streets of New York are not paved with gold; and they would also warn even those who are willing to leave the crowded city, and cast their lot with those who have gone forth as pioneers of civilisation to the mighty West, that there is a terrible struggle for life to be made there.

Writing on this subject *The New York Tribune* makes the following statement :—

"Understand, once for all, that he who takes only his hands to the West, and undertakes to acquire a home by mere settlement, must prepare for a rough time. He must strike out beyond roads, settlements, and all civilising influences; he must work hard, go ragged, and live coarsely for some years, and endure many hardships and privations. If you are not resigned to this, or if your wife is not, better hire out for a time, and thus acquire skill as well as means. But to hirelings everywhere and always we say, be not content to live and die hirelings; work hard and live frugally to get something

ahead, and, whenever you shall have secured the means, strike out at once for a home of your own!"

Of course this advice respecting remaining hirelings will apply only to those who find themselves in a vast and thinly populated country, but the great point of the paragraph is to warn men against the too prevalent notion that affluence and ease are readily acquired in America.

Many English think that the best thing to be done with poor relations, troublesome children, and the like, is to ship them off to the States, whereas they are only sending them to a land where energy and industry alone can secure a man without capital an honest livelihood.

The terrible state of morals in New York is of course attributable in a great measure to the fact that all the off-scourings of Europe have been cast upon her shores.

The idle young men who throng the streets are mainly those who have been sent away from home because they have been troublesome to their friends. It is an easy way of disposing of a nuisance to throw it over your neighbour's wall, but it may lie there and putrefy, and spread miasma through the whole district, till it comes back to you in some form more terrible than that from which you thought you had freed yourself.

No doubt in the case of Ireland America has been a great safety valve, and relieved the British Government of much difficulty, but surely expediency as well as justice dictates that it were better to make the Irishman happy at home, than drive him to a land in which, though prosperous, his heart ever yearns for the "Ould Country," his dear bright Emerald Isle. This may be called sentiment; but we must bear in mind that soldiers and sailors are far more readily made efficient by sentiment than by any logical process.

The Irish who have crowded into New York, and thence dispersed themselves throughout the land, have been generally of the lowest class, though some of the better sort have established themselves in business and are among the thriving and respected merchants of the great cities, especially in New York.

Many adventurers from the British Isles, such as fraudulent bankrupts, outlaws, convicts, men and women who have, in various ways, forfeited their places in the social circle, are to be met with in America, and, of course, such people are always violently anti-English. Unfortunately, they find plenty that is congenial to their habits and feelings in America, and hence much of the hostility displayed against us in various forms.

That the sober and respectable members of

American society in no way endorse or encourage such people or opinions I am very sure, but as I have already stated the sober and respectable men keep in the background, and until they are able to wrest the power from the mob, the country can never be in the way of taking a befitting place in the scale of nations.

The national energy and courage of Americans would no doubt accomplish anything, but most of them seem to forget the old adage about more haste than speed.

As to enterprise, they astonish one by the display they make of it. No matter what may be the task, they will undertake it, and, as to knowledge on the subject, that is quite unimportant.

A man will "lay hold" of anything, from a four-in-hand team up Broadway, to the helm of the Great Eastern across the Atlantic, and yet he will never have had the reins in his hands before, and be totally ignorant of the first principles of navigation.

The spirit of enterprise in America is carried to what may be called a vicious extreme, since it induces the starting of some of the most marvellous swindles that the commercial world has ever experienced.

Many of these have become matters of history, and one had hoped were entirely matters of the

past. The state of things daily revealed as actually existing in the great cities, proves, however, that such is not the case, and that, as the natives say "a man must go about in America with his 'eye-teeth' skinned," in order to hold his own. To be swindled is a proof of weakness, which only excites contempt in the American mind; and to swindle successfully, I am inclined to think, renders the operator in a sense admirable, even in the estimation of those who disapprove his acts.

Smartness is a quality so highly admired that, if a man display an uncommon amount of it, his neighbour cannot withhold his admiration, though he may condemn the purpose to which the talent has been devoted.

One instance of this kind of thing, to which my attention was called, could excite no feeling but one of intense disgust, and that was a proposal for getting up a subscription for an asylum at Gettysburg, for the soldiers wounded and disabled in the late war. For this purpose there was an office on Broadway, with a flag in front of it extending across the street, where the plans could be seen and subscriptions paid in.

Men walked the streets with boards, on which were inscribed the thrilling words: "The people have resolved to build an asylum for our wounded soldiers; France has her Invalides, England her

Greenwich, why should not we have our Gettysburg?"

Lotteries were got up in aid of this purely national object, among the prizes being diamonds, given by the fair daughters of Columbia to swell the amount to be devoted to the men who had preserved the much cherished Union.

One was touched at all this apparent devotion and sympathy displayed for these brave fellows, some of whom are to be seen begging in the streets of the various cities of the Union, and it was a shock to be told that the whole affair, even the diamonds, was what is called in England a sham, in America "bogus"

That such an asylum, if needed, should not be the work of the government, is, perhaps, the only real subject for surprise in the matter, since swindles of the benevolent order are only too general throughout the world.

One must allow that frequently it is impossible not to laugh at the stories of audacity and chicanery which one hears, instancing as they do such remarkable "'cuteness" on one side, and so much weakness on the other.

In many cases the swindled man is not entitled to any pity, as he is but a victim to his own avarice, having been gulled by the hope of some extraordinary profit. This does not apply to unfortunate

emigrants who are induced to buy fine estates which turn out to be nothing but swamps.

Men who invest capital in the United States should take into consideration all the risks they run, and try to obtain guarantees as to the safety of their investments from really responsible people.

I have had some experience as to the treatment artists may expect who visit America with insufficient guarantees as to their engagements, and would warn all who think of going there against trusting to anything but the money paid down in advance.

I think the prevailing notion among English actors, for instance, that there are fortunes to be made in America, is a delusion.

In the first place, our best actors would not be appreciated there. I think if the Alhambra could be transported bodily to the centre of New York, it might succeed, especially if the fact of its being English could be concealed.

Whilst on this subject, although one is not induced to give Americans credit for taste in anything, including their amusements, I must say that the Philharmonic Band in New York does the city credit. Both music and musicians of course are derived from Germany; but the Americans seem to appreciate the performance to a degree far beyond what one would expect of them.

Their patronage of Italian Opera may be attributable in a great degree to fashion; but this cannot induce them to sit out a concert of classical music, which would not be endurable to an ordinary audience merely seeking for amusement, and I am inclined to think the only artists who might gain favour with the Americans in spite of being English are musicians.

"English" is not a word which recommends anything or anybody to Americans. To admit our superiority in any way is galling to the mass of them.

It is very natural that it should be so, for in England there is little or no interest felt by the general public about America.

We don't think enough about them as a people to have any very strong feeling as to what they do or say, though I am proud to think that, whenever an American with any real claim to superiority has visited this country, he cannot with truth complain of either injustice or inhospitality in the treatment he has received; and this I have heard American visitors ever ready to assert most loudly, expressing themselves deeply sensible of the great kindness they have experienced at our hands.

It is only justice to admit that those men who in America are most bitter against all that is English are frequently, if not always, our fellow countrymen.

American affairs in general do not interest any of

us, except those whose commercial interests bring them into closer relations with the United States.

I do not think there is amongst us any strong feeling of dislike for Americans, so much as an entire absence of interest in their proceedings; they imagine we are always thinking about what they do or say; whereas we don't care about either one or the other.

There is one extraordinary delusion under which they labour, and that is, the imagining the late war to have exalted them in our estimation; whereas we must regard it as a gross violation of their political principles, apart from the higher consideration of its being unnatural and unchristian. They want us to say that we believe it to have been one of the most glorious struggles in which a people ever engaged, and that in comparison with it, all other wars are "real mean."

No doubt some strategical ability was displayed by the victors, especially at the close of the war, which atoned for their blunders and failures at the commencement; but apart from such considerations, every true friend of America must have deplored the melancholy spectacle which such a conflict displayed, and loud must be the condemnation pronounced by every right-thinking man on those to whom the origin of the war is attributable.

It is a subject for anything but national glorification, though the majority of Americans do not seem to think so.

"We have been much more respected on the other side," said an American lady to me, "since our war."

I could only say that I did not see why Cain should be more respected after he had killed Abel, even supposing that he had been provoked into the commission of the crime.

I don't believe many English people out of Liverpool and Manchester, took much interest in the war. I am very sure from my own experience that some of our countrymen, ordinarily well informed on other subjects, were at fault as to the exact parts of the United States in which the war was being carried on; for I heard more than one person express a sympathy with a relation of mine resident in America, as living amid the horrors of war, whereas his domicile was in New York.

I am sure we are quite willing to let Americans do, think, and speak as they please, if they will only accord us similar liberty.

There are one or two points which I would endeavour to impress strongly on those who visit America. One is that they should never believe anything they hear or read as to railway travelling; still less are they to trust railway agents. They should start on

a journey in a spirit of trust that they are sure to go somewhere ; but as to exact time or place of arrival, neither can be calculated on. Whenever they arrive safely at their place of destination, let them "rest and be thankful."

The next point is, that in travelling they are to dismiss all idea of comfort or enjoyment ; they must pursue their journey as though acting from a stern sense of duty, as that alone can support man under such a trial.

I am addressing myself to English ladies and gentlemen, whose education and antecedents have fitted them to appreciate the blessings of refinement and order.

I can quite understand that men, whose time and thoughts are wholly absorbed in business, are satisfied with rushing through the country in pursuit of money. For their purpose no doubt America is admirably suited; but not for those who are in search of pleasure, or would find that in which they can take interest.

I except, of course, military men, who naturally derive satisfaction from going over the vast area on which the late war was carried on ; but to an ordinary traveller there is nothing from which interest is to be derived. All is utterly commonplace—a bad repetition of what one has seen in various parts of Europe.

In speaking thus, I must not be understood to refer to my voyage out and home: nothing can exceed the discipline and order maintained on board the Cunard steamers. The courtesy of the captains and officers is too notorious to need more than a passing and grateful allusion to it from one who has experienced much kind attention on board the "Persia" and the "Java."

The landing-place of the Cunard steamers in Jersey city, it may be remarked, is a disgrace to the company. Nor are the custom-house arrangements by any means first-rate.

To return to the steamers, there is a tradition of one captain having been put out by an old lady on board his vessel who was constantly persecuting him with questions at most inopportune moments. The lady, in great terror during a thick fog off the Bank, inquired,—

"Captain, is it always foggy here?"

"How the —— should I know, marm? I'm not always here," was all the reply she elicited.

This is merely mentioned as an exception to prove a rule.

My fellow-passengers were not sociable at first; no one can be on board ship. Everyone is either sick or sulky. You are out of gear and can't settle to anything; reading is difficult, writing out of the question. The one great occupation is taking meals,

which you may do almost without intermission, from seven in the morning till eleven o'clock at night; commencing with a cup of coffee, and ending with grog and sandwiches. It is marvellous how the supply of food is kept up, for though there is somewhat of a scramble at dinner, yet no reasonable person can complain of the quantity or quality of the food and drink.

To walk the deck and talk, is the alternative to eating and drinking; for as to devoting the time to any subject demanding intellectual exercise, that is impossible. One feels unsettled, anxious, not as to one's safety, but to get to one's journey's end. Yet, in spite of all this, there is a certain amount of satisfaction to be derived from the trip by all who are not sea-sick. It is worth while to cross the Atlantic, if it be only for the sake of the amount of agreeable excitement one experiences, firstly, on arriving safely in New York, and secondly, for the still greater pleasure of finding oneself once more in England.

REFLECTIONS.

A CALM retrospect is always the most satisfactory portion of any enterprise in which one may have been engaged, and it is with real feeling of pleasure that I recall much of my American experience.

I do not in any way allude to the few friends I made; with respect to them I have nothing but that which is highly gratifying to remember. We may disagree, but I am sure we shall never quarrel, even though they may not be enthusiastic admirers of England, nor I be delighted with the U.S.

Amid much that I have disliked in the country, I have found a great deal from which I could derive amusement, and my fault-finding is, I trust, free from ill-nature.

There is one institution against which I confess that I have a decided grudge, and that is the Post Office in New York, which is most inefficient. The delays in delivering letters, to say nothing of repeated losses of both books and letters committed to its care, render it a doubtful advantage to the public at large.

I believe its inefficiency is universally admitted, and explained by the circumstance that the staff employed is exactly the same as it was five-and-twenty years ago, whilst the amount of work for those employed must have been increased more than a hundred-fold.

I must say one word with regard to American audiences, that, in spite of their restless dispositions, they are much enduring, and very indulgent. "They laugh themselves sick," as they elegantly express it, at some things, and are easily amused.

I have spoken of want of taste as a national defect among Americans. I think I cannot do better, in order to substantiate my views on that subject, than give the following extract from a leading daily paper of New York.

VALUE OF POE'S AUTOGRAPH.—Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," gives some correspondence that passed between himself and a stranger regarding Poe's autograph. We quote:—"A gushing youth once wrote me to this effect:—

"'DEAR SIR,—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly.'

"I promptly responded as follows:—

"'DEAR SIR,—Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented

poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for $50, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50 75, (including protest,) and you may have it for half that amount. Yours, respectfully.'

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time, and the depreciation of our currency."

From an English point of view Americans are not happy in the words they select as names for things; as an instance I will quote the experience of an Englishman who was paying some attentions to a very pretty American girl at breakfast, and in the course of the meal, on offering the fair one some shrimps, was not a little taken aback by her declining them, saying, "Not any, thank you, I never eat bugs." That most unmentionable kind of vermin supplying a generic term for insects in America, under which head the lady classed the relishful shrimp, which by the way is not a popular form of food in America.

Apart from these little inelegances of speech, there are certain forms of expression which are awkward and unmeaning, such as calling the declaration set forth by a candidate for office, or by any party, as to principles, &c., "a platform." One might as well call a sermon a pulpit. There is to our ears an affectation in the use of the word "recuperate" in speaking of a man's recovering his

credit or position. Also in giving an account of the collision of two vessels, it is surely no improvement to say that they "collided."

I was much puzzled when I heard of a lady having on a certain evening given "a German." I bethought me of sausages, flutes, and other products ascribed to that nation, which might be presented to friends, but on further inquiry found that "a German" was the name given to a dance which formed the backbone of an evening devoted to Terpsichore.

No doubt many forms of speech rife among Americans are mere vulgarisms, or provincial expressions imported from various parts of England; in fact, on hearing many Americans speak, one is strongly reminded, both by language and accent, of the rustic dialects of one's native land. Some of the words in use are manifestly translations from the Dutch, whilst others recall to one's mind certain scientific terms which seem to have wandered into general conversation, such as calling that venerable institution the fire-plug a hydrant, a term which, in strict parlance, would be more applicable to our respected friend the turncock.

It is not by any means unusual in America to hear respectable men use expressions, one in particular, at the very sound of which one recoils with disgust, when uttered by the lowest of the low in

the streets of London. I have known an instance of a father, an American resident in Europe, who had sent his sons to America for education, and on visiting them was shocked and disgusted at the language the lads employed in their ordinary conversation. On complaining to the schoolmaster he was told that it would be useless to attempt to stop it. Hearing this, and being dissatisfied in other respects with Transatlantic education, he resolved to remove his children from the contamination by which he found them surrounded.

Whilst on the subject of choice of expressions, I must take the opportunity of referring to the application of the term "skunk" to an individual, and certainly it is the very "strongest" term of opprobium that could be applied, for of all the terrible creatures to encounter, a skunk is perhaps the worst; with a lion or tiger a conflict would be soon over, and if you should be so fortunate as to come off victorious, your wounds might soon be healed, and the consequences entailed be nothing more unpleasant; not so however would be his condition who fell in with a skunk. My personal experience of this creature was slight, but most impressive; it was on my journey south that, one evening just after dark, the cars suddenly became filled with an effluvium so detestable as to make me exclaim "Good heavens, where are we?" imagining

that we were passing through some region where putrescence reigned supreme. "I guess we've gone over a skunk," observed a fellow traveller, a view of the case in which he was supported by the conductor.

I think it was during this same journey that I fell in with an American, a man from "out West," who was boasting of the inexhaustible wealth of the country. "Why," said he, "we burn more corn in our locomotives than would half feed Europe;" and I was assured there was foundation for this somewhat startling assertion, inasmuch that Indian corn was so abundant in the west as to be far cheaper than any ordinary fuel that could be used; though it is a general and popular article of food throughout the States. It is especially esteemed when young and tender, when it is eaten boiled with butter, and known as green corn.

Having returned to the subject of eating, I am reminded to advise travellers in America, on arriving at a hotel, to secure the good offices of a particular waiter in the dining-room by the judicious administration of a dollar at the outset, and he will then become their devoted slave, and secure for them hot food of the best description that the establishment can supply. This more particularly applies to those who travel in parties.

It not unfrequently happens that when a dish is

placed on the table at which you are seated, a waiter will seize and bear it off elsewhere. The natives are on the alert for this style of thing, and will not hesitate to collar the said waiter, and wrest the dainty from his grasp, but a stranger is hardly up to this at first.

It is a very good rule in life, no doubt, to take anything you wish for, if you can, from your neighbour, and this principle is acted on very generally in the Great Country. Those who adopt this line of conduct as a rule will get through the world successfully; but the difficulty is when everyone is at the same game, and hence much trouble may be anticipated in America, till the necessity of respecting the rights of one's neighbour be more generally recognised.

Concession and compromise are the great secrets of man's social existence, being conducted advantageously for all, and till these principles be more fully recognised and acted upon by the Americans, they will never have either peace or security at home or abroad.

The country is now on the eve of what is little less than a national calamity, the Presidential election, and sincerely will every friend of humanity rejoice should it pass off without some most serious evils arising. Not wishing to be the prophet of evil, I will say no more as to its issue than express a

devout wish that it may end well for all concerned in it.

The state of turmoil in the Southern States will be something extraordinary, thanks to the efforts of "Carpet Baggers," and the real or supposed machinations of the "Ku-Klux-Klan," a secret society said by some to be an organisation of the democrats for the destruction of the lives and property of those who are opposed to them, whilst others declare it to be a sort of bogey set up by the republicans to bring their opponents into disrepute. Armed bands of these ruffians are said to have committed outrages of the worst description, but, during my sojourn in the South, the accounts of the proceedings of these disturbers of the public peace were so conflicting, that it was difficult to realise even their existence.

As the time for the election approaches no doubt greater excitement will prevail, and the reports will be more exaggerated as to the course of action adopted by all engaged in this great national convulsion, a whole nation throwing all their energies into the struggle which will "eventuate," as they would say, in the election of the warlike "tanner" or the peaceful "cow-milker."

The time of the Presidential election is indeed a momentous period, affecting, as it does, the interests of nearly every one in the employ of the Government,

from the President down to the door-keeper; for all who hold office throughout the length and breadth of this vast country will be displaced.

This circumstance alone is enough to convulse the whole community, were there no political excitement mixed up with the affair. But if the Americans like such a state of things, that is no business of ours, we can only say there is no accounting for taste. As regards the choice of a President, as he is almost powerless, it is of very little consequence on whom the honour is conferred.

Were General Grant a man of extraordinary ability, his election would, perhaps, be a step on the road towards autocracy; but should he prove to be the "Useless" Grant, as his enemies down South designate him, he will do very well for the place, and discharge its duties with the amount of dignity that so exalted a position demands.

The *prestige* of his name may subdue the aggressive spirit of the Indian. He may be called upon to exterminate the Mormons, or rescue Mexico from the power of Juarez and the other savages who are now dominant in that unhappy land. Whoever the President may be, there is much for him to do at home; but as he will, no doubt, be forced into interference with his neighbours, the work I have cut out for him, as his predecessor would have said, he will most likely have to take in hand.

Should he be a really wise man, he will leave his neighbours alone and devote all his energies, and the little power he possesses, to heal the wounds at home, and soften the bitter feelings which exist in the so-called United States.

It is a singular fact that a people ever ready and willing to annul the marriage-bond—that most sacred tie which binds human beings together—on the ground of the inexpediency of any union being forced, or indissoluble, should insist so strongly on fettering the Southern States to their Northern masters. The way in which some Americans insist on the maintenance of the Union at any cost would induce one to think that they held the institution of the United States to have been an act of an infallible being, or that their laws, like those of the Medes and Persians, alter not—a singular position to be assumed by those who sneer at old and effete customs, and whose boast it is to be essentially a people devoted to progress. They seem, however, likely to discover that all things work in circles, and that they will some day find themselves back again at the point from which they originally started.

As regards the future, there are those in America who give it as an opinion that the next civil war in which they are engaged will be a religious one, and that the conflict will be between the Catholics and Protestants. I think this highly probable; but it

will not be a war of swords and guns, but merely a continuation of the struggle in which the Church is engaged at present. As long as she possesses neither wealth nor State protection, there is nothing to make the conflict between her and the world at large other than what it should ever be, a moral struggle.

When the Puritans reigned in New England, a Catholic priest was a proscribed man, and death awaited him if discovered. In New York, under the English rule, he had no better position. In America the Protestants have been the persecutors, the Papists the champions of liberty of conscience, a fact which goes far to prove that it was by being degraded to a mere engine of the State that the Catholic Church has been blotted with the stains of blood which have disgraced her career and made her enemies exult.

It remains to be seen what fresh difficulties may beset her path in the New World; but at present her prospects seem most cheering, and her future position bids fair to be not a place among princes and potentates, but a throne set up in the hearts of millions, who will yield her the only service that she should in right demand of her children—that of the heart and will.

There is one point on which all men agree with respect to the Catholic clergy, that whatever else may be their motive, certainly the "loaves and

fishes" are not the incentives by which they are induced to labour in setting forth the doctrines they profess. The sharp, practical mind of the American sees this, and though he may even despise what he considers superstitious folly, he will respect the sincerity of men who set aside every earthly consideration, and sacrifice even life itself to propagate that which they proclaim to be the law and will of God.

Before concluding my impressions on America, I would speak on one subject of the deepest importance, and one which can never even be thought upon without calling forth the most serious reflection, and that is the chances of war between Great Britain and her former possessions.

Regarding as mere idle expenditure of breath the boasting tone in which some American citizens, especially the naturalised, talk about "whipping us soundly," it is certain that such a calamity as a war between the two countries is a conceivable evil that may one day overtake us.

Interest is the great safeguard against such a disaster; neither the people of Great Britain nor America are blind to the importance of peace being maintained, and if we should be forced into collision, it will be the act of those in that country who have nothing to lose.

That great forbearance has been displayed towards

the United States by most European powers is very certain, and it has proceeded, no doubt, from the natural indulgence usually accorded to the freaks and follies of youth. There is, however, a limit to this state of things, and it is high time that American citizens should make it their business to conduct matters of State with dignity, and that amount of self-respect which alone can command the respect of others.

The wise and thoughtful members of the community in America exert their influence on the masses. The ardour and rashness of youth must be counterbalanced by the moderation and experience of riper years, or reckless impetuosity may provoke a war which, though disastrous to all concerned, will throw back America many years in her course of progress, and bring upon her all the horrors of a struggle both foreign and domestic.

It will be no doubt an evil day for England when the first gun is fired to renew a struggle against those with whom she has so long been happily at peace; but that same gun will wake up all the latent passions which are but half suppressed at present in the hearts of millions of Americans, and rekindle the smouldering embers of the fire of civil discord, which needs but little to be fanned into a blaze.

All who believe in their accountability to God

will do their utmost to avert the horrors of war, and it is for both Americans and Englishmen to look well to those who are entrusted with the affairs of State; for till the noisy breath of unthinking, ignorant, unprincipled men be checked, no country can be safe from all the evils into which the indulgence of human passions may at any moment hurl it.

It is a great natural law that mature age should act as a check on the excesses of youth, and woe indeed be to that country that does not possess the advantage of a body of fathers to give counsel and advice on all important points, and still greater woe to a people that sneers at the cautious voice of its elders, and will only hear that which is palatable to its longing for low, selfish aggrandisement, without regard to the justice of its cause or the rights of its neighbour.

Although not a century old as a nation, America is no longer at the age to claim the immunity allowed to the schoolboy period of existence. The world has now a right to expect that prejudice, ignorance, conceit, boasting, rashness, and insolence, shall be laid aside by Americans, and that dignity of conduct shall be displayed in the settlement of their own affairs and in the treatment of those of their neighbours; that the fruits of their much talked of educational system shall begin to be gathered, and

that a spirit of Christianity shall pervade the land, flowing from the abundant scriptural teaching, which is boastfully said to be the foundation of all their instruction. But, as I am informed that the only religious exercise allowed in the public schools of America is the reading of a chapter in the Bible at the commencement of the day's work, I would humbly suggest that the chapters selected should be those which contain the Sermon on the Mount, for if the heavenly morality inculcated there can be made to sink deeply into the youthful hearts and minds of Americans, then may we hope that in time to come there will be a great change in the temper and spirit of the people.

Youth will be remarkable for docility and purity, the foul details of school life that at times find a place in the columns of the public journals will be seen no more. Contempt for parents and elders, so much complained of, and defiance of authority, will not be rife throughout the land.

Men will deal honestly and fairly one with another. Women will be good wives and mothers. Parents will fulfil their duties by their children, husbands and wives dwelling together as becomes those who are solemnly pledged to do so in the sight of Heaven. Old age will command the respect and deference to which a life of dignified propriety entitles those who are spared on earth

as guides and examples for the rising generation. Such a state of society alone can insure to America the title that she claims of being that which the writer of these humble pages most sincerely wishes her to be indeed—

THE GREAT COUNTRY.

APPENDIX.

EXCERPTA FROM NEWSPAPERS.

—♦—

FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

EVEN the *Tribune* begins to believe what General Grant says about the infamous swindle known as the Freedmen's Bureau. "It is no longer doubted," says the *Tribune*, "that enormous frauds have been perpetrated in the Second Auditor's office in the payment of the bounties to the coloured troops, and there is every reason to believe that the Government has been swindled to the extent of 1,500,000 dollars," and "it appears further," says the *Tribune*, "that certain clerks in the Second Auditor's office in the Bureau of Coloured Troops, and in the Freedmen's Bureau, entered into a conspiracy, and that papers for whole regiments have been forged, presented, and paid." Yet the radical party proposes to continue this outrage, which is not only bleeding the white tax-payers of the North out of millions of dollars annually, professedly for the blacks, but is made the means of swindling them out of millions more for the benefit of loyal clerks and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and for the coloured troops. The time is very near at hand when the simple statement that "the coloured troops fought nobly" will scarcely be considered as a compensatory return for the millions of money stolen from the Treasury by loyal thieves.—*New York World*, Southern paper.

KU-KLUX-KLAN.

A GENUINE KU-KLUX.

To the Editor of the La Crosse Democrat.

An event hath happened—an event dire and portentous. I have had an adventure—a strange and thrilling adventure, and

I hasten to record it for your benefit. If you will but listen, I will a tale unfold that will cultivate the soul, warm thy young blood, and play the devil with thee generally. I have seen a Ku-Klux, ay, a cyclops, which I suppose every one knows is simply a larger edition of a Ku-Klux, or a well-grown Ku-Klux. The "how" of the thing was as follows:—Yesterday evening I sallied forth after supper to enjoy my evening walk, which I usually take upon the banks of the beautiful lake, upon which our bureau-nigger-ridden little village is situated. I had walked but a few hundred yards beyond the "rhubarbs" of the town when I heard a strange noise, and looking up beheld a strange sight, which made each "particular hair stand on end," and nearly made me run away. Advancing towards me at a slow pace I saw a being in the shape of a man, but so large! Why, the top of his head, from which sparks of fire were issuing, reached above the tops of the surrounding trees. His eyes (of which he had three, as I afterwards discovered,) looked like illuminated dining plates, and his mouth looked almost as large as the Mammoth Cave. Now was not this a sight to appal a poor, unreconstructed, anti-convention, anti-constitution Reb? It would have appalled me, Brick, but you see I am a brave man—a very brave man. As I happened to have a pocket pistol with me of the largest size, I calmly and heroically determined to stand my ground. Taking up a safe position behind a log I drew the pocket pistol aforesaid from my pocket, extracted the cork, elevated it to my eye? gazed long and anxiously through it at the slowly approaching monster. Nearer he came and nearer, and I began to think that he would pass me, when suddenly I heard a long-drawn whiff as though some agreeable scent had struck his nostrils, and stooping down the giant began to look anxiously and slowly around. Satisfied that he had smelt the contents of the pistol aforesaid, and confident that I would be discovered, I stepped boldly forth from my hiding place, mounted the log, and saluted him with, "Stranger, won't you take a drink?" His instant response was, "You bet!" and in the twinkling of an eye my pocket pistol vanished upwards into mid air only to be instantly returned—empty. "Do you call that a drink?" said the stranger, "why that ain't a smell." "Say you so," said I. "Well now, stranger, you sit down here three minutes, and I'll try and give you a

drink." Now it so happened that I had a ten gallon keg of "the ardent," not yet tapped, so running to my house I shouldered the keg, brought it out on the lake bank, knocked out the head and tendered it to my visitor, who was then squatting down by the roadside. In an instant the keg was lifted to his mouth, and when it reached the ground some three gallons of its contents had disappeared. "Ah!" said my visitor, "that is something like a drink. It is the first I have tasted since I was killed at Seven Pines, and I tell you it tastes good." "Take another," said I. "You're a brick," said he, "and I don't care if I do," and shortly after another gallon kept company with the others. "So," says I, "you're a ghost, are you? Well, sir, glad to see you. I've long wanted to see a ghost, but I didn't expect to see that they were so large." "Oh!" said the stranger, "after a man's killed, the size of his ghost depends upon the size of soul. Some very large men in life, when they get to the next world, ain't larger than your finger, and have to spend all their time in dodging around to keep some of us full-grown fellows from treading on them by accident. Most all of us Southern boys are pretty large, though sometimes a small one turns up; while the most of the down east Yankees are of quite small size, averaging generally about the size of that thing you call a bottle." Here he pointed at the defunct corpus of my pocket pistol, and continued, "It's really amusing to see those little fellows dodging around still, to get out of our way, just like they used to in life. But," continued he, "the smallest pattern of all are the bondholders. Why, when they get there, a dozen of them sometimes live under one blade of grass, and then when they go they have to pack their bonds with them, which tires them wonderfully." "What do you live on?" said I. "On manna. It grows on trees, and the higher it is on the tree the sweeter and better it is. We big fellows who can pick it off the top, fare splendidly; but the little fellows who have to live on what grows on the sprouts around the root of the tree, have a pretty hard time of it. I once, for a curiosity, reached down and plucked a little of it and tasted it, and it puckered up my mouth like a green persimmon." "Have you classes of society there?" asked I. "Oh yes, and we are as exclusive as you are on earth. We big

fellows, who call ourselves Cyclops, think a great deal of the next size called Ku-Klux, and we associate freely together; but neither of us will associate with the smaller fry. Each set has its distinctive name. For instance, the bondholders are called gad flies, taking their name from their occupation on earth." Here my visitor took another drink, and announced that it was time for him to go. I told him that I would like to measure him, to which he most obligingly consented, and lying down on his back, waited till I went for a tape line, and then assisted me in taking his dimensions. From this kindness on his part I am enabled to say to you that he measured one hundred and seven feet, three and a-half inches in height, forty-six feet five inches around the waist, twenty-four feet eight inches around the thighs, and eleven feet nine inches and twenty-five cents around the wrist. After getting the measurements, my friend asked me if I was satisfied. I told him I should like to weigh him, but didn't know where to find scales large enough for the purpose. In the most obliging manner he at once drew a Fairbank's patent platform hay-scales out of his coat pocket, and having adjusted it, stood on his back on the scales, with his head, shoulders and legs elevated, while I ascertained that he weighed exactly four tons two ounces and a half. He then took another drink, put his scales in his pocket, and after taking *another*, departed, promising to call again another day. Should he do so I will at once inform you. In thinking over it since, I think I should have weighed him when I first met him, for I am satisfied that he weighed three drams more when I placed him on the scales than he did when I first met him. DOL.

Marian, Ark., April 11, 1868.

The "Ku-Klux-Klan" have been the subject of much comment. We believe there is nothing serious in the organisation,—some fun-loving fellows having an eye to merriment, in frightening by strange edicts the "loil leegers" and thievers. Wm. G. Brownlow, pretended Governor of this State, delivers his gangrened, hate-eaten heart of some of its superfluous venom and malignity in counselling, through the columns of his paper, the *Knoxville Whig*, the fanning anew of the flames

of civil war, calling upon the white and black negroes to massacre the "Ku-Kluxs" wherever found.

> "The words that should sufficiently accuse
> And execrate such reprobate, had need
> Come glowing from the lips of eldest Hell!"

What a comment upon the progress and civilization of the nineteenth century. A Governor inciting the citizens over whose destinies he presides to butcher each other in cold blood. Yet in hope do we turn from so dark a picture, feeling that ere long the sun of a triumphant Democracy shall shed over the land genial rays of prosperity and gladness that shall cause

> "The cares that now infest the day,
> To fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

ANTIPATHY TO NEGROES.

The depth of infamy to which some men have descended was demonstrated in the House of Representatives yesterday. It was remarked that not a few Radical members, once regarded as worthy to associate with gentlemen, voted to put a negro in office in opposition to one of their own race.—*Atlanta Paper.*

REPUDIATION.

Repudiation looms in the future as the inevitable consequence of the new turmoils into which the politicians of both sides are plunging the country. Mad with party hates, the Radicals on one side, and the President and his advisers on the other, take no care for the necessities of the nation, heed not the fact that the people are depressed with the weight of taxes —that the country is staggering under the evils incident to the actual destruction of its financial equilibrium. Indifferent to the obvious facts of the nation's condition—that it needs to be set on its feet, and needs the assistance of wise laws and moderate administration to enable it to recover from the tremendous drain made on its vitality by the war; indifferent or blind to all that they should see, the men in high places push the destructive purposes of party with such fury that the financial

honour of the Government must surely go down in the struggle. Suddenly, as the immediate result of the struggle for party power, the great doubt of the war, the deep problem that was supposed to be determined and closed for ever, is opened again. That great doubt was, would the United States go through so fearful a struggle and come out safely—come out soon also—a vital, efficient power, possessed of a dominant legitimate Government, acting under the law? Upon that point rested our credit, and as the result seemed doubtful for us our bonds went down; as the prospect brightened they went up. But the war was brought to a close. The legitimate Government had triumphantly asserted its power, and was respected and supreme in the exercise of all its functions. We had falsified all the examples of history and all the ill-natured prophecies by going through the great struggle without political convulsion, and the vast debt we had incurred to rescue the nation seemed safe—the pledge of our honour sure to be redeemed. But all at once there is an entire change. We are thrown back from the fixed point we had reached, and float in the uncertain sea of revolutionary troubles, so tossed hither and thither that none can say where we may be beached. We are again in the category of nations whose great wars ended in great internecine contests for political power; and people must reason to our future from such examples as that of France, in which the series of changes ran through a score of years and upset all law and order. Who shall say now that the nation's bonds will ultimately be of more value than were those of France? or that the United States' greenback will not figure in the same chapter of monetary history that recites the story of the French assignats? Our tendency is downward in the same direction. Already a party has dared to raise its head to put forward a repudiation candidate for the Presidency; and now that the people can see no prospect that the burden of taxes will be relieved, now that there is all appearance that our financial condition will go from bad to worse, this repudiation party will find its hands immensely strengthened in popular sympathy, and may suddenly discover that it has grown to be one of the great exponents of the popular will. And thus it is that impeachment, and the disturbance it involves, means in the result neither more nor less than national bankruptcy.—*New York Herald.*

GREENBACK REPUDIATION.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in attempting to correct a misrepresentation of the position of this paper on the bond question, says :—

"His (Pomeroy's) plan is, to repudiate both bonds and greenbacks, and make one job of it. He condemns the sneaking way of stabbing the national creditors in the back in the dark, as advocated by the Chicago *Times* and other cowardly Copperhead prints."

Now, the above statement that we are in favour of repudiating the greenbacks is a notable lie, and is the result of ignorance on the part of the *Tribune* writer, or is one of their characteristic dodges wherewith they expect to make capital. If it is the first, we suggest the *Tribune* engage some man who can read and understand the English language ; if it is the latter, we do not quite understand what remedy to apply, as there is no law in Chicago, we believe, which prevents a lying Jacobin indulging in his favourite pastime.

We have never advocated the repudiation of the greenbacks, and the *Tribune* should know, if it knows anything. On the contrary, we have asserted, and do now affirm, that such a course would be dangerous and unjust, because, instead of crushing the thieving aristocracy of bondholders, shoddyites, and contractors, it would be a direct blow at any and all poor people of the country who might be so unfortunate as to have a few dollars in their possession, which, in such an event, they would lose. For the benefit of the *Tribune* and everyone else, we republish the following from our previous article on the subject :—

"We propose, as the *Tribune* well knows, to prevent this calamity to the industrial classes, by at once making a clean sweep of the bonds and the taxation necessary to sustain them. This remedy is plain and direct, free from all complications, and insures certain and absolute relief from the 'burden of debt and taxation,' which the Jacobin leader admits to be so 'oppressive.'"

Do you find any greenback repudiation in that ? When you want to lie about us again, please do it on some less important subject.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

POLITICAL RANCOUR.

JACOBINS—NOTHING BUT JACOBINS.

We like the ring of that resolution adopted by the Maine Democracy in State Convention at Augusta :—

"That the time had come for all to band against the Jacobins."

"Jacobins" is the very best word in the language, because it is the word that has the most meaning to properly characterize the Radical party. They call themselves Republicans, but to that character we all know they have really no claim. There is positively nothing Republican about them, unless it be Red Republicanism.

They are Jacobins—because they seek to govern the people through the instrumentality of a Central Directory, or a Rump Congress, from whose decrees there is no appeal.

They are Jacobins—because under the rallying cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, they have, since their accession to power, helped to deluge the land with fraternal blood.

They are Jacobins—because under pretence of giving liberty to men, they have set up a military despotism, which leaves millions of men of their own race practically no liberty whatever.

They are Jacobins—because they rule, and seek to rule, by force, intimidation, and terror.

They are Jacobins—because they have set up, and seek to set up, the power of the few over the wishes of the many.

They are Jacobins—because they are constantly seeking to stir up strife, and to excite the passions and prejudices of one class of people against another class.

They are Jacobins—because they are eternally attempting mischievous experiments in government, politics, finance,—incessant agitation being an element without which they cannot exist.

They are Jacobins—because of their conscription and forced levies, to feed the jaws of war and of death, with which their name must ever be historically associated.

It took the French people some years to get rid of this hideous monster, Jacobinism—but an end was made of it at last; so we too, if historical parallels are worth anything, need not

despair of driving it from existence. We believe it has already run its course, and that if the great Democratic National Convention, now about to assemble, but acts—as doubtless it will act—with ordinary discretion, the hideous thing, with all its ghastly accompaniments, will be deep down in its grave about the time the wintry winds of November are whistling in our ear.—*New York Evening Express.*

POLITICAL HONESTY.

FRAUD IN THE ELECTION OF SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

It seems to have been a preconcerted plan on the part of the Radicals on yesterday to elect their Speaker in the House by fraud and brute force. In respect to the day before proceeding to the election of officers, Captain Dunlap Scott moved an adjournment, which motion Governor Bullock refused to put. General Meade being present, Scott appealed to the military, but instead of putting his motion, after a short conference between Meade and Bullock, the latter ordered the election to proceed, in violation of a parliamentary rule common to all deliberative bodies, and familiar to every man with the least knowledge of parliamentary usage. The House then proceeded to the election of a Speaker, which resulted as follows:—McWhorter (Radical), 76; Price (Democrat), 74; Holden, 1.

Price having absented himself from the Hall for a moment whilst the vote was being taken, was told on his return that McWhorter had, in his absence, voted for him, and in return for the compliment, when Price's name was called, he voted for McWhorter. When informed that McWhorter had not voted for him, Price asked permission to withdraw his vote, which was granted by Governor Bullock, he (Bullock) stating that another vote would be added to Price, so that the vote, as ordered by Bullock, would stand thus:—McWhorter, 76—1—75; Price, 74—1—75; Holden, 1—1; leaving it a tie vote between McWhorter and Price. Without adding Price's vote to Price, McWhorter was still lacking one vote of an election, as a majority of all the votes cast was necessary to an election. That majority McWhorter did not receive, hence there was no election, and it is but due to the House and the State that

Governor Bullock should, on Monday next, order an election for Speaker of the House.

If such a flagrant act of injustice as this—such an outrage upon the people of Georgia is committed in broad daylight, in the presence of hundreds of eye-witnesses, and under the immediate eye and direction of His Royal Highness the Military Satrap of this District, what stupendous frauds may we not infer were perpetrated by these same men behind the curtain in the election of members to the Legislature. If General Meade has any regard other than that of a tyrant and usurper for the rights of an oppressed and down-trodden people, we appeal to him to see that justice is done all parties in this election. If McWhorter was fairly elected Speaker, all parties should cheerfully acquiesce in the result; but viewed in its true light, the people of Georgia will have cause, unless another election is ordered, to brand this one as a fraud and an outrage upon their rights.

Fortunately for the honour of the State in preventing a repetition of like frauds in the election of other officers, just as that of Speaker closed, a Radical band in front of the Hall commenced a patriotic air, which created a scene of confusion inside, resulting in an unceremonious and unparliamentary adjournment of the House.—*Atlanta Paper.*

CORRUPTIONS IN OFFICE.

OUR CITY LEGISLATORS.

Among the many accommodating terms which abound in the English language, there is scarcely any one so much used as that of "routine business." All sorts of societies, clubs, conventions have what is called "routine" business, and being known as "routine," there is little or no attention paid to it *en passant.* Our noble, virtuous, valiant and highly enlightened city fathers in their assemblies have also what is termed "routine" business, but their routine is something more than the mere calling of the roll and reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, for under their routine are perpetrated at times many of the most barefaced swindles on the residents of particular localities or on the entire tax-paying portion of the community. These

particular classes of resolutions at a cursory glance would appear to be public benefits, and they have become of such frequent occurrence that their introduction or their presence is not heeded by any but those who, besides the official, will be directly interested in their passage by the Common Council, and who, in conjunction with the accommodating legislator, have thereby made for them slits in the public money-bags through which they may insert their itching fingers and steal the people's wealth. And because of their frequent occurrence they are shoved ahead as "routine."

There may be yet some inhabitant living who can remember when the position of alderman was considered an honorary one; when the matters connected with the extorting of money from the people and expending it for the particular benefit of the "ring" and its adjuncts were proceedings unknown. There are some yet living who can remember the fact that when matters connected with the public business were agitated, the doors of the council chambers were opened to those who were obliged to pay for any improvements that were to be made, and when the party who could show the most reasonable and honest arguments on a point would have the verdict in his favour; when legislators —even city officials—cared something for their good names, and could allow their speeches or debates to go before their constituents. There are many who can remember the fact that the members of the Common Council advertised notices of the place and time of the assembling of the various committees, and when parties interested could attend and give their views, so that the general public sentiment could be known; but then a bottle of whiskey was not the presiding officer of the committee meeting, and the reports of the committees and subsequent action of the boards did not entirely depend on the amount of money used as a press to seal up a document or a lever to prize it open.

But how different is the case at the present day? The wholesale robberies by the national Congress and the State Legislature are imitated as closely as possible, as far as the amount of plunder will permit, by our municipal managers, but with less attempt at legal covering, owing to the fact that while the "heavy villains" in the former are polished, and in many cases learned in the legal profession, and are enabled, therefore, to be more subtle than the latter, who, like "front wood

robbers," depend more on fierce looks, heavy lip-hair, slouched hats and bravado to strike terror into their victims, and thus render them easy to be plucked. They have certainly struck terror into the city taxpayers, and although feeble protests, made generally on very thin paper and pressed by young attorneys, have been thrown before the "army of occupation" on its victorious march, the paper was so thin and the weight of the abstruse calculations on it so damaging to the fabric, that some of the "ring" masters have always succeeded in puncturing it with one finger, or have completely effaced the protest by crumpling it in their brawny fists.

To read the printed reports of the meetings of the Board of Aldermen, or Councilmen, or Supervisors, a person would fail to discover, perhaps, any of the nice "little games" that are run in or left out, as the case may be, under "routine." Alderman McDildarrel, from the Ninety-first ward, introduces "Resolution with ordinance attached," providing that 1954th street, from Fifty-first to Fifty-eighth avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and sidewalks flagged a space of four feet wide through the centre thereof, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department." This street may be at present located beneath the "rock of ages." But what of that? There are some ravenous maws to be satisfied, and a little of the municipal pap distributed in this way can be made to serve several members of the "third house," who are daily becoming more ferocious while observing the milk and honey flowing in such huge quantities into the aldermanic trough, and positively declare—the positives used being generally expressive though not always elegant expletives—that "if Paddy Mac don't get nothing for him he'll git square on Paddy, and won't vote for none of his fellows agin more'n three or four times nix election." This is a fearful threat, and so Paddy Mac looks about and consults his fellow aldermen to see if there ain't some place where a street can be opened. "He's got a decent young fellow wot wants a job and wot's hard up, and he's a 'worker,' you know, and he don't care about gittin him agin him, 'cause he's got two or tree dozen votes on de av'n'e." They find 1954th street is somewhat out of the way, and might be opened on paper, and then, while Paddy Mac's friend can be provided for there are several other places, and Tim O'Rartigan and

Jerry McMurtigan and two or three others each know some "decent young fellow wot's out of a job," and so the resolution is prepared, carelessly thrown on the President's desk, and when meeting day arrives the title of the paper is carelessly and quickly read, and the matter referred to the Committee on "Street Openings" or "Roads," or "laid over," as best may suit the friends of the "decent young fellows wot wants the jobs." In due course of time the matter is brought into court; commissioners of assessment are appointed, who estimate the amount of damage and of benefit to the surrounding property. These commissioners are generally friends of some of the big guns in the "ring." The plans and specifications are made out, and proposals made by contractors, and contracts awarded after the stipulations are settled that Paddy's and Tim's and Jerry's friends are to be made inspectors. They may not know what a square yard is composed of; they may not know whether the work is done according to the terms of the contract or not, and they don't care. They do not even, perhaps, take the trouble to find out what part of the island the street is on; but they know where to go to sign the pay roll, to make affidavit that they have performed their duty, and that is enough for them to know. Three dollars a day for the onerous duty of making "his mark" once or twice in a month is their look out, and that part of their work they do as well as they are able.

When the streets are cut through there must be gas mains laid and street lamps posted, and by a little arrangement between some of the gas companies and the representatives of the aldermanic "ring" that part of the programme can be settled. The ordinance goes in and through as "ordinary routine," and all this is done "under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department." This latter department the people believe to be well and ably conducted, and the aldermen, knowing this to be the popular belief, throw the work on that department, and it must be performed, because the Croton board has no power or voice in the matter, and must do as it is ordered. Then there are the "wooden pavement" jobs—a very recent invention. The honourable the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen do not wait for the property owners to ask for this wooden business, and as it is a "patent" pavement, the holders of the copyright alone have the power to lay it. Five dollars per square

yard gives the owners a margin from which the grease for the wheels of legislation can be squeezed, and the jobs are scattered around so that each member of the "ring" may have two or three "wooden" streets in his district. In fact, so handsomely and with such a full acknowledgment of the rule of "honour among thieves" are things arranged in caucus and committee, that it is unnecessary to have any questions or debates on the matter in the public meetings of the boards. A person attending one of these meetings sees everything apparently honest; once in a while a little joke is indulged in at the expense of some of the members who may not be destined to have a share in some particular haul, and occasionally one of the worthy gentlemen who imagines he has not been fairly dealt with, or will not be "seen" on some of the jobs, will make a little trouble, and the matter is laid over for the present. A colour of legality, and a very slight colour, may be given by adhering to the rules of the boards; but the unruly member must be brought around, and so the room is cleared of all outsiders, as the Board is about to hold a "private meeting," and in that meeting the affair is more amicably disposed of.

There are numerous little perquisites that the "bosses" can receive without being much questioned. Brian O'Linn wants to open an oyster-stand on the sidewalk of some of the streets. Brian has a few dollars. He "sees" the alderman, who calls on some of his colleagues, and the poor fellow (Brian) is kindly granted permission to open his stand and his oysters, obstruct the street, annoy pedestrians, but please the alderman. Volumes might be filled with specimens of the handsome and dirty doings of the city fathers, but the volumes thus filled could avail but little. The city government requires to undergo a radical change, and until some plan can be devised for first purifying the judiciary—placing it beyond the power of the roughs and "rounders" of the city, and so disposed that a whisper from some politician cannot effect the release of thieves and murderers—the citizens can expect no cessation of the wholesale plunderings by the round-headed, close-cropped, beetle-browed, pug-nosed, bullet-eyed, high-cheeked, thick-lipped, big-toothed, square-jawed, bull-necked blackguards who control at present the avenues and the revenues of the metropolis.—*New York Herald, May*, 1868.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"FILIAL AFFECTION."

The following letter is a perfect model in its way: "Dear Brother—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised!) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I took him to the poor-house. Your affectionate brother."—*Morning Star, New Orleans, April* 12, 1868.

MORALITY.

Two very respectable gentlemen of Auburn, New York, recently eloped, each with the other's wife, on the same train and the same dark night. A recognition ensued in the waiting-room at Syracuse, an exchange was effected, and there is no more division in those households.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

Intelligence continues to reach us of the spread of the religious interest throughout the country. Since our last report seventy more churches have been heard from, which have re-

ceived to their communion 2240 converts. Since the beginning of the year, only some four months, we have recorded revivals in nearly 1000 churches, to which there have been added on profession of faith 16,410 members. Of the seventy churches which report accessions the past week twenty-three are Presbyterian, and the number of converts received by them is nearly 900. The First church, Kensington, Philadelphia, has been enjoying a wonderful baptism of the Spirit. Sunday, the 10th instant, 101 were received to the membership of the church. The remarkable religious interest that prevails in New Albany, Indiana, has resulted in adding to the First Presbyterian church 110, and to the Second 122 converts.

A religious interest has been prevailing in some of the churches of Washington, and since the week of prayer the Sixth Presbyterian church has received thirty, the Fourth nineteen, and the First nine converts. In the State street church, Albany, twenty-six have lately made public profession of their faith. At South-Bend, Indiana, sixty-four converts have joined the Presbyterian church. Twenty have been received since January by the North church, St. Louis, and sixteen by the Central church, San Francisco.

To twenty-one Congregational churches 620 converts have lately been added. On the 5th ultimo forty persons united in profession of faith. Forty-six joined the Fifth church, Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 5th ultimo.

In twenty-two Baptist churches 724 converts have been recently baptized. The *Examiner* says of the good work in this city :—"A widespread religious interest has refreshed nearly all the churches. Very little extra aid has been called in. A few churches have had professed revivalists to help them. But the work has been quite as deep and powerful where the pastor and the people have done the labour. Since Mr. Earle left the Tabernacle church meetings have been held every night, and the interest, instead of waning, has actually increased. About 150 have been converted and seventy-five have been baptized in this church."

The *Reformed Messenger* gives an account of the number confirmed at the late Easter communion in nineteen German Reformed churches. At five churches in Philadelphia 230 were received by confirmation; nine other churches of Pennsylvania

received 253, three in Baltimore, fifty-two; two in Ohio, at East Union and New Lisbon, eighty. Thus, in all, 620 were confirmed in these nineteen churches.

The Lutheran churches in Birmingham, Pennsylvania, and Millersburg, Sonora, and Tuscarawas, Ohio, have lately received to their communion 194 converts.

A Roman Catholic revival, or mission, has occurred in Norwich, Connecticut. The church was thronged for three weeks, the confessional was crowded day and evening, and the results were: "3500 communions, hundreds of strayed sheep brought back to the fold, the establishment of the confraternities of the Holy Rosary and of the Angelic Warfare, and many other heavenly graces."—*New York Herald, May.*

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS.

BRAWLING IN THE CHURCHES—THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

Public attention is again forcibly called to the fact that societies professedly Christian may set the worst examples in regard to mild manners and gentleness of demeanour that can be found in a peaceable community. Vestrymen, wardens, and pastor of a Protestant Episcopal church in this city have recently fallen by the ears in a dispute that is supposed to have begun on points of formality in worship. Some are Ritualists and some are not, and so arises a difference in regard to the mere accessories of the service, which comes to a brawl in the streets. Forgetting the essentials of all service, casting from them the contrite heart and self-denying spirit, they dispute on this immaterial point as if no command to "love one another" had ever been heard in the world. Policemen are summoned to put one party out of the church edifice and keep the other in, and the locust club is held up as a terror to compel the silence of a parson who desires to preach the Gospel from the church steps. From the street the case goes to the courts, and there is the usual farrago of argument on injunctions and motions to dissolve and what not, and the acute wits of the lawyers must settle the quarrel of the disciples of the "Peacemaker." There was a not dissimilar dispute in a church in a neighbouring city lately. Wardens and pastor quarrelled there

also. On Sunday the pastor began to read from the pulpit the statement of his side of the case. One of the wardens called upon the organist for music in the midst of the parson's statement; and the organist played, with all the more gusto as he, perhaps, looked to that warden for his pay. So it was a duel—the organ on one hand, the parson on the other; and the latter was fairly piped into silence by the "deep, majestic, solemn organ's blow."

Such is the mood in which our religious societies frequently appear; yet if there is one distinction of the Christian teachings that may be called the pre-eminent one, it is that the disciples of Christ should control especially those very instincts and tendencies of our common human nature that lead to the bitterness and fury of quarrel and dispute. Temptation there is in abundance; human weakness too; and between these what occurs? All that strife and envy and ill-will that govern in the world, and to find the remedy for which was the special mission of Christ. Christ appeared and lived and died for nothing if not to put a better relationship than that between men—if not to regulate the intercourse of man with his fellows by a spirit of charitable forbearance for all weaknesses, all errors and differences. How is it, then, that men who are governed only by hate, who construe every act in an ill sense, who go to violence with the readiness of pothouse brawlers, who are ruled by a spirit the very opposite to that of Christ—how is it that such men dare call themselves Christians? Is it not a profanity, a blasphemy, that men should invoke the sacredness of such a name to commend them before the world, while they are proving by every possible act that they have no right to it?

The truth as seen in all these unseemly exhibitions of religious societies is simply that the spirit of Christianity is not to be found in the churches. Splendid architecture you may have there. Music you may have there also—sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, sometimes as horrible as saw-filing. Popular parsons are there, too, with polished discourses on topics of more or less interest. Fashionable society you may have there, but Christianity, pure and simple, not once in ten thousand times. Suppose you told the deacons of the church to sell all they had and give it to the poor. With what Olympian laughter the aisles would reverberate. Try the parson, the sisters, any part of the

establishment by any similar requirement of the Christian precepts, and the test would infallibly tell you that they were not the persons you thought. Either, then, those divine precepts have no reality, no force, no proper application in our life, or all this splendour and pride are inconsistent with Christianity. Surely, when men have spent millions on an edifice to be proud of it, it is hard for them to be humble in it. Christianity is the name with which all these worshippers of their own pride and wealth and taste cover their acts; but the spirit of Christianity is to be sought in other places than among those who go into court to find who really owns and shall control the valuable piece of property on which they all want to worship God.—*New York Herald, May* 3, 1868.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"THE COURT."

The prominent social events of the week have been the reception of the ladies of the Executive Mansion, on Monday evening, and that of General and Mrs. Grant last evening.

The reception at the White House was not largely attended, but seemed to be much enjoyed by the guests. The company numbered not more than a few hundreds, while it often occurs that there are several thousand visitors when a reception is announced in the name of the President. It is not easily explained why this reception, announced in the name of the ladies of the President's household, should attract such a diminished number of visitors, especially as the entertainment is precisely similar, in all its features, to *the President's* receptions. Mr. Johnson was in the Blue Room almost as soon as the guests began to assemble, and remained there during the evening, assisting his daughters in the ceremonies of the occasion. Many of your readers are familiar with the form observed in the introduction of guests at the White House receptions, but there are many more who are not acquainted with the customs of such an occasion, so for the information of the latter class it may be mentioned that, on Monday evening, as usual, the President and his daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover (Mrs. Johnson being an invalid, and, therefore, not present), occupied

the Blue Room, through which the procession of guests passed, on their way to the East Room. On entering the Blue Room, the visitor, if he be accompanied by a lady, mentions the name of the lady and his own name to the Marshal of the District, who stands near the threshold of the door; and only two or three paces from the President. The marshal steps forward with the guests, and introduces each by name to the President, who shakes the hand of every one so presented; and if the visitor be an acquaintance of the President, a remark or two is often interchanged. Occasionally a stranger essays a dialogue with the President, but generally the visitors adhere to the practice established in foreign courts, to address the ruler only in case he initiates a conversation. The visitor, having shaken hands with the President, again repeats his companion's name and his own to the Commissioner of Public Buildings, who is standing near by, and who makes the presentations by name to Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. These ladies generally shake hands with the guests, and the latter then pass into the East Room, some few (mostly personal acquaintances) passing behind the President and his daughters, and remaining in the Blue Room witnessing the introduction of the guests. Arrived in the brilliant East Room, the company is soon distributed in groups throughout the splendid apartment. Then commences the promenade, which is kept up all the evening. The procession, generally made up of couples, extends around the room, the members constantly changing places, and continuing a lively conversation. Above the noise of the talking is heard the loud strains of the indifferent music of the Marine Band, stationed in an ante-room. Before midnight the throng has dispersed.

The President, usually very courteous and smiling during the receptions, wore an expression of severity on Monday evening, which seemed incapable of relaxation. The ladies, on the contrary, were cheerful, and entertained with their customary ease and dignity. Mrs. Patterson wore a white silk dress, striped with black; sash of the same material, edged with white fringe; hair dressed with a white japonica. Mrs. Stover wore a black Lyons velvet dress, cut low in the neck; lace spencer; hair ornamented with a white japonica; pearl and jet jewellery. General and Mrs. Grant were among the guests. Mrs. Grant appeared in a green silk dress, with point lace collar, and a black

lace shawl. Secretary Seward was present, his first appearance at an entertainment of this character since his domestic afflictions. The healed wounds upon his face have left his right cheek much disfigured, drawing it out of shape and making it appear larger than the other cheek. The army and navy, and the foreign embassies were represented; and conspicuous among the other visitors were Hon. R. S. Spofford and his wife, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and the Misses Smythe, of New York.

The reception of General and Mrs. Grant, on Wednesday evening, was for the public generally. The labour and attention necessarily required in sending out cards for their receptions last winter, were so great that they concluded to avoid a repetition of the trouble and errors of omission, and so they inserted a brief announcement in the papers that they would receive "those who choose to call" on the evenings of January 15 and February 5. The residence of General Grant is exceedingly well adapted to the holding of receptions. The visitor enters a spacious hall, on the left of which is a large parlour, extending the whole depth of the house. The front room, on the right of the hall, is the library-room, containing the large and valuable collection of books presented to the General by a few citizens of Boston. The room in the rear of the library, generally used as a dining-room, was occupied by the band of the 12th Infantry. All of these rooms being thrown open, afforded ample space for promenading. In the basement, directly under, and of the same size as the parlour, is a room which was used last winter for dancing; but this was not thrown open last evening. The General and Mrs. Grant occupied positions in the rear portion of the parlour, and quite near the door. The former was in full uniform, wearing the shoulder-straps of four stars. Mrs. Grant wore a rich pink silk dress, with point lace collar and black lace shawl. Her hair was crimped, and dressed with white daisies. Speaker Colfax, with his mother and sister, called early, and he held quite a long conversation with the General. Mrs. Matthews wore a wine-coloured corded silk, trimmed with black lace and folds of black satin—lace *coiffure* and pearl jewellery. Miss Matthews wore a lavender silk dress, trimmed with white velvet. Miss Smythe, of New York city, wore a cherry silk dress, with an over-dress of white French muslin, trimmed with Cluny lace. Her sister wore a pink silk, with an over-dress of

white French muslin. The Secretary of State was there, in hilarious mood, held a little conversation with the General, and then strolled about, talking with the guests. Postmaster-General Randall was present with his young wife. She was attired in a black silk dress, covered with a white lace shawl. Among the other guests were Generals Sheridan, Harney, Ord, Augur, L. Thomas, Carr, Washburne, Dent, Badeau, McCook, Senators Cole and Corbett, Clark Mills, a few of the foreign ministers, and a delegation of Indian chiefs. General Sheridan made his appearance soon after ten o'clock. His brisk and jovial manners seemed to infuse increased animation through the company, and there was much standing on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of his compact little figure.

The receptions of the wives of the members of the Cabinet, yesterday afternoon, were well attended, and principally by ladies. Mrs. McCulloch wore a rich dress of wine-coloured silk, with point lace collar and garnet jewellery. Mrs. Browning wore a dress of black silk, and a head-dress of white lace. Miss Browning was also attired in a black silk. Mrs. Welles wore a black silk dress, with point lace collar, and a *coiffure* of point lace. Mrs. Randall wore a brown silk dress, trimmed with folds of white satin; point lace collar, and jewellery of stone cameo, surrounded with pearls.

Mrs. Sprague gave her first afternoon reception last Saturday. Elegance and refinement were the distinguishing features of the occasion. Mrs. Sprague was superbly attired in a very rich black and white brocade silk, and wore turquoise and diamond ornaments. Miss Chase wore a blue silk dress, with Pompadour waist and lace spencer. That beautiful little boy and million-heir, Willie Sprague, was present, and was much petted by the ladies. Mrs. Sprague gave a German on Monday evening last.

Children's parties have been given lately at the residences of General Grant and Secretary McCulloch. The children appeared in fancy dress and character costumes.

Mr. Edward Thornton, the newly appointed British Minister to this country, is expected in Washington in a few days, having recently left England. His two immediate predecessors, Sir Frederick Bruce and Lord Lyons, were both old bachelors; but, as Mr. T. is a married man, it is supposed he will entertain

lavishly. The salary of his office has just been raised to 30,000 dollars in gold.—*The Home Journal, Washington, January* 16, 1868.

MRS. DOREMUS' RECEPTION.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Dr. Doremus gave her first grand reception. The company was large and extremely fashionable, including much of our "first society," with a goodly representation of foreign diplomats with their families. The costumes of the ladies were unusually rich and elegant, with diamonds and jewels that would compare favourably with those seen at a court reception. Mrs. Doremus received her numerous guests with that ease and elegance of manner which are so natural to her. Among the ladies present we noticed Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Sandford (wife of our minister to Belgium), Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Low, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. King, Mrs. Bingham, and others. There were many young ladies present, conspicuous among whom were the Misses Wagstaff, Miss Minnie Parker, Miss Louise Thomson, and Miss Brooks. Owing to the fact that one or two of our most accomplished lady amateur singers were present, many expected a treat of music, but the throng was thought to be too excessive to permit indulging in their favourite amusement. This reception was the first of three designed to be given this season by this accomplished lady.

The beautiful Miss Effie Husted was married, a few evenings since, to Mr. Cromwell, the wedding ceremony being performed at the residence of the bride's parents. Mrs. Cromwell, *née* Husted, is the grand-daughter of the late John A. Cross, whose estate is variously estimated at from two to five millions of dollars; one of the principal heirs is Mrs. C. The wedding was a grand affair, nearly four hundred of the *élite* of the city being present.—On Wednesday evening last a large and fashionable company assembled at the Church of the Saviour, in Pierrepont-street, to witness the marriage of Captain Sneider to Miss Helen Strong. The bride and bridesmaids were elegantly attired, and attracted much attention. The reception, which took place on the same evening, at the residence of the bride's

parents, First Place, was one of the finest affairs of the kind that have been lately given in Brooklyn.—Miss Amy Condit, of Montague-street, has issued cards for a German, to be given on Tuesday, the 21st inst.—The long looked for wedding of Miss Barber and Mr. Fred. H. Campbell was celebrated on Thursday, at the Church of the Pilgrims, Rev. Dr. Storrs officiating. It was, in every respect, a very stylish affair.—The second reception of Mrs. Dr. Worster and daughters, on Tuesday evening of last week, at their residence, 120, Ninth-street, was one of the most brilliant of the season, and was very largely attended. The guests numbered nearly two hundred, representing the beauty and fashion of the city. Among those present we noticed several brides in their superb bridal costumes. The music (by Lander) was exquisite, the supper bountiful, and the whole entertainment a decided success.—A party, in compliment to two brides, was given on Monday evening of last week, by Mrs. G.——, at 30, East Thirty-fifth-street. The Misses Sloman sang, and played on the harp and piano. The scientific execution and vocal performances of these ladies are something marvellous. Were they professional artists they would create an immense sensation.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Monday evening Miss Cooper, 120, West Twenty-third-street, gave a large and fashionable German, led by Mr. Foley, of this city, who introduced the usual figures. Among the many beautiful young ladies present, we noticed Miss Corlies, the Misses Clark, and Miss Waterbury, all beautifully attired.—On the same evening there was a reception at Delmonico's, No. 1, East Fourteenth-street, and the Misses Bradley had a pleasant *soirée dansante*.—On Tuesday evening Miss Ray, Eighth-street, gave one of the largest parties of the season. Mrs. Stuyvesant gave a grand ball which was largely attended; Mrs. Evan Walker, 306, Fifth Avenue, gave a large reception, Miss Emerson gave a German, and the "Four o'clock German" met at Miss Hyde's, in Twenty-third-street.—On Wednesday evening, Miss Raymond gave a German; Mrs. Tiffany a party, with the German, led by Mr. Dean; Miss King a *soirée dansante;* and the Lindsey Blues their fifteenth annual ball, at Irving Hall, which

was well attended, and passed off to the satisfaction of all present.—On Thursday evening, Mrs. Marcy, Madison Avenue, had a large dinner party; the Misses Moore a German; and Mrs. Arthur gave an entertainment of *tableaux vivants*, which were well arranged, and presented in a creditable manner. Some of the *tableaux* were strikingly beautiful, and were frequently *encored*, especially the scenes from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Faust." Miss Emily Caswell, as *Marguerite*, in the garden scene, looked very charming.—Miss Addie Mangan, 551, Fifth Avenue (Murray Hill), gave a large and elegant party, on Thursday evening last, in honour of the Misses Howell, of Philadelphia, who are on a brief visit to New York. These ladies received marked attention from the opposite sex on account of their beauty and elegant appearance, but the centre of attraction was the fair hostess herself, Miss Mangan being a beautiful blonde, who, in Europe, a few years since, was a great belle. The company was large and fashionable, the music good, and the supper, in this instance, worthy of mention. All the delicacies of the season (and many not in season) were on the bill of fare, and the good things were fully appreciated by the guests.—The Deux-Temps Sociable held their fourth reception at the residence of Miss Burnham, West Twenty-first-street, on Wednesday evening last. The German was led by Mr. Blake, who introduced some new and beautiful figures. This is the first season of the Deux-Temps, and the sociables held have been among the most successful of the season.—A very brilliant reception was given by Mrs. John Sherwood, in Thirty-second-street, on Saturday last. One of the most beautiful women present was Mrs. Whitney, of Philadelphia. So attractive and superb a woman is destined to have as much influence in fashionable society in New York as she enjoyed in Philadelphia. —Mr. Hamilton gave a very elegant ball on Friday evening, at Delmonico's.

MATRIMONIAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. L. Jones is engaged to Miss Kingsland; Mr. Halley to Miss Ida Rathbone; Mr. Charles Secor to Miss Slater, of Boston; Mr. Griswold to Miss Otis; Colonel Housemann to Miss Allen; Mr. F. Evans to Miss Dora Townsend, daughter

of W. A. Townsend, publisher, of Broome-street; Mr. Henry Tucker to Miss Ettie C. Wood; Mr. Henderson to Miss McKim, of Baltimore; Mr. William Riggs to Miss Julia Harris, and Mr. Kilbume to Miss Patterson, of Brooklyn. In Brooklyn, we believe the following to be officially announced: Dr. Frank. Bush to Miss Mattie James; Mr. Huntingdon to Miss Leonard; Mr. E. S. Wheeler to Miss Jennings; Mr. Hyde to Miss Delia Chapman; and Mr. John Beatty to Miss Hetty Bull.—From Philadelphia we learn of the engagement of Mr. Lee L. Hynemann to Miss Grace Marks, and the betrothal of Mr. John I. Rowland to Miss Cassie Mayer.

THE PURIM BALL.

For the accommodation of subscribers to former balls, the committee of the Purim Association announce that a book for the registration of names is now open at the office of the secretary, Mr. A. L. Sanger, 243, Broadway, room 9. The seventh Purim Ball will take place at Pike's Opera House, on Monday evening, March 9th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There was a grand wedding, last week, in Cincinnati. The groom was the gallant Brevet Brigadier-General George D. Ruggles, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. A., and the bride the pretty and accomplished daughter of Samuel S. L'Hommedieu, Esq. The wedding took place at Christ Church, in the presence of an immense throng of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop M'Coskrey, of Michigan, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Snively.—A grand wedding takes place at the Broadway Tabernacle on the 30th inst. The groom is Mr. Robert J. Clyde (of the firm of Clyde and Black, Broadway), and the bride Miss Julia M. Loper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Loper, of East Thirty-fifth-street. There are to be three bridesmaids; six hundred invitations have been issued, and the parents of the bride give a grand reception in the evening at their residence.—In answer to a query, "What is the significance of turning down the corner of a card?" we reply, that whenever this is done, it implies that the person calling desires to see two persons.—Dickens was a guest of Mr. Geo. W. Child during his stay in Philadel-

phia. Mr. Child is one of the most public-spirited men in the Quaker city, and his company is courted by the best society there.—*New York Home Journal, Jan.*, 1868.

LICENCE OF THE PRESS.

About the most atrocious piece of political engineering that we have seen is Horace Greely's officious and pompous announcement, in double-leaded lines, in the *Tribune, that General Grant deems Johnson's conviction on the impeachment necessary for the peace of the country.*

What a reckless and infamous old scoundrel Horace has become, when he would resort to such a trick as this to influence the result of a judicial trial.

What bearing has the opinion of a drunken stupid fellow like Grant as to what is necessary for the peace of the country, upon the question of the guilt or innocence of Johnson?

What a desperate case it must be which requires the authority of the General of the army to secure a conviction. And he at the same time plotting to use the military power to secure to himself the succession.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

At St. Paul's Episcopal church, at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on Easter day, a collection of 4004 dollars was taken up. The parish connected with this church is one of the best anywhere, and the parishioners, although not distinguished for their great wealth, are noted for their liberality. They have recently finished the finest Protestant church edifice in the West, and now propose building a fine parish school. Rev. Mr. Beers is rector of this church, and is universally beloved and respected. —*La Crosse Democrat.*

WHO KILLÆD LINCOLN?

To the Editor of the La Crosse Democrat.

Occasionally I discover a copy of your straight-forward paper down in this hot-bed of Radicalism, and whenever one appears it generally creates a smoke among the elements which constitute the "God-and-morality" party.

Just imagine for a moment, a group of "loil" citizens gathered on a corner, listening to one of their party reading

an extract from an editorial in the *La Crosse Democrat:* "When J. Wilkes Booth took the life of A. Lincoln, he done what was just and right!"

"What do you think of that, gentlemen?"

A voice from one side—"The paper don't say any such thing."

"It certainly does, I will read it again—'When Abraham Lincoln was insulting the nation with foul jokes, Providence cut short his career, by striking him down without a moment's warning.'"

Some voice outside produces a Chicago *Tribune*, and reads an article charging Providence with the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

By that time the fact is discovered that this outsider is a "Copperhead," and the horrid grins to be seen on the faces of these modern saints, would be enough to arouse a legion of imps to a general jubilee. But if they ever spring their nets over a catch of these infernal descendants of Puritanism, they will regret it, for the managers of the brimstone regions would soon find themselves superseded, and the old fellow arraigned for impeachment. Is there any probability that the people of this country will ever pause long enough to consider the rapid strides they are making towards a general ruin, or will they rush blindly on the course marked out by a party that leaves nothing in the rear but death and destruction, plunder and devastation, confiscation and a general scene of mourning, whose track of desolation is as visible through the history of modern nations as the track of a tornado through a wilderness. The people who kill "Copperheads" at long range are taking your life daily. READER.

Princeton, Ill., April 9, 1868.

The Mobile *Tribune* tells a good story of a dramatic (?) performance that came off in Tennessee, which was intended to represent the killing of the "L. L." It appears to have been a negro show entirely. Booth was represented by a huge thick-lipped black and greasy negro, and Lincoln by another equally so. The house was crowded with persons of all colours and sexes. At last the curtain raised, and "Booth" drew a revolver and fired. "Lincoln" waked up suddenly from a half-sleepy,

half-sanctimonious look, upon seeing the splinters fly from the floor about ten feet in front of him. A second shot brought a yell of pain from "Booth" in place of "*Sic Semper Tyrannis,*" for the darn fool nigger had done gone shot himself through the hand. The curtain dropped gracefully over this tragic scene, and strange to say it was not encored.

The Mobile *Register* has the following significant item :—

"John Nicholson, coloured, of Memphis, complains through a card in the *Ledger*, that the Radicals induced him to vote and electioneer for Brownlow by a promise, which they now repudiate, of forty acres and four mules; also that he was recently sick, and his white brethren of the Loyal League, though bound to provide him medicines and a physician, did neither, but stole fifty dollars from his pocket."

That is always the way of it. The Jacobins care only for the vote of the negroes; they will never receive any land, or mules, for voting the Radical ticket; and furthermore, if they harbour Radicals in their midst, they must expect to suffer from the thieves.

Our radical friend of the Jackson County, Wisconsin, *Banner*, says :—

"Ben Butler is trying to prove that Grant was drunk a few Sundays since. He had better try to prove that Ben Butler is a nuisance. It won't cost him much time or trouble to do that."

Tut-tut. Didn't you know the spoon thief and the National mule had kissed and made up? By the way, Watrous, you never answered that little question asked you the other day: "How many stars are there on the flag you fought under?" Is it too hard, or are you afraid of conflicting with your party Moguls?

The Atchison, Kansas, *Patriot*, has the following very pointed reference to Mister Useless Grant :—

"General Grant's popularity don't seem to help the waning fortunes of the Radical conspirators to any great extent. In New Hampshire and Connecticut we have signal instances of what his "popularity" amounts to. In the former State the load of this tobacco-whisky-hero reduced the Radical majority nearly a thousand votes, and in the latter the Democratic gain amounts to about the same figure. 'Raw for Grant.'"

And H. Greeley says that if Grant's name doesn't prove more popular than it has thus far, he is authorized to withdraw it from the other States entirely—or words to that effect. Poor Grant! whisky and Jacobinism will kill even an ass.

The *Spirit of Jefferson*, Charlestown, Virginia, speaks out as follows:—

"Losing sight of its mission as the great pioneer in the work of reformation and redemption, the Methodist Episcopal Church of this country has become a political machine through which Radicalism receives its warmest support, and from which Jacobinism derives its greatest strength. Forgetting the teaching of the Divine Master who proclaimed that 'My kingdom is not of this world,' the representatives of this Church avail themselves of every opportunity—and not unfrequently they make the opportunity—to give expression to their devotion to the Radical party, and to throw the weight of their mighty influence in behalf of oppression and despotism. Inflated with wealth, and intoxicated with its numerical strength in the North and West, it is now reaching out its strong arms to get possession of the government, the better to enable it to carry out its schemes of plunder and aggrandizement."

These are facts. A considerable of the responsibility of the present condition of the country is owing to Bible-banging traitors, and yet we are pronounced rough and blasphemous when we denounce them as they deserve. We can have no respect for a vile Jacobin scoundrel, be he in a pulpit or a penitentiary.

The Reading, Pennsylvania, *Daily Eagle* is a sharp little Democratic paper, and gets off the following at one of its black neighbours:—

"The *Dispatch* man says we stole 'that shirt' from a nigger wench in the Pottsville lock-up. As our neighbour claims the shirt as his property, we would like to know how the wench got it. Is she a particular friend of his?"

Most any good loyal man can tell the *modus operandi*—Thad. Stevens, for instance.

Speaking of Michigan's drunken senator, Chandler, the Detroit *Union* says:—

"Since a livery after the manner of Johnny Bull is incomplete without a coat-of-arms, we think Zach requires recon-

struction. A dagger crossed with a bottle of whisky over a liveried darkey's neck would be an appropriate device for this Republican senator's escutcheon."

We suggest a string of hemp about Zach's neck would be decidedly more appropriate, and certainly more satisfactory to the country.

The Keokuk, Iowa, *Constitution* says :—

"Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, has appointed the anniversary of the death of Mr. Lincoln as a day of fasting and prayer. A newspaper correspondent thereupon inquires if it is the intention of the Jacobins to canonize Mr. Lincoln as a saint."

We should think not, as that would be degrading the old cuss, he having already been blasphemously set up as Saviour number two.

The Mobile *Tribune* has the following :—

"'Brick' Pomeroy was unanimously nominated Mayor of La Crosse, Wisconsin. He, however, was compelled to decline, on account of his onerous duties as editor of the *Democrat*."

We don't see this item in any of those so-called Democratic papers, however, that have time and again stated that the La Crosse *Democrat* was not endorsed by the Democracy at home. Now is the time to correct those false assertions. Mr. Pomeroy was endorsed by a unanimous nomination, and after such endorsement the Democracy carried the city by its usual majorities.

Here we shall have to leave our friends until another week.

THE MONGRELS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of the La Crosse Democrat.

The mass of the mongrels of the South make a great hue and cry about their loyalty, and tell of the terrible and inhuman manner they have been and still are treated by the "rebels and traitors," because they perilled their lives and fortunes for their country—their country forsooth—were driven from their homes, plundered and stripped on account of their love to the Union, and of a thousand and one other hardships and grievances they suffered for their loyalty to the stars and stripes—not for the Constitution, for they know nothing about it, and don't care a fig for it.

Petition after petition has gone to Congress, with doleful details of oppression and plunder, and praying for relief—for the offices. Mongrel papers, North and South, have teemed with and gloated over the infamous lie; paid and unpaid correspondents have endeavoured to outdo each other in publishing the slanderous lie, and Northern people have lent a willing ear and sickened with puritanical horror at the recital of the woes "loil" men have suffered in the South at the hands of Southern monsters. In the name of the whole South I repel the charge as false, and declare, though it may appear egotistical, that the people of the South are as humane, chivalrous, and brave as any people under the sun. The brave never oppress. Let me tell your readers, let me tell the Northern people, the sort of men the mass of the mongrels at the South were before the war. As a general thing they were the very lowest dregs of society, thriftless, indolent, and worthless, with no property, and too indolent to make any, and extremely envious against their neighbours who worked and made property. Others were harpies—disappointed office-seekers, who for want of moral character and qualifications could not obtain the offices they coveted.

And it was not love for the North, nor veneration for the Constitution, for the majority of them had never seen it, and did not know what it was. Then why did they go North? To keep out of the army.

Yes, but many of them entered the Federal army—true—not from choice, but per force. Thousands of men, North and South, know this to be true. Many joined from necessity, some to prove their loyalty—which by some was doubted—whilst a large majority of them never went into the army. And what tales they told, how the "rebels" had driven them from their homes and stolen all their property, when in nine cases out of ten, those who talk so much, so loud, and so bitter about the loss of their property had none, or but little, to lose, and to hear them talk you would suppose they were rich before the war. I am now speaking of the mass, for there are some men at the South—men of property and men of intelligence, who from conviction were Union men, and went North during the rebellion. They were the exception—not the rule. That a majority of them are such men as I have represented is "known of all men,"

and more, they are a curse to any country they are in, for a great many of them have a *penchant* for appropriating other men's property to their own use, and come back since the war with more property than they ever had before. Poor fellows! How they whine over their fabulous and imaginary losses, reduced to poverty by the "thieving rebels," and desire and pray (if such lying wretches can pray) for the confiscation of the "rebel's" property and indemnification for their immense losses. All the property that was in the South before the war—both real and personal—would not be sufficient to indemnify these "loil" men for their losses, according to their estimated losses. This is a brief outline of the domestic "loil" men. Then we have a goodly number of the imported "carpet-bag" men, from the North, many of them fugitives from justice. All have an intensified hatred of the "rebels," are supremely "loil" and extremely desirous of holding office—a thing they could not get where they came from, on account of their polluted moral character and want of qualification. Such are the men, with the brutish and ignorant negro, to hold the offices, sit on our juries, and make our laws, and administer injustice, oppression, and wrong. How long will it take such a set of jail-birds, refugees from justice, and ignoramuses, without morals or conscience, with the poor, deluded negro, to devastate, ruin, and Africanize the South? What a frightful future, like a yawning gulf, opens before us. A WHITE MAN.

March 31, 1868.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

"*The Lincoln Monument.*—The monument to the memory of the late President Abraham Lincoln, erected by the citizens of Washington, is being made ready for the dedication on Wednesday next, and on Saturday the shaft, which is over eighteen feet in height, was safely set in place, and to-morrow the statue, which is receiving the finishing touches at the hands of the artist and designer, Mr. Lot Flannery, will be set in place, but will remain veiled until the dedication."—*Washington Star, April* 13.

There is a resemblance between the "Late Lamented" and the Veiled Prophet, if not in courage and magnificence of surroundings, at least in aspect; and the detestable, crooked,

cruel policy which has brought the country to its present condition.

We would suggest, therefore, when the veil is lifted from Abe's sainted features, the following inscription uttered by his prototype be at once carved upon the marble :—

"Here—judge if Hell with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."
"The veil is raised—Truth turns slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground."

The orator of the occasion ought to be greatly obliged to us for suggesting an appropriate address—the more appropriate because it was the funeral oration on the Veiled Prophet delivered by himself. Our readers will at once see how admirably adapted it is to the modern Mokanna—many a regenerated Radical, and War Democrat, will appreciate the revelation from the "Sainted."

"Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosom, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
Is but the trance with which heaven's joys begin;
That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
Ev'n monstrous man, is—after God's own taste.
You've been my dupes, and shall be ev'n in death,
As this marble shall attest beyond your latest breath."

We refer the curious and inquiring reader to Moore's "Lalla Rookh," where a full history of the Arch Impostor will be found in the story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."—*La Crosse Democrat.*

GEMS.

They had no Easter in Chicago this year.—They had a nor'-Easter, however!

Anna Dickinson wants woman's field of labour enlarged. Well, let her get married then.

The Springfield, Ill., barbers are prohibited shaving on Sundays; the sharpers still do it, however.

Topeka, Kansas, is ahead. One hundred women went to the polls there, and voted, on last election day.

Stewart still hangs to Grant, but he is also experiencing dull times, and has discharged a number of clerks.

The steamer *Magnolia* which recently exploded, was the scene of many high old drunks by Grant in 1863.

An item says, "all the French dailies publish stories." So do the American Jacobin dailies—and whoppers, too.

A. T. Stewart asserts that he is still for Grant. Well, Grant needs all the "stills" Stewart can furnish.

The reason for Governor English's election in Connecticut is very plain. He was supported by all but Jewell-*ers!*

When Johnson was "swinging around the circle" he says he did not drink, while Grant was continually drunk!

The Chicago *Tribune* wants Yates to resign, so Medill of that paper can have his place. Yates had better stay in.

Butler and Grant made up because the latter must use spoons with his toddy, and the Beast had all there was.

It is said the Grant clubs of Connecticut are wonderfully demoralized, and hardly any Grant men are visible in the State.

We are indebted to a young friend, C. O. Powning, engaged in the California State Senate, for valuable documents.

Brownlow is going to the Chicago Convention. He will there get an insight into the hell he will ultimately go to.

The base ball season is approaching, and it will be quite in order for antiquated grannies to have their annual say about it.

It is said Beast Butler's great *penchant* for silver is one thing which operates against the resumption of specie payments.

The Grant clubs of the country are now called "sappy clubs." Undoubtedly because they are *short* and *sweet* affairs.

Beast Butler wants to kill off the President, so that he may have a chance to steal the silver trimmings on his coffin!

There are a greater number of excellent original ideas in the Mobile *Tribune* than any other paper coming to our table.

Jacobin papers are constantly talking about Grant's popularity, but they are careful not to bring in Connecticut as evidence.

It appears as if nigger suffrage had more lives than a cat. It has been killed a dozen times in different places already.

"White Boys in Blue" are organising as an opposition to the G. A. R., while the Ku-klux will attend to the Lie-all League.

It is a pleasant thing for the Chicago *Post* to abuse us on one page, and steal good things from us to enliven its other pages.

Kansas is still "bleeding," and it looks as if its nigger blood would soon give out, and a regenerated Democratic State rise up!

It is rumoured that Dr. Bayne, the Virginia nigger, called on Grant, the American ass, and that Bayne got kicked—out doors!

A painting is to be made of the closing scene of the impeachment. We hope Yates will not be without his *kloze* when it is sketched.

It is thought the Radical vote will be greatly reduced before fall if the police of the country do their duty in killing curs, this summer.

An Iowa editor wants to let a man marry as many wives as he desires. That would be bad for editors' wives. How would they live?

A new Democratic daily paper has just made its appearance from Helena, Montana—called the *Gazette*. It is neat, sharp, and sprightly.

We understand there is a proposition to have a United States vice-president for each State, so as to give all the ambitious Jacobins a chance.

Anthony Trollope is coming to America.—Dickens has just finished his snobbing tour, and now we are to be Trolloped. Deliver us!

Anna Dickinson's voice failed. That will be good news for the Radicals of *La Crosse*, who were so riled by the "sweet creature" last winter.

A gentleman whose head is "silvered o'er," declined to go into the House the other day when Butler was there, for fear of getting scalped.

The Democrats of Springfield, Illinois, are building a monument to the busted martyr Abe. They have already got three hundred majority.

General Hancock is said to be the lion at Washington now,

undoubtedly because he occupies the lair recently used by the British minister, Lyons.

A Michigan Jacobin says "the *La Crosse Democrat* is doing good Republican work in the State." Wonder if you have read the election returns?

The Nashville *Gazette* says Brick Pomeroy is about to start a Norwegian paper, and adds, "Lord help the Rads when he gets to cussin' in *Norwegian.*"

Carl Schurz smelt "victory in the air" *before* the Connecticut election. He was only snuffing the Jacobin stink that arises from dirty *Schurz!*

America would make a nice thing by inducing the English to keep George Francis Train in prison for life, and consider the Alabama claims settled.

In the nutmeg State the Democrats have the Governor, and the Jacobins the legislature.—Next year we hope our Democratic friends will *Connect-the-cut!*

An exchange tells of a lady at a party who fainted, and having her face bathed in mucilage by mistake for camphor, has been terribly stuck up ever since.

The editor of "*Harper's Journal of Civilization*" is so uncivilized as not to know that Judge Curtis has been a judge of the United States Supreme Court.

Curses are not the only things that come home to roost. The Democratic roosters that have been wandering about for five years are finally getting back on their old perches.

Washburne, of Indiana, declines to be a candidate for the Rump, and "regrets he could not have done more for his country."—*La Crosse Democrat.*

A SPECIMEN OF A BILL OF FARE.

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO.

BREAKFAST.

English Breakfast Tea, Old Hyson Tea, Coffee, Chocolate.

BROILED.

Mutton Chops, Plain,
Beef Steak, Plain,
Duffield's Breakfast Bacon,
Beef Steak, with Fried Potatoes,
Pork Chops,
Veal Cutlets, Plain,
Veal Cutlets, Breaded,
Beef Kidneys,
Calf's Liver, with Fried Pork,
Broiled Tripe,
Mutton Chops, Breaded,
Ham,
Calf's Liver, Plain,
Beef Steak, with Onions,
Pig's Feet.

FRIED.

Country Sausage,
Calf's Liver,
Country Sausage Balls,
Fried Tripe,
Cracked Wheat,
Ham and Eggs,
Fried Hominy,
Kidneys.

Boiled Rice, Hashed Meat, Boiled Hominy. Stewed Kidneys,

FISH.

Broiled Salt Mackerel, Codfish Balls, Broiled White Fish, Plain.

EGGS.

Boiled Eggs,
Fried Eggs,
Scrambled Eggs, with Ham.
Scrambled Eggs,
Omelette, Plain,
Shorred Eggs,
Omelette, with Sugar Rum,
Poached Eggs, on Toast.

COLD MEATS.

Cold Roast Beef,
Cold Boiled Ham,
Cold Boiled Tongue,
Cold Corned Beef.

POTATOES.

Stewed, Fried, à la Rounaise, Fried, Plain, Boiled.

BREAD, ETC.

French Rolls,
Corn Bread,
Plain Bread,
Boston Brown Bread Toast,
Buckwheat Cakes,
Graham Bread,
Brown Bread,
Hard Crackers,
Stale Bread,
Cracked Wheat,
Dry and Dipped Toast,
White Rolls,
Buttered Toast,
Indian Cakes,
Loaf Sugar Syrup.

HOURS OF MEALS.

BREAKFAST from 6 to 11 A.M. DINNER from 1 to 4 P.M. DINNER from 5 to 6 P.M.
TEA from 6 to 9 P.M. SUPPER from 9 to 12 P.M.

SUNDAYS.—DINNER from 1½ until 3 P.M., and from 4 to 5 P.M.

CHILDREN AND NURSES.—BREAKFAST from 7 to 9 A.M. DINNER 12½. TEA 6 P.M.

☞ All Meals, Lunches, and Fruits, sent to Rooms, will be charged extra. ☜

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS, AND A VISIT TO ONE.

THERE are two kinds of drunkards—the Regular and the Occasional. Of each of these two classes there are several varieties, and, indeed, there are no two cases precisely alike; but every drunkard in the world is either a person who has lost the power to refrain from drinking a certain large quantity of alcoholic liquor every day, or he is one who has lost the power to refrain from drinking an uncertain enormous quantity now and then.

Few get drunk habitually who can refrain. If they could refrain, they would; for to no creatures is drunkenness so loathsome and temperance so engaging, as to seven-tenths of the drunkards. There are a few very coarse men, of heavy, stolid, animal organization, who almost seem formed by nature to absorb alcohol, and in whom there is not enough of manhood to be ashamed of its degradation. These Dr. Albert Day, the superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, sometimes called Natural Drunkards. They like strong drink for its own sake; they have a kind of sulky enjoyment of its muddling effect upon such brains as they happen to have; and when once the habit is fixed, nothing can deliver them except stone walls and iron bars. There are also a few drunkards of very light calibre, trifling persons, incapable of serious reflection or of a serious purpose, their very terrors being trivial and transitory, who do not care for the ruin in which they are involved. Generally speaking, however, drunkards hate the servitude into which they have had the misfortune to fall; they long to escape from it, have often tried to escape, and if they have given up, it is only after having so many times slidden back into the abyss, that they feel it would be of no use to climb again. As Mrs. H. B. Stowe remarks, with that excellent charity of hers, which is but another name for refined justice: "*Many a drunkard has expended more virtue in vain endeavours to break his chain than suffices to carry an ordinary Christian to heaven.*"

The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy, restless, drunkard's sleep, he is miserable beyond expression, and almost helpless. In very bad cases, he will see double, and his hands will tremble so that he cannot lift to his lips the glass for which

he has a desire amounting to mania. Two or three stiff glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles, and get about without betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes, he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco, and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours he will generally be able to transact routine business, and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. *As dinner-time draws near, he feels the necessity of creating an appetite; which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain-sides as Bitters,*—a mixture of bad drugs with worse spirits. These bitters do lash the torpid powers into a momentary, morbid fierce activity, which enables the victim to eat even a superabundant dinner. The false excitement subsides, but the dinner remains, and it has to be digested. This calls for an occasional drink for three or four hours, after which the system is exhausted, and the man feels dull and languid. He is exhausted, but he is not tranquil; he craves a continuation of the stimulant with a craving which human nature, so abused and perverted, never resists. By this time it is evening, when all the apparatus of temptation is in the fullest activity, and all the loose population of the town is abroad. He now begins his evening debauch, and keeps up a steady drinking until he can drink no more, when he stumbles home to sleep off the stupefying fumes, and awake to the horror and decrepitude of a drunkard's morning.

The quantity of spirituous liquor required to keep one of these unhappy men in this degrading slavery varies from a pint a day to two quarts. Many drunkards consume a quart of whiskey every day for years. The regular allowance of one gentleman of the highest position, both social and official, who made his way to the Inebriate Asylum, had been two quarts of brandy a day for about five years. The most remarkable known case is that of a hoary-headed man of education and fortune, residing in the city of New York, who confesses to taking "fifty drinks a day" of whiskey,—ten drinks to a bottle, and five bottles to a gallon. One gallon of liquor, he *says*, goes down his old throat every day of the year. Before he is fit to eat his breakfast in the

morning he has to drink twelve glasses of whiskey, or one bottle and one fifth. Nevertheless, even this poor man is able, for some hours of the morning, to transact what people of property and leisure call business, and, during a part of the evening, to converse in such a way as to amuse persons who can look on and see a human being in such bondage without stopping to think what a tragedy it is. This Old Boy never has to be carried home, I believe. He is one of those most hopeless drunkards who never get drunk, never wallow in the gutter never do anything to scare or startle them into an attempt to reform. He is like a certain German "puddler" who was pointed out to me in a Pittsburg iron-works, who consumes exactly seven dollars' worth of lager-beer every seven days,—twenty glasses a day, at five cents each. He is also like the men employed in the dismal work of the brewery, who are allowed as much beer as they can drink, and who generally do drink as much as they can. Such persons are always fuddled and stupid, but seldom drunk enough to alarm their neighbours or themselves. Perhaps they are the only persons in all the world who are in any degree justified in passing their lives in a state of suspended intelligence; those of them at least whose duty it is to get inside of enormous beer-barrels, and there, in darkness and solitude, in an atmosphere reeking and heavy with stale ale, scrape and mop them out, before they are refilled. When you see their dirty, pale faces at the "man-hole" of the barrel down in the rumbling bowels of the earth, in one of those vast caves of beer in Cincinnati, you catch yourself saying, "Drink, poor devils, drink! Soak what brains you have in beer!" What can a man want with brains in a beer-barrel? But, then, you think again, even these poor men need their brains when they get home; and *we* need that they should have brains on the first Tuesday in November.

It is that *going home* which makes drunkenness so dire a tragedy. If the drunkard could only shut himself up with a whiskey-barrel, or a pipe of Madeira, and quietly guzzle himself to death, it would be a pity, but it could be borne. He never does this; he goes home to make that home perdition to some good souls that love him, or depend upon him, and cannot give him up. There are men at the Asylum near Binghamton, who have admirable wives, beautiful and accomplished

daughters, venerable parents, whose portraits are there in the patient's trunks, and who write daily letters to cheer the absent one, whose absence now, for the first time in years, does not terrify them. *They* are the victims of drunkenness—they who never taste strong drink. For *their* deliverance, this Asylum stands upon its hill justified in existing. The men themselves are interesting, valuable, precious, worth every rational effort that can be made to save them; but it is those whom they have left at home anxious and desolate that have the first claim upon our consideration.

With regard to these steady, regular drunkards, the point to be noted is this: very few of them can stop drinking while they continue to perform their daily labour; they absolutely *depend* upon the alcohol to rouse their torpid energies to activity. Their jaded constitutions will not budge without the spur. Everything within them gapes and hungers for the accustomed stimulant. This is the case, even in a literal sense; for it seems, from Dr. Day's dissections, that the general effect of excessive drinking is to enlarge the globules of which the brain, the blood, the liver, and other organs are composed, so that those globules, as it were, stand open-mouthed, empty, athirst, inflamed, and most eager to be filled. A man whose every organ is thus diseased cannot usually take the first step toward cure without ceasing for a while to make any other demands upon himself. This is the great fact of his condition. If he is a true drunkard, *i. e.* if he has lost the power to do his work without excessive alcoholic stimulation, then there is no cure possible for him without rest. Here we have the simple explanation of Mrs. Stowe's fine remark just quoted. This is why so many thousand wives spend their days in torment between hope and despair,—hope kindled by the husband's efforts to regain possession of himself, and despair caused by his repeated, his inevitable relapses. The unfortunate man tries to do two things at once, the easiest of which is as much as he can accomplish; while the hardest is a task which, even with the advantage of perfect rest, few can perform without assistance.

The Occasional Drunkard is a man who is a teetotaler for a week, two weeks, a month, three months, six months, and who, at the end of his period, is tempted to drink one glass of

alcoholic liquor. That one glass has upon him two effects; it rouses the slumbering demon of Desire, and it perverts his moral judgment. All at once his honour and good name, the happiness and dignity of his family, his success in business, all that he held dearest a moment before, seem small to him, and he thinks he has been a fool of late to concern himself so much about them. Or else he thinks he can drink without being found out, and without its doing him the harm it did the last time. Whatever may be the particular delusion that seizes him, the effect is the same; he drinks, and drinks, and drinks, keeping it up sometimes for ten days, or even for several weeks, until the long debauch ends in utter exhaustion or in delirium tremens. He is then compelled to submit to treatment; he must needs go to the Inebriate Asylum of his own bedroom. There, whether he raves or droops, he is the most miserable wretch on earth; for, besides the bodily tortures which he suffers, he has to endure the most desolating pang that a decent human being ever knows,—the loss of his self-respect. He abhors himself and is ashamed; he remembers past relapses and despairs; he cannot look his own children in the face; he wishes he had never been born, or had died in the cursed hour, vividly remembered, when this appetite mastered him first. As his health is restored, his hopes revive; he renews his resolution and he resumes his ordinary routine, subdued, distrustful of himself, and on the watch against temptation. *Why he again relapses he can hardly tell, but he always does. Sometimes a snarl in business perplexes him, and he drinks for elucidation. Sometimes melancholy oppresses him, and he drinks to drive dull care away. Sometimes good fortune overtakes him, or an enchanting day in June or October attunes his heart to joy, and he is taken captive by the strong delusion that now is the time to drink and be glad. Often it is lovely woman who offers the wine, and offers it in such a way that he thinks he cannot refuse without incivility or confession. From conversation with the inmates of the Inebriate Asylum, I am confident that Mr. Greeley's assertion with regard to the wine given at the communion is correct. That sip might be enough to awaken the desire. The mere odour of the wine filling the church might be too much for some men.*

There appears to be a physical cause for this extreme sus-

ceptibility. Dr. Day has once had the opportunity to examine the brain of a man who, after having been a drunkard, reformed, and lived for some years a teetotaler. He found, to his surprise, that the globules of the brain had not shrunk to their natural size. They did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, but they were still enlarged, and seemed ready on the instant to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their former condition. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of any alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine puts the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, swept and clean, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors opened wide to the enemy's return; so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall.

There are many varieties of these occasional drunkards, and, as a class, they are perhaps the hardest to cure. Edgar Poe was one of them; half a glass of wine would set him off upon a wild, reckless debauch, that would last for days. All such persons as artists, writers, and actors, used to be particularly subject to this malady, before they had any recognised place in the world, or any acknowledged right to exist at all. Men whose labours are intense, but irregular, whose gains are small and uncertain, who would gladly be gentlemen, but are compelled to content themselves with being loafers, are in special danger; and so are men whose toil is extremely monotonous. Printers, especially those who work at night upon newspapers, are, perhaps of all men the most liable to fall under the dominion of drink. Some of them have persuaded themselves that they rest under a kind of necessity to "go on a tear" now and then, as a relief from such grinding work as theirs. On the contrary, one "tear" creates the temptation to another, for the man goes back to his work weak, depressed, and irritable; the monotony of his labour is aggravated by the incorrectness with which he does it, and the longing to break loose and renew the oblivion of drink strengthens rapidly, until it masters him once more.

Of these periodical drunkards it is as true as it is of their

regular brethren, that they cannot conquer the habit without being relieved for a while of their daily labour. This malady is so frequent among us, that hardly an individual will cast his eyes over these pages who cannot call to mind at least one person who has struggled with it for many years, and struggled in vain. *They attempt too much. Their periodical "sprees," "benders," or "tears," are a connected series, each a cause and an effect, an heir and a progenitor.* After each debauch, the man returns to his routine in just the state of health, in just the state of mind, to be irritated, disgusted, and exhausted by that routine; and, at every moment of weakness, there is always present the temptation to seek the deadly respite of alcohol. The moment arrives when the desire becomes too strong for him, and the victim yields to it by a law as sure, as irresistible, as that which makes the apple seek the earth's centre when it is disengaged from the tree.

It is amazing to see how helpless men can be against such a habit, while they are compelled to continue their daily round of duties. Not ignorant men only, nor bad men, nor weak men, but men of good understanding, of rare gifts, of the loftiest aspirations, of characters the most amiable, engaging, and estimable, and of will sufficient for every purpose but this. They *know* the ruin that awaits them, or in which they are already involved, better than we other sinners know it; they hate their bondage worse than the most uncharitable of their friends can despise it; they look with unutterable envy upon those who still have dominion over themselves; many, very many of them would give all they have for deliverance; and yet self-deliverance is impossible. There are men among them who have been trying for thirty years to abstain, and still they drink. Some of them have succeeded in lengthening the sober interval, and they will live with strictest correctness for six months or more, and then, taking that first fatal glass, will immediately lose their self-control, and drink furiously for days and nights; drink until they are obliged to use drunken artifice to get the liquid into their mouths,—their hands refusing their office. Whether they take a large quantity of liquor every day, or an immense quantity periodically, makes no great difference, the disease is essentially the same; the difficulties in the way of cure are the same; the remedial measures must be the same.

A drunkard, in short, is a person so diseased by alcohol, that he cannot get through his work without keeping his system saturated with it, or without such weariness and irritation as furnish irresistible temptation to a debauch. He is, in other words, a fallen brother, who cannot get upon his feet without help, and who can generally get upon his feet with help.

Upon this truth Inebriate Asylums are founded; their object being to afford the help needed. There are now four such institutions in the United States: one in Boston, opened in 1857, called the Washingtonian Home; one in Media, near Philadelphia, opened in 1867, called the Sanitarium; one at Chicago, opened in 1868; and one at Binghamton, New York, called the New York Inebriate Asylum. The one last named was founded in 1858, if the laying of the corner-stone with grand ceremonial can be called founding it; and it has been opened some years for the reception of patients; but it had no real existence as an asylum for the cure of inebriates until the year 1867, when the present superintendent, Dr. Albert Day, assumed control.

The history of the institution previous to that time ought to be related fully for the warning of a pre-occupied and subscribing public, but space cannot be afforded for it here. The substance of it, as developed in sundry reports of trials and pamphlets of testimony, is this: *Fifteen or twenty years ago, an English adventurer living in the city of New York, calling himself a doctor, and professing to treat unnameable diseases, thought he saw in this notion of an Inebriate Asylum (then much spoken of) a chance for feathering his nest. He entered upon the enterprise without delay, and he displayed a good deal of nervous energy in getting the charter, collecting money, and erecting the building. The people of Binghamton, misled by his representations, gave a farm of two hundred and fifty-two acres for the future inmates to cultivate, which was two hundred acres too much; and to this tract farms still more superfluous have been added, until the Asylum estate contains more than five hundred acres. An edifice was begun on the scale of an imperial palace, which will have cost, by the time it is finished and furnished, a million dollars. The restless man pervaded the State raising money, and creating public opinion in favour of the institution. For several years he was regarded as one of the great originating philanthropists of the*

age; and this the more because he always gave out that he was labouring in the cause from pure love of the inebriate, and received no compensation.

But the time came when his real object and true character were revealed. In 1864 *he carried his disinterestedness so far as to offer* to give *to the institution, as part of its permanent fund, the entire amount to which he said he was entitled for services rendered and expenses incurred. This amount was two hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, which would certainly have been a handsome gift. When he was asked for the items of his account, he said he had charged for eighteen years' services in founding the institution, at thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and the rest was travelling-expenses, clerk hire, and salaries paid to agents. The trustees were puzzled to know how a man who, at the beginning of the enterprise, had no visible property, could have expended so much out of his private resources, while exercising an unremunerated employment. Leaving that conundrum unsolved, they were able at length to conjecture the object of the donation. One of the articles of the charter provided that any person giving ten dollars to the institution should be a stockholder, and entitled to a vote at the election of trustees. Every gift of ten dollars was a vote! If, therefore, this astounding claim had been allowed, and the* gift *accepted, the audacious villain would have been constituted owner of four-fifths of the governing stock, and the absolute controller of the entire property of the institution! It was a bold game, and the strangest part of the story is, that it came near succeeding. It required the most arduous exertions of a public-spirited board of trustees, headed by Dr. Willard Parker, to oust the man who, even after the discovery of his scheme, played his few last cards so well that he had to be bought off by a considerable sum cash down. An incident of the disastrous reign of this individual was the burning of one of the wings of the building, after he had had it well insured. The insurance was paid him* (81,000 *dollars); and there was a trial for arson,—a crime which is easy to commit, and hard to prove. Binghamton convicted the prisoner, but the jury was obliged to acquit him. The man and his confederates must have carried off an enormous booty. The local trustees say, in their Report for* 1867 *:—*

"Less than two years ago the Asylum received about 81,000 dollars from insurance companies for damage done by fire to

the north wing. About 20,000 dollars have since been received from the counties; making from these two sources about 100,000 dollars; and although the buildings and grounds remain in the same unfinished state as when the fire occurred, except a small amount of work done in one or two wards in the south wing, the 100,000 dollars have nearly disappeared. . . . . Aside from the payment of interest and insurance, this money has been expended by Dr. ——, and in just such ways as he thought proper to use it.

"It may well be asked why this is so? The answer is, that Dr. —— assumes and exercises supreme control, and allows no interference, at least on the part of the resident trustees. . . . .

"His control and management of everything connected with the institution has been as absolute in fact, if not in form, as if he were its sole proprietor. He goes to Albany to obtain legislation giving him extraordinary police powers, without as much as even informing the trustees of his intentions. When the iron grates for the windows of the lower ward were obtained, the resident trustees knew nothing of the matter, until they were informed that the patients were looking through barred windows. *Everything has been done in the same way. He is not known to have had any other official relation to the institution by regular appointment than that of corresponding secretary, and yet he has exercised a power over its affairs which has defied all restraint. He lives there with his family, without a salary, and without individual resources, and dispenses hospitality or charity to his kindred with as much freedom and unreserve as if he owned everything, and had unlimited means at his command. In fact, incredible as it may seem, he claims that he is virtually the owner of the institution. And his claim might have challenged contradiction had his plans succeeded.*"

Such things may be done in a community where almost every one is benevolent enough to give money towards an object that promises to mitigate human woe, but where scarcely any one has leisure to watch the expenditure of that sacred treasure!

The institution, after it was open, remained for two years under the blight of this person's control. Everything he did was wrong. Ignorant, obstinate, passionate, fussy, and false,—plausible and obsequious at Albany, a violent despot at the Asylum,—he was, of all the people in the world, the precisely

worst man to conduct an experiment so novel, and so abounding in difficulties. If he had a theory, it was that an inebriate is something between a criminal and a lunatic, who is to be punished like the one and restrained like the other. His real object seemed to be, after having received payment for a patient six months in advance, to starve and madden him into a sudden departure. The very name chosen by him for the institution proves his hopeless incompetency—"Inebriate Asylum!" That name to-day is, perhaps, the greatest single obstacle to its growth. He began by affixing a stigma to the unfortunate men who had honoured themselves by making so gallant an effort at self-recovery. But let the man and his doings pass into oblivion. There never yet was a bad man who was not, upon the whole, a very stupid ass. All the genuine intelligence in the world resides in virtuous minds. When, therefore, I have said that this individual was an unprincipled adventurer, I have also said that he was signally incapable of conducting an institution like this.

While we, in the State of New York, were blundering on in this way, permitting a million dollars of public and private money to be lavished in the attempt to found an asylum, a few quiet people in Boston, aided by a small annual grant from the Legislature, had actually established one, and kept it going for nine years, during which three thousand inebriates had been received, and two thousand of them cured! The thing was accomplished in the simplest way. They hired the best house for the purpose that chanced to be vacant, fitted it up at the least possible expense, installed in it as superintendent an honest man whose heart was in the business, and opened its doors for the reception of patients. By-and-by, when they had results to show, they asked the Legislature for a little help, which was granted, and has been renewed from year to year ever since. The sum voted has never exceeded five thousand dollars in any year, and there are three men in Boston at this moment reclaimed from drunkenness by the Washingtonian Home who pay taxes enough to support it.

In an enterprise for the management of which no precedents exist, everything, of course depends upon the chief. When you have got the right man at the head you have got everything, and until you have got the right man there you have got nothing. Albert Day, the superintendent for nine years of

the Washingtonian Home at Boston, and, during the last year and a half the superintendent of the Asylum at Binghamton, has originated nearly all that is known of the art of curing the mania for alcohol. He struck into the right path at once, guided by instinct and sympathy, rather than by science or reflection. He was not a professional person; he was simply a business man of good New England education, who had two special qualifications for his new position,—first, a singular pity for drunkards; and, secondly, a firm belief that with timely and right assistance, a majority of them could be restored to self-control. This pity and this faith he had possessed for many years, and they had both grown strong by exercise. When he was a child upon his father's farm in Maine, he saw in his own home, and all around him, the evils resulting from the general use of alcoholic liquors, so that when the orators of teetotalism came along, he was ready to receive their message. He is one of the very few persons now living in the world who never partook of an alcoholic beverage,—so early was he convinced of their preposterous inutility. Losing his father at thirteen, he at once took hold of life in the true Yankee way. He tied up his few worldly effects into a bundle, and, slinging it over his shoulder, walked to a farmer's house not many miles away, and addressed to him a plain question, "Do you want to hire a boy?" to which the farmer with equal directness replied, "Yes." From hoeing corn and chopping wood the lad advanced to an apprenticeship, and learned a mechanical trade; and so made his way to early marriage, decent prosperity, and a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts. From the age of sixteen he was known, wherever he lived, as a staunch teetotaler, and also as one who would befriend a drunkard after others had abandoned him to his fate.

I once heard Dr. Day relate the occurrence which produced in his mind the conviction that drunkards could be rescued from the domination of their morbid appetite. One evening, when he came home from his work, he heard that a certain Jack Watts, the sot of the neighbourhood, was starving with his wife and three young children. After tea he went to see him. In treating this first patient, Albert Day hit upon the very method he has ever since pursued, and so I beg the reader will note the manner in which he proceeded. On entering his cottage he was

as polite to him, as considerate of his dignity as head of a household, as he could have been to the first man of the village. "Mr. Watts," said he, after the usual salutations, "I hear you are in straitened circumstances." The man, who was then quite sober, replied: "I am; my two youngest children went to bed crying for food, and I had none to give them. I spent my last three cents over there," pointing to a grog-shop opposite, "and the bar-keeper said to me, as he took the money, says he, 'Jack Watts, you're a fool,' and so I am." Here was a chance for a fine moral lecture. Albert Day indulged in nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Watts, excuse me for a few minutes;" and he went out, returning soon with a basket containing some flour, pork, and other materials for a supper. "Now, Mrs. Watts, cook something and wake your children up, and give them something to eat. I'll call again early in the morning. Good night."

Perfect civility,—no reproaches,—no lecture,—practical help of the kind needed and at the time needed. Observe, too, that the man was in the condition of mind in which patients usually are when they make the *confession* implied in entering an asylum. He was at the end of his tether. He was—to use the language of the bar-room—"dead beat."

When Mr. Day called the next morning, the family had had their breakfast, and Jack Watts smiled benedictions on the man whom he had been wont to regard as his enemy, because he was the declared enemy of Jack Watts's enemy. Now the time had come for a little talk. Jack Watts explained his circumstances; he had been out of work for a long time, and he had consumed all his substance in drink. Mr. Day listened with respectful attention, spoke to him of various plans for the future, and said that for that day he could give him a dollar's worth of wood-chopping to do. Then they got upon the liquor question. In the softened, receptive mind of Jack Watts, Albert Day deposited the substance of a rational temperance lecture. He spoke to him kindly, respectfully, hopefully, strongly; Jack Watts's mind was convinced; he said he had done with drink for ever. He meant it, too; and thus he was brought to the second stage on the road to deliverance. In this particular case, resting from labour was out of the question and unnecessary, for the man had been resting too long already, and must needs go to work. The wood was chopped. The dollar to be

paid for the work at the close of the day was a fearful ordeal for poor Jack, living fifteen yards from a bar-room. Mr. Day called round in the evening, paid him the dollar without remark, fell into ordinary conversation with the family, and took leave. John stood the test; not a cent of the money found its way into the till of the bar-keeper. Next morning Mr. Day was there again, and, seeing that the patient was going on well, spoke to him further about the future, and glided again into the main topic, dwelling much upon the absolute necessity of total and eternal abstinence. He got the man a place, visited him, held him up, fortified his mind, and so helped him to complete and lasting recovery. Jack Watts never drank again. He died a year or two ago in Maine at a good age, having brought up his family respectably.

This was an extreme case, for the man had been a drunkard many years; it was a difficult case, for he was poor and ignorant; and it made upon the mind of Albert Day an impression that nothing could efface. He was living in Boston in 1857, exercising his trade, when the Washingtonian Home was opened. He was indeed one of the originators of the movement, and took the post of superintendent, because no one else seemed capable of conducting the experiment. Having now to deal with the diseased bodies of men, he joined the medical department of Harvard University, and went through the usual course, making a particular study of the malady he was attempting to cure. After nine years' service he was transferred to the Asylum at Binghamton, where he pursues the system practised with success at Boston.

I visited the Binghamton Asylum in June of the present year. The situation combines many advantages. Of the younger cities that have sprung into importance along the line of leading railroads there is not one of more vigorous growth or more inviting appearance than Binghamton. Indications of spirit and civilization meet the eye at every turn. There are long streets of elegant cottages and villas, surrounded by nicely kept gardens and lawns, and containing churches in the construction of which the established barbarisms have been avoided. There is a general tidiness and attention to appearances that we notice in the beautiful towns and villages of New England; such as picturesque Northampton, romantic Brattleboro', and enchant-

ing Stockbridge, peerless among villages. The Chenango River unites here with the Susquehanna; so that the people who have not a river within sight of their front doors are likely to have one flowing peacefully along at the back of their gardens. It is a town, the existence of which in a State governed as New York is governed shows how powerless a government is to corrupt a virtuous and intelligent people, and speaks of the time when governments will be reduced to their natural and proper insignificance. Such communities require little of the central power; and it is a great pity that that little is indispensable, and that Albany cannot be simply wiped out.

Two miles from Binghamton, on a high hill rising from the bank of the Susquehanna, and commanding an extensive view of the beautiful valleys of both rivers, stands the castellated palace which an adventurer had the impudence to build with money intrusted to him for a better purpose. The Erie railroad coils itself about the base of this eminence, from the summit of which the white puffs of the locomotive can be descried in one direction nine miles, and in the other fifteen miles. On reaching this summit about nine o'clock on a fine morning in June, I found myself in front of a building of light-coloured stone, presenting a front of three hundred and sixty-five feet, in a style of architecture that unites well the useful and the pleasing. Those numerous towers which relieve the monotony of so extensive a front serve an excellent purpose in providing small apartments for various purposes, which, but for them, could not be contrived without wasting space. *At present the first view of the building is not inviting, for the burnt wing remains roofless and void,—the insurance money not having been applied to refitting it,—and the main edifice is still unfinished.* Not a tree has yet been planted, and the grounds about the building are little more pleasing to the eye than fifty acres of desert. On a level space in front of the edifice a number of young men were playing a game of base-ball, and playing it badly. Their intentions were excellent, but their skill was small. Sitting on the steps and upon the blocks of stone scattered about were fifty or sixty well-dressed, well-looking gentlemen of various ages, watching the game. In general appearance and bearing these persons were so decidedly superior to the average of mortals, that few visitors fail to remark the

fact. Living up there in that keen, pure air, and living in a rational manner, amusing themselves with games of ball, rowing, sailing, gardening, bowling, billiards, and gymnastic exercises, they are as brown and robust as David Copperfield was when he came home from the Continent and visited his friend Traddles. Take any hundred men from the educated classes, and give them a few months of such a life as this, and the improvement in their appearance will be striking. Among these on-lookers of the game were a few men with gray hairs, but the majority were under thirty, perhaps thirty-two or thirty-five was about the average age.

When I looked upon this most unexpected scene, it did not for a moment occur to me that these serene and healthy-looking men could be the inmates of the Asylum. The insensate name of the institution prepares the visitor to see the patients lying about in various stages of intoxication. The question has sometimes been asked of the superintendent by visitors looking about them and peering into remote corners, "But, Doctor, where do you *keep* your drunkards?" The astonishment of such inquirers is great indeed when they are informed that the polite and well-dressed gentlemen standing about, and in whose hearing the question was uttered, are the inmates of the institution; *every individual of whom was till very recently, not merely a drunkard, but a drunkard of the most advanced character, for whose deliverance from that miserable bondage almost every one had ceased to hope. A large majority of the present inmates are persons of education and respectable position, who pay for their residence here at rates varying from ten to twenty dollars a week, and who are co-operating ardently with the superintendent for their recovery. More than half of them were officers of the army or navy during the late war, and lost control of themselves then. One in ten must be by law a free patient; and whenever an inebriate really desires to break his chain, he is met half-way by the trustees, and his board is fixed at a rate that accords with his circumstances. A few patients have been taken as low as five dollars a week.* When once the building has been completed, the grounds laid out, and the farms disposed of, the trustees hope never to turn from the door of the institution any proper applicant who desires to avail himself of its assistance. The present number of patients is something

less than one hundred, which is about fifty less than can be accommodated. When the burnt wing is restored, there will be room for four hundred.

Upon entering the building, we find ourselves in a spacious, handsome, well-arranged, and well-furnished hotel. The musical click of billiard-balls, and the distant thunder of the bowling-alley, salute the ear; one of the inmates may be performing brilliantly on the piano, or trying over a new piece for next Sunday on the cabinet organ in the temporary chapel. The billiard-room, we soon discover, contains three tables. There is a reading-room always open, in which the principal periodicals of both continents, and plenty of newspapers, are accessible to all the patients. A small library, which ought to be a larger one, is open at a certain hour every day. A conservatory is near completion, and there is a garden of ten acres near by in which a number of the inmates may usually be seen at work. A croquet-ground is not wanting, and the apparatus of cricket is visible in one of the halls. *The chapel is still far from being finished, but enough is done to show that it will be elegant and inviting soon after the next instalment of excise money comes in.* The dining-room is lofty and large, as indeed are all the public rooms. The private rooms are equal, both in size and furniture, to those of good city hotels. The arrangements for warming, lighting, washing, bathing, cooking, are such as we should expect to find in so stately an edifice. We have not yet reached the point when housework will do itself; but in great establishments like this, where one man, working ten minutes an hour, warms two or three hundred rooms, menial labour is hopefully reduced. In walking about the wide halls and airy public apartments, the visitor sees nothing to destroy the impression that the building is a very liberally arranged summer hotel. To complete the illusion, he will perhaps see toddling about a lovely child with its beautiful mother, and in the large parlour some ladies visiting inmates or officers of the institution. The table also is good and well served. A stranger, not knowing the nature of the institution, might, however, be puzzled to decide whether it is a hotel or a college. No one, it is true, ever saw a college so handsomely arranged and provided; but the tone of the thing is college-like, especially when you get about among the rooms of the inmates, and see them cramming for next Monday's debate, or writing a lecture for the Asylum course.

This institution is in fact, as in appearance, a rationally conducted hotel or Temporary Home and resting place for men diseased by the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is a place where they can pause and reflect, and gather strength and knowledge for the final victorious struggle with themselves. Temptation is not so remote that their resolution is not in continual exercise, nor so near that it is tasked beyond its strength. There lies Binghamton in its valley below them in plain sight, among its rivers and its trees, with its thousand pretty homes and its dozen nasty bar-rooms. They can go down there and drink, if they can get any one to risk the fifty dollars' fine imposed by the law of the State upon any one who sells liquor to an inmate of the Asylum. Generally, there is some poor mercenary wretch who will do it. Until it has been proved that the sight of Binghamton is too much for a patient, the only restraint upon his liberty is, that he must not enter the town without the consent of the superintendent. This consent is not regarded in the light of a permission, but in that of a physician's opinion. The patient is supposed to mean: "Dr. Day, would you, as my medical adviser, recommend me to go to Binghampton this morning to be measured for a pair of shoes? Do you think it would be salutary? Am I far enough advanced in convalescence to trust myself to breathe the air of the valley for an hour?" The doctor gives his opinion on the point, and it is etiquette to accept that opinion without remark. Not one patient has yet visited the town, with the consent of the superintendent, who has proved unequal to the temptation. If an inmate steals away and yields to his craving, he is placed in confinement for a day or two, or longer if necessary. It occasionally happens that a patient, conscious of the coming on of a paroxysm of desire, asks to have the key of his room turned upon him till it is over. It is desired that this turning of the key, and those few barred rooms in one of the wards, shall be regarded as mere remedial appliances, as much so as the bottles of medicine in the medicine-chest. It is, however, understood that no one is to be released from confinement who does not manifest a renewed purpose to refrain. Such a purpose is sometimes indicated by a note addressed to the superintendent like the following, which I happened to see placed in his hands:—

"DR. DAY:—*Dear Sir, I cannot let the circumstance which happened yesterday pass by without assuring you that I am truly sorry for the disgrace I have brought on the institution, as well as myself. I certainly appreciate your efforts to guide us all in the right direction, and more especially the interest that you have taken in my own welfare. Let me assure you now, that hereafter, as long as I remain with you, I shall use every endeavour to conduct myself as I should, and cause you no further trouble.*"

Lapses of this kind are not frequent, and they are regarded by the superintendent as part of the means of restoration which the institution affords; since they aid him in destroying a fatal self-confidence, and in inculcating the idea that a patient who lapses must never think of giving up the struggle, but renew it the instant he can gain the least foothold of self-control.

The system of treatment pursued here is founded on the expectation that the patient and the institution will co-operate. If a man does not desire to be reclaimed, and such a desire cannot be awakened within him, the institution can do no more than keep him sober while he remains an inmate of it. There will, perhaps, one day be in every State an asylum for incurable drunkards, wherein they will be permanently detained, and compelled to live temperately, and earn their subsistence by suitable labour. But this is not such an institution. Here all is voluntary. The co-operation of the patient is assumed; and when no desire to be restored can be roused, the experiment is not continued longer than a few months.

The two grand objects aimed at by the superintendent are, to raise the tone of the bodily health, and to fortify the weakened will. The means employed vary somewhat in each case. The superintendent designs to make a particular study of each individual; he endeavours to win his confidence, to adapt the treatment to his peculiar disposition, and to give him just the aid he needs. As the number of patients increases, this will become more difficult, if it does not become impossible. The more general features of the system are all that can be communicated to others, and these I will endeavour briefly to indicate.

It is interesting to observe the applicants for admission, when they enter the office of the Asylum, accompanied generally by a

relative or friend. Some reach the building far gone in intoxication, having indulged in one last farewell debauch; or having drunk a bottle of whiskey for the purpose of screwing their courage to the sticking-point of entering the Asylum. A clergyman whom this institution restored told me that he reached Binghamton in the evening, and went to bed drunk; and before going to the Asylum the next morning he had to fortify his system and his resolve by twelve glasses of brandy. Sometimes the accompanying friend, out of an absurd kind of pity for a poor fellow about to be deprived of his solace, will rather encourage him to drink; and often the relatives of an *inebriate can only get him into the institution by keeping him intoxicated until he is safe under its roof. Frequently men arrive emaciated and worn out from weeks or months of hard drinking; and occasionally a man will be brought in suffering from delirium tremens, who will require restraint and watching for several days.* Some enter the office in terror, expecting to be immediately led away by a turnkey and locked up. All come with bodies diseased and minds demoralized; for the presence of alcohol in the system lowers the tone of the whole man, body and soul, strengthening every evil tendency, and weakening every good one. And this is the reason why men who are brought here against their will are not to be despaired of. Alcohol may only have suspended the activity of their better nature, which a few weeks of total abstinence may rouse to new life. As the health improves, ambition often revives, the native delicacy of the soul reappears, and the man becomes polite, docile, interested, agreeable, who on entering seemed coarse, stupid, obstinate, and malign.

The new-comer subscribes to the rules, pays his board three months in advance, and surrenders all the rest of his money. The paying in advance is a good thing; it is like paying your passage on going on board ship; the voyager has no care, and nothing to think of, but the proposed object. It is also one more inducement to remain until other motives gain strength.

Many hard drinkers live under the conviction that if they should cease drinking alcoholic liquors suddenly, they would die in a few days. This is a complete error. No "tapering off" is allowed here. Dr. Day discovered years ago that a man who has been drinking a quart of whiskey a day for a long time suffers more if his allowance is reduced to a pint than if he is

put at once upon the system of total abstinence. He not only suffers less, but for a shorter time. The clergyman before referred to informed me that, for two years and a half before entering the Asylum, he drank a quart of brandy daily, and he felt confident that he would die if he should suddenly cease. He reached Binghamton drunk; he went to bed that evening drunk; he drank twelve glasses of brandy the next morning before eleven o'clock; he went up to the Asylum saturated with brandy, expecting to make the preliminary arrangements for his admission, then return to the hotel, and finish the day drinking. But precisely at that point Albert Day laid his hand upon him, and marked him for his own. Dr. Day quietly objected to his return to the town, sent for his trunk, caused the tavern bill to be paid, and cut off his brandy at once and totally. For forty-eight hours the patient craved the accustomed stimulant intensely, and he was only enabled to sleep by the assistance of bromide of potassium. On the third day the craving ceased, and he assured me that he never felt it again. Other morbid experiences he had, but not that; and now, after two years of abstinence, he enjoys good health, has no desire for drink, and is capable of extraordinary exertions. Other patients, however, informed me that they suffered a morbid craving for two or three weeks. But all agreed that the sudden discontinuance of the stimulant gave them less inconvenience than they had anticipated, and was in no degree dangerous. It is, indeed, most surprising to see how soon the system begins to rally when once it is relieved of the inimical influence. Complete recovery, of course, is a slow and long effort of nature; but the improvement in the health, feelings, and appearance of patients, after only a month's residence upon that breezy hill, is very remarkable.

There is an impression in the country that the inmates of such asylums as this undergo some mysterious process, and take unknown medicines, which have power to destroy the desire for strong drink. Among the quack medicines of the day is a bottled humbug, pretending to have such power. It is also supposed by some that the plan which Captain Marryat mentions is efficacious,—that of confining a drunken sailor for several days to a diet of beef and brandy. Accounts have gone the rounds of the papers, of another system that consists in saturating with brandy every article of food of which the inebriate

partakes. Patients occasionally arrive at the Asylum who expect to be treated in some such way; and when a day or two passes without anything extraordinary or disagreeable happening, they inquire, with visible apprehension, "When the treatment is going to begin." In this sense of the word, there is no treatment here. In all nature there is no substance that destroys or lessens a drunkard's desire for intoxicating liquors; and there is no such thing as permanently disgusting him with brandy by giving him more brandy than he wants. A drunkard's drinking is not a thing of mere appetite; his whole system craves stimulation; and he would drink himself into perdition while loathing the taste of the liquor. This Asylum simply gives its inmates rest, regimen, amusement, society, information. It tries to restore the health and renew the will, and both by rational means.

Merely entering an establishment like this is a long step toward deliverance. It is a confession! It is a confession to the patient's family and friends, to the inmates of the Asylum, and, above all, to himself, that he has lost his self-control, and cannot get it back without assistance. He comes here for that assistance. Every one knows he comes for that. They are all in the same boat. The pot cannot call the kettle black. False pride, and all the thin disguises of self-love, are laid aside. The mere fact of a man's being an inmate of an inebriate asylum is a declaration to all about him that he has been a drunkard, and even a very bad drunkard; for the people here know, from their own bitter experience, that a person cannot bring himself to make such a confession until, by many a lapse, he has been brought to despair of self-recovery. Many of these men were thinking of the asylum for years before they could summon courage to own that they had lost the power to resist a physical craving. But when once they have made the agonizing avowal by entering the asylum, it costs them no great effort to reveal the details of their case to hearers who cannot reproach them; and, besides relating their own experience without reserve, they are relieved, encouraged, and instructed by hearing the similar experience of others. All have the same object, the same peril, the same dread, the same hope, and each aids the rest as students aid one another in the same college.

In a community like this, Public Opinion is the controlling

force. That subtle, resistless power is always aiding or frustrating the object for which the community exists. Public Opinion sides with a competent superintendent, and serves him as an assiduous, omnipresent police. Under the coercive system once attempted here, the public opinion of the Asylum applauded a man who smuggled a bottle of whiskey into the building, and invited his friends into his room to drink it. An inmate who should now attempt such a crime would be shunned by the best two-thirds of the whole institution. One of their number, suddenly overcome by temptation, who should return to the Asylum drunk, they would all receive as cordially as before; but they would regard with horror or contempt a man who should bring temptation into the building, and place it within reach of those who had fled hither to avoid it.

The French have a verb,—*se dépayser*,—to uncountry one's self, to get out of the groove, to drop undesirable companions and forsake haunts that are too alluring, by going away for awhile, and, in returning, not resuming the old friends and habits. How necessary this is to some of the slaves of alcohol every one knows. To many of them restoration is impossible without it, and not difficult with it. To all such, what a refuge is a well-conducted asylum like this! Merely being here, out of the coil of old habits, haunts, pleasures, comrades, temptations, which had proved too much for them a thousand times, merely being away for a time, so that they can calmly survey the scenes they have left and the life they have led,—is itself half the victory.

Every Wednesday evening, after prayers, a kind of temperance meeting is held in the chapel. It is the intention of the superintendent, that every inmate of the Asylum shall become acquainted with the nature of alcohol, and with the precise effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system. He means that they shall comprehend the absurdity of drinking as clearly as they know its ruinous consequences. He accordingly opens this meeting with a short lecture upon some one branch of the subject, and then invites the patients to illustrate the point from their own experience. At the meeting which I happened to attend the subject of Dr. Day's remarks was suggested (as it often is) by an occurrence which had just taken place at the institution, and had been the leading topic of conversation all that day. At the last meeting, a young

man from a distant State, who had been in the Asylum for some months and was about to return home, delivered an eloquent farewell address to his companions, urging them to adhere to their resolution, and protesting his unalterable resolve never, never, never again to yield to their alluring and treacherous foe. He spoke with unusual animation and in a very loud voice. He took his departure in the morning by the Erie Road, and twelve hours after he was brought back to the Asylum drunk. Upon his recovery he related to the superintendent and to his friends the story of his lamentable fall. When the train had gone three hours on its way, there was a detention of three hours at a station that offered little entertainment to impatient travellers. The returning prodigal paced the platform; found it dull work; heard at a distance the sound of billiard balls; went and played two games, losing both; returned to the platform and resumed his walk: and there fell into the train of thought that led to the catastrophe. His reflections were like these: "*How perfect is my cure! I have not once* thought *of taking a drink. Not even when I saw men drinking at the bar did it cross my mind to follow their example. I have not the least desire for whiskey, and I have no doubt I could take that 'one glass' which Dr. Day keeps talking about, without a wish for a second. In fact, no man is perfectly cured till he can do that. I have a great mind to put it to the test. It almost seems as if this opportunity of trying myself had been created on purpose. Here goes, then, for the last glass of whiskey I shall take as long as I live, and I take it purely as a scientific experiment.*" *One hour after his friend, who was accompanying him home, found him lying in a corner of a bar-room, dead drunk. He had him picked up, and placed in the next train bound for Binghamton.*

This was the text of Dr. Day's discourse, and he employed it in enforcing anew his three cardinal points: 1. No hope for an inebriate until he thoroughly distrusts the strength of his own resolution; 2. No hope for an inebriate except in total abstinence as long as he lives, both in sickness and in health; 3. Little hope for an inebriate unless he avoids, on system and on principle, the occasions of temptation, the places where liquor is sold, and the persons who will urge it upon him. *Physicians, he said, were the inebriate's worst enemies; and he advised his hearers to avoid the tinctures prepared with alcohol, which had often awakened the long dormant appetite.* During

my stay at Binghamton, a clergyman resident in the town, and recently an inmate of the Asylum, had a slight indisposition, resulting from riding home from a meeting ten miles in the rain. One of the physicians of the place, who knew his history, knew that he had been an inebriate of the most pronounced type (quart of liquor a day), prescribed a powerful dose of brandy and laudanum. "I dare not take it, doctor," he said, and put the damnable temptation behind him. "If I *had* taken it," said he to me, "I should have been drunk to-day." The case, too, required nothing but rest, rice, and an easy book. No medicine was necessary. Dr. Day has had under his care a man who, after being a confirmed drunkard, had been a teetotaler for eighteen years, and had then been advised to take wine for the purpose of hastening a slow convalescence. His appetite resumed its old ascendency, and, after drinking furiously for a year, he was brought to the Asylum in delirium tremens. Dr. Day expressed a strong hope and belief that the returned inmate mentioned above had *now* actually taken his last glass of whiskey; for he had discovered his weakness, and was in a much more hopeful condition than he had been before his lapse. The Doctor scouted the idea that a man who has the misfortune to break his resolution should give up the struggle. Some men, he said, *must* fall, at least once, before the last rag of self-confidence is torn from them; and he had had patients who, after coming back to him in Boston four times, had conquered, and had lived soberly for years, and were still living soberly.

When the superintendent had finished his remarks, he called upon his hearers to speak. Several of them did so. One young gentleman, an officer of the army during the war, made his farewell speech. He thanked his companions for the forbearance they had shown him during the first weeks of his residence among them, when he was peevish, discontented, rebellious, and had no hope of ever being able to conquer his propensity, so often had he tried and failed. He would have left the Asylum in those days, if he had had the money to pay his fare on the cars. He felt the importance of what Dr. Day had advanced respecting the occasions of temptation, and especially what he had said about physicians' prescriptions, which he knew had led men to drink. "If," he added, "I cannot live without alcohol, I would rather die. For my part, I expect to have a struggle

all my life; I don't think the time will ever come when it will be safe for me to dally with temptation, and I feel the necessity of following Dr. Day's advice on this point." He spoke in a simple, earnest, and manly manner. He was followed by another inmate, a robust, capable-looking man of thirty-five, who also spoke with directness and simplicity. He hoped that fear would help him to abstain. If he could only keep sober, he had the best possible prospects; but if he again gave way, he saw nothing before him but infamy and destruction. He spoke modestly and anxiously, evidently feeling that it was more than a matter of life and death to him. When he had concluded, a young gentleman rose, and delivered a fluent, flowery address upon temperance; just such a discourse as might precede a lapse into drinking.

On Monday evening of every week, the Literary Society of the institution holds its meeting, when essays are read and lectures delivered. The course of lectures delivered last winter are highly spoken of by those who heard them, and they were all written by inmates of the Asylum. Among the subjects treated were: Columbus, a Study of Character; Goldsmith; The Telegraph, by an Operator; Resources of Missouri; Early English Novelists; The Age, and the Men for the Age; Geology; The Passions, with Poetical Illustrations; The Inebriate Asylum, under the Régime of Coercion. It occasionally happens, that distinguished visitors contribute something to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. Stowe, the newspapers inform us, was kind enough some time since to give them a reading from Uncle Tom's Cabin; and the copy of the book from which she read was a cheap double-columned pamphlet brought from the South by a freedman, now the porter of the Asylum. He bought it and read it while he was still a slave, little thinking when he scrawled his name across the dingy title-page that he should ever have the honour of lending it to the authoress.

Nearly twelve years have now elapsed since Dr. Day began to accumulate experience in the treatment of inebriates, during which time he has had nearly four thousand patients under his care. What proportion of these were permanently cured it is impossible to say, because nothing is heard of many patients after they leave; but it is reasonably conjectured that two-thirds of the whole number were restored. It is a custom with many of them to write an annual letter to

Dr. Day on the anniversary of their entering the Home under his management, and the reading of such letters is a highly interesting and beneficial feature of the Wednesday evening temperance meetings. *The alcoholic mania is no respecter of persons. Dr. Day has had under treatment twenty-one clergymen, one of whom was a Catholic priest (who had delirium tremens), and one a Jewish Rabbi. He has had one old man past seventy, and one boy of sixteen. He has had a Philadelphia "killer," and a judge of a supreme court. He has had steady two-quarts-a-day men, and men who were subject only to semi-annual debauches. He has had men whose "tears" lasted but forty-eight hours, and one man who came in of his own accord after what he styled "a general spree" of three months' continuance. He has had drunkards of two years' standing, and those who have been slaves of strong drink for thirty years.*

Some of his successes have been striking and memorable. There was Dr. X—— of Tennessee, at thirty-five a physician of large practice, professor in a medical college, happy in an excellent wife and seven children. Falling into drink, he lost at length his practice, his professorship, his property, his home; his family abandoned him to his fate, and went to his wife's father's in another State; and he became at last a helpless gutter sot. His brother, who heard by chance of the Home in Boston, picked him up one day from the street, where he lay insensible, and got him upon the train for the East. Before he roused from his drunken stupor, he was half-way across Virginia. "Where am I?" he asked. "In Virginia, on your way to Boston." "All right," said he, in a drunkard's drunkenest manner,—"all right! give me some whiskey." He was carried into the Home in the arms of men, and lay for some weeks miserably sick. His health improved, and the *man* revived. He clutched at this unexpected chance of escape, and co-operated with all his heart with the system. Dr. Day wrote a hopeful letter to his wife. "Speak not to me of a husband," she replied; "I have no husband; I buried my husband long ago." After four months' stay in the institution, the patient returned home, and resumed his practice. A year after his family rejoined him. He recovered all his former standing, which to this day, after nine years of sobriety, he retains. His ninth annual letter to his deliverer I have read. "By the way," he says, in a postscript, "did you receive my letters each year of the war?" Yes, they reached Dr. Day months after they

were written; but they always reached him. The secret of this cure, as the patient has often asserted, was total abstinence. He had attempted to reduce his daily quantity a hundred times; but never, until he entered the Home, was he aware of the physical *impossibility* of a drunkard's becoming a moderate drinker. From the moment when he had a clear, intellectual comprehension of that truth, the spell was broken: abstinence was easy; he was himself again.

Then there was Y——, a Philadelphia street savage,—one of those firemen who used to sleep in the engine house, and lie in wait for rival companies, and make night and day hideous with slaughter. Fearful beings were those Philadelphia firemen of twenty years ago! Some of them made a nearer approach to total depravity than any creatures I have ever seen that wore the form of man,—revelling in blood, exulting in murder, and glorying in hellish blows with iron implements, given and received. It was difficult to say whether it gave them keener delight to wound or to be wounded. In all communities where external observances and decorums become tyrannical, and where the innocent pleasures of youth are placed under a ban, there is sure to be a class which revolts against the invisible despot, and goes to a horrid extreme of violence and vice. This Y—— was one of the revolters. Once in many weeks he would return to his decent home, ragged and penniless, to be re-clothed. It is only alcohol that supports men in a life of *wanton* violence like this; and he, accordingly, was a deep and reckless drinker. His sister prevailed upon him, after many months of persuasion, to go to the Home in Boston, and he presented himself there one morning, black all over with coal dust. He explained his appearance by saying that he had come from Philadelphia in a coal-vessel. Dr. Day, who had been notified of his coming, received him with that emphatic politeness which produces such magical effects upon men who have long been accustomed to see an enemy in every one who behaves decently, and uses the English language in its simplicity. He was exceedingly astonished to be treated with consideration, and to discover that he was not to be subjected to any disagreeable process. He proved to be a good, simple soul, very ignorant, not naturally intelligent, and more capable, therefore, of faith than of knowledge. The Doctor won his confidence; then his goodwill; then his affection. Something that was read in the Bible attracted his attention one day, and

he asked to be shown the passage; and this was the beginning of his reading the Bible regularly. It was all new to him; he found it highly interesting: and, this daily reading being associated in his mind with his reform, the book became a kind of talisman to him, and he felt safe as long as he continued the practice. After a six months' residence, he went to work in Boston, but always returned to spend the evening at the Home. At the beginning of the war he enlisted. He was in Colonel Baker's regiment on the bloody day of Ball's Bluff, and was one of the gallant handful of men who rescued from the enemy the body of their slain commander. He was one of the multitude who swam the Potomac amid a pattering rain of bullets, and walked barefoot seven miles to camp. The first man that met him there offered him whiskey. Mistaken kindness! Senseless offer! A man who is sinking with fatigue wants rest, not stimulation; sleep, not excitement. "Don't offer me *that*," he gasped, shuddering. "I dread that more than bullets." Instead of the whiskey, he took twelve hours' sleep, and consequently awoke refreshed, and ready for another days' hard service. At Antietam he had the glory and high privilege of giving his life for mankind. A bullet through the brain sent him to heaven, and stretched his body on the field in painless and eternal sleep. It lies now in a cemetery near his native city; a monument covers it; and all who were connected with him are proud to point to his grave and claim him for their own. What a contrast between dying so, and being killed in a motiveless street-fight by a savage blow on the head with a speaking-trumpet!

Perhaps, long as this article already is, I may venture to give, with the utmost possible brevity, one more of the many remarkable cases with which I became acquainted at the Asylum.

One Sunday morning, a loud ringing of the front-door bell of the Home in Boston induced Dr. Day himself to answer the summons. He found a man at the door, who was in the most complete state of dilapidation that can be imagined,—ragged, dirty, his hat awry, torn and bent, spectacles with one eye gone and the other cocked out of place, the perfect picture of a drunken sot who had slept among the barrels and cotton bales for six months. He was such a person as we, thoughtless fools, roar at in the theatre sometimes, about 10.30 p.m., and who

makes the lives of sundry children and one woman a long and hopeless tragedy up in some dismal garret, or down in some pestilential cellar.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the superintendent.

"My name is A. B——; will you take me in?"

"Have you a letter of introduction from any one?"

"*No.*"

"*We must have something of the kind. Do you know any one in Boston?*"

"*Yes; there is Dr. Kirk;* I've preached in his church; *he ought to know me; I'll see if he does.*"

In a few minutes he returned, bearing a note from that distinguished clergyman, saying that he thought he knew the man, and upon this he was admitted.

He was as complete, though not as hopeless a wreck as he appeared. He had been a clergyman in good standing and of ability respectable; but had insensibly fallen under the dominion of a mania for drink. For ten years he had been a downright sot. He had not seen his family in that time. A benevolent man who chanced to meet him in New York described to him the Washingtonian Home, made him promise to go to it, and gave him money for the purpose. He immediately spent the money for drink; but yet, in some forgotten way, he smuggled himself to Boston, and made his appearance at the Home on that Sunday morning. Such cases as this, hopeless as they seem, are among the easiest to cure, because there are knowledge, conscience, and pride latent in the man, which begin to assert themselves as soon as the system is freed from the presence of alcohol. This man was easily made to see the truth respecting his case. He soon came to understand alcohol; and this alone is a surprising assistance to a man at the instant of temptation. He remained at the Home six months, always improving in health, and regaining his former character. He left Boston twenty-two months ago, and has since lived with perfect sobriety, and has been restored to his family and to his profession.

Inebriate asylums, rationally conducted, cannot fail to be worth their cost. They are probably destined to become as generally recognised a necessity of our diseased modern life as asylums for lunatics and hospitals for the sick. It is not necessary to begin with a million-dollar palace, though it is desirable that the building should be attractive, airy, and large enough

to accommodate a considerable number of patients. When the building has been paid for, the institution may be self-sustaining, or even yield a profit. It is possible that the cure of inebriates may become a specialty of medical practice, to which men, gifted with the requisite talent, will devote their lives. The science of the thing is still most incomplete, and only one individual has had much success in the practice. Albert Day is a good superintendent chiefly because he is a good Yankee, not because he is a great scientific healer. It seems instinctive in good Yankees to respect the rights and feelings of others; and they are accustomed to persuade and convince, not drive, not compel. Albert Day has treated these unfortunate and amiable men as he would have treated younger brothers taken captive by a power stronger than themselves. His polite and respectful manner to his patients on all occasions must be balm to men accustomed to the averted look and taunting epithet, and accustomed, too, to something far harder to bear—distrust and abhorrence of themselves. Others, of course will originate improved methods, and we shall have, at length, a Fine Art of assisting men to overcome bad habits; but *this* characteristic of Dr. Day will never be wanting to an asylum that answers the end of its establishment.

The disease which such institutions are designed to cure must be very common; for where is the family that has not a drunkard in its circle of connections? It is true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; but not on that account must the pound of cure be withheld.

The railroad which connects New York and Binghamton is the Erie, which is another way of saying that I was detained some hours on the journey home; and this afforded me the novel experience of working my way up town in a New York street-car an hour or two before daylight. The car started from the City Hall at half-past two a.m., and received, during the first three miles of its course, twenty-seven persons. It so happened that nearly every individual of them, including the person coming home from the Asylum, was out of bed at that hour through alcohol. There were three drunken vagabonds asleep, who were probably taking a cheap lodging in the car by riding to Harlem and back,—two hours and forty minutes' ride for fourteen cents. In one corner was coiled away a pale, dirty German Jew of the Fagin type, very drunk,

singing snatches of drinking choruses in broken English. Next to him was his pal, a thick-set *old* Charley Bates, also drunk, and occasionally joining in the festive songs. A mile of the road was enlivened by an argument between C. Bates and the conductor, on the subject of a cigar, which Mr. Bates insisted on smoking, in violation of the rule. The controversy was carried on in "the English language." Then there were five German musicians, perfectly sober and very sleepy, with their instruments in their hands, returning, I suppose, from some late saloon or dance-house. One woman was in the car, a girl of twenty, who appeared to be a performer in a saloon, and was now, after having shed her spangles and her ribbons, going home in dirty calico drawn tight over a large and obvious hoop, under the protecting care of a nice young man. There were several young and youngish men, well dressed, in various stages of intoxication, who had probably been at the lawless "late houses," singing and drinking all night, and were now going home to scare and horrify mothers, sisters, or wives who may have been waiting five hours to hear the scratch of their latch-key against the front door.

What a picture did the inside of that car present, when it was filled upon both sides with sleepy, bobbing drunkards and servants of drunkards,—the girl leaning sleepily upon her neighbour's shoulder; the German musicians crouching over their instruments, half dead with sleep; old Fagin bawling a line of a beery song; and the conductor, struggling down through the midst, vainly endeavouring to extract from boosy passengers whether they were going "through," or desired to be dropped on the way. It was a fit ending to a week at the Inebriate Asylum. —*The Atlantic Monthly, Oct.*, 1868.

THE END.

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